

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



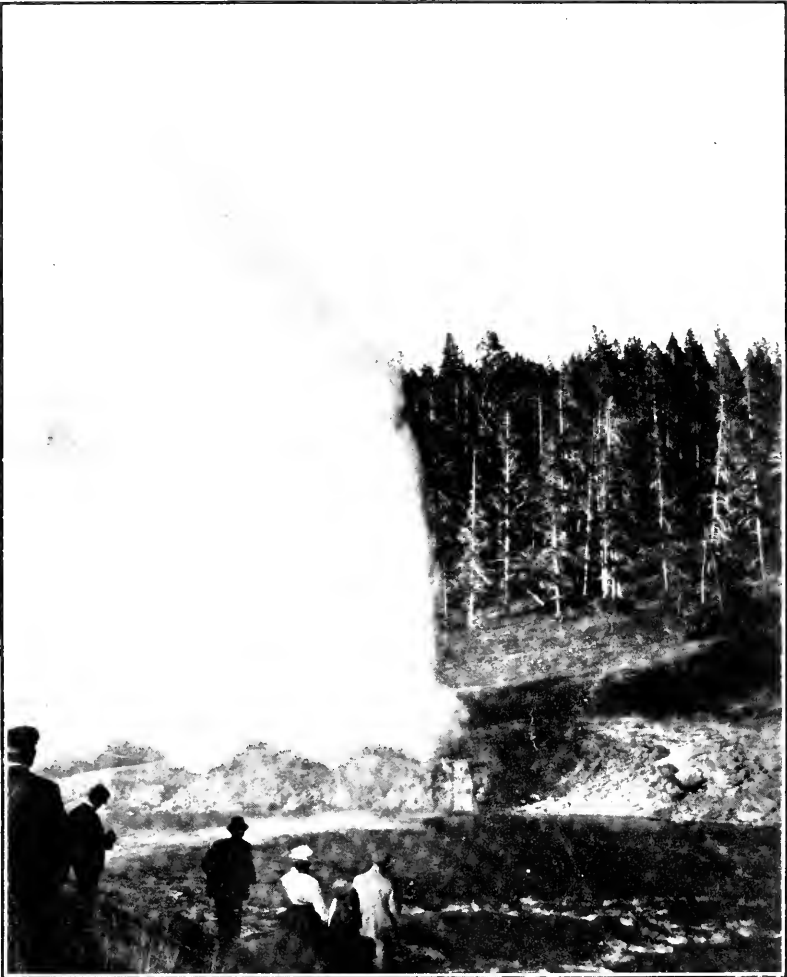
0009708706



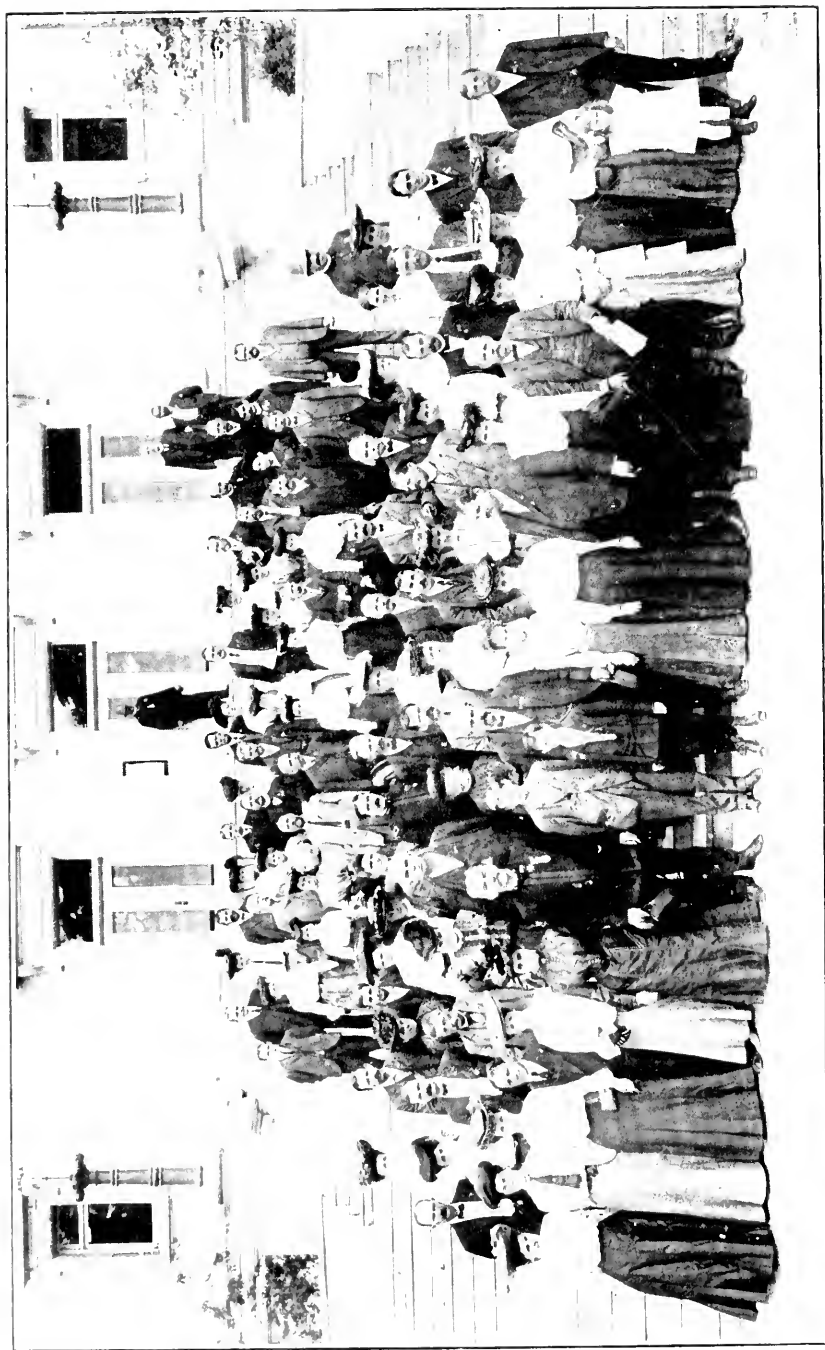
Class F 6

Book A 522

F R O M
GEYSER TO CANON



WITH MARY



IN FRONT OF PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING AT WORLD'S FAIR

P I L G R I M A G E

of

Mary Commandery

No. 36

Knights Templar of Pennsylvania

to the

Twenty-Ninth Triennial Conclave

of the

GRAND ENCAMPMENT U. S.

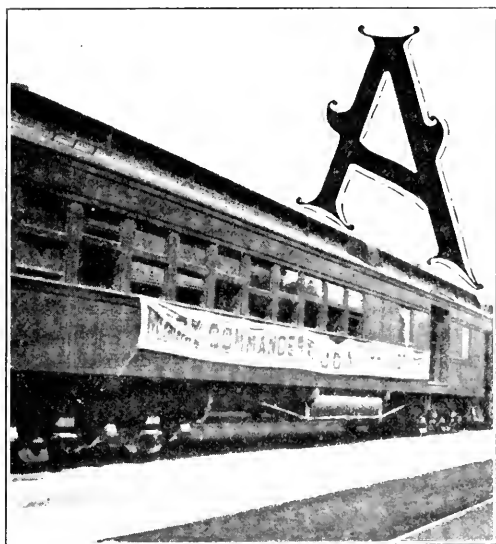
at

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

PHILADELPHIA : NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOUR

MADE BY
THOMSON PRINTING COMPANY
310 CHERRY STREET
PHILADELPHIA

Monday, August 22, 1904



AFTER an all-day wrangle with the subordinates of the Pennsylvania R. R. Co., the train that was to bear westward the fortunes of the 1904 Frisco Club of Mary Commandery, No. 36, K. T. of Pennsylvania, was made ready and backed into Broad Street Station at 4.15 P. M. to-day. All those whose names were upon the roster and an army of friends who intended to see their departure had for a long time crowded the available space outside

the fences and desired to see the accommodations provided on the train. As soon as the gates were opened the rush became general and soon all were seeking their own quarters in the sleeping cars that had been lettered according to information already given the ticket holders. There had never been a crowd of such generous proportions to witness the departure of any previous pilgrimage of Mary, and the participants felt gratified accordingly. The train was to pull out promptly at 4.30 P. M. Up to within three minutes of that time it was barely possible to move about within the cars, so great was the crowd. It became necessary for our conductor to shout out his warning cry of "All aboard" to get our friends off. Then came a crush. Outside were pilgrims who wanted to get in, and inside were friends who wanted to get out. They got the steps cleared none too soon, and the train started with a hearty cheer from our friends outside, returned as heartily from the pilgrims themselves. From the windows handkerchiefs waved until the train was well out on the elevated and our cruise of thirty-one days was begun.

Many of our ladies had been the recipients of handsome floral offerings before the start, and their first care was to procure water and utensils in which to preserve them. Many of them were used to decorate the flower-holders at the sides of the dining tables, where they were kept fresh for quite a while.

Our Frater Frank Herst and his good wife had been on hand to see us off, and were captured by willing hands and detained in their seats until after the train had passed Thirty-second street, after which it made no stop until Harrisburg was reached. They soon resigned themselves to the inevitable and made the best of the situation.

A general inspection showed every one to be on deck with eight of the Committee of Ways and Means in general charge and McIntyre, with his old-factotum, John Robbins, at the head of the commissary department. It was soon going in full blast, and received little rest during the entire trip, except on a Sunday or two. The train was made up of baggage car 6082, commissary and smoking car 4829, Pullman diner Coronado and Pullman sleeping cars Australia, New Zealand and Fenwood. It was but a step from the Coronado into Australia and another from there to New Zealand, but a good many more hundred miles than appeared upon our itinerary were traversed on foot between the commissary and the last car of the train before our trip was over.

Our Tourist Agent, John P. McCoy, lost no time in making himself known to us and the tickets were distributed at once by the Committee to the rightful owners, so that McCoy could collect them and take charge of them for the entire trip, saving us the necessity of being called up by each successive conductor who came on at the division of the railroad changes. Mr. W. E. Widdeman was the Pullman conductor in charge, and we found the diner in care of Mr. Livezey. The latter had had the care of the menagerie which represented the Commandery at York in May last and was therefore at home with many of the boys. Mr. Charles E. Stump, of Reading, had been selected to wrestle with the baggage for thirty-one days, and it would have stumped anybody to find his superior in that position. Courteous, untiring, good humored, ever watchful of our interests and always ready to accommodate either when necessary or unnecessary, he was the Prince Royal of baggage masters, and every participant in this pilgrimage cheerfully gave evidence to that effect.

There being two full sittings of pilgrims for the dining tables, the names had been divided into the first and second halves, which took precedence alternately at the tables assigned them for the trip. Besides these were five unfortunates over the quota, who were known as Rovers, and took their meals at odd times; breakfast in advance of the regulars and other meals in their rear, with an occasional invite to take somebody's place for a meal. Promptly at 6 P. M. Livezey was ready for the first contingent, who fell to with a will, being soon followed by the second half and the Rovers. Before the meal was finished Harrisburg was reached, and Frank and Mrs.

Herst took their leave, with an excited throng around them, bidding farewell.

It was also a good chance to stretch their limbs in anticipation of the long ride ahead to Chicago. Advantage was also taken of the stop to fasten on the sides of the commissary car the canvas badges of the Commandery. This had been done in West Philadelphia, but they had to be removed at the command of a Celtic understrapper of the railroad company as "agin orders." From Harrisburg they remained in place, however, until the train again reached Broad Street, a month later.

The run from Harrisburg to Altoona was uneventful, and when the latter point was reached some had retired for the night, having had a tiresome and hurried day of preparation. Enough were still up to get up a waltz on the station platform, having also determined to have a moonlight view of the Horseshoe after leaving Altoona; suffice it to say that their view was every way successful and pleasant to the sight, and few were left awake after the Shoe was passed.



All Aboard

Tuesday, August 23, 1904



ITTSBURG was passed through a little behind schedule time, but few of us were aware of the fact. Another fact which we were made aware of in the morning was that we had lost an hour of time at that point and had left there forty minutes be-

fore we had arrived. This did not matter much at that time, but those who got up in the morning expecting breakfast at 7 A. M. by their watches found it was really only 6 A. M., and got up a fine appetite while waiting the extra hour. Capt. Eiler made his appearance this morning in a new suit of khaki, built according to U. S. Army regulations. He was hailed with delight by his fellow voyagers as something to be intensely admired, and the stirring encomiums passed upon that suit at this and each successive appearance on this trip filled the Captain's heart with joy, perhaps.

The Commissary was early and often at his post this morning, and got up an extensive acquaintance throughout the train where it had in some cases been but slight. Sociability also reigns through the other cars as the neighbors begin to study up and follow out their visiting lists. By way of getting their sea legs on, many trips were made to the baggage car, and the cry of "Any old rags" denoted that some one was passing through with a supply of clothing for use on the train to be stowed away in or under the berths.

Fort Wayne was the first place of any size visible this morning, and the change of engines gave time for somewhat of a promenade on the station platform, as well as a few short foot-races between the girls. A flat and uninteresting country was all that served to relieve the eye during the remainder of the trip to Chicago, but we made good time therein. Our trip to that city was made in a little under nineteen hours, making a record run for our train. Outside the Union Station was a scene of hurry and bustle which, combined with the roar of trains on the elevated road and tangle of trolleys and teams upon the surface of the street, gave a lively appearance to our introduction to Chicago. The Automobile Com-

pany which had arranged to meet us upon our arrival with sufficient vehicles to take the party for a ride was not on hand, owing to our early arrival. Matos and Allen found their headquarters after a short trip on the elevated and arranged for a change of service. Automobiles were sent in detachments as fast as they could be secured until all hands had been taken for a ride up the Boulevard, along the shore of Lake Michigan, to Lincoln Park and through its shady avenues.

Previous to reaching the Boulevard we passed over probably the worst paved streets in the entire country, and the shaking up we received boded no good to the Pullman meals. Along the shores of the Lake men, women and children were posted with from one to four fishing rods each until the beach fairly bristled with them. The scene resembled exactly a reproduction of some of the French prints of the banks of the Seine. The Zoological Gardens in the park furnished considerable entertainment and amusement for the crowd. The last mobile sent had been of the gasoline type, and the party waiting for it were a little shy of the blue and sulphurous smoke issuing from beneath it. But upon the agent's assurance that it was right, they embarked. It barely reached the Boulevard when it took fire, and was vacated in a hurry. It quickly burned out and left its occupants stranded. The agent made a pretense of sending an electric in its place, and thus got his bill settled in full. The Committee found later that they had been buncoed out of a good ten dollar bill, as no successor to the burned motor reached the party, and they had to make their way back by trolleys. Meanwhile they can only pray that retribution may some day fall upon Chicago.

The elevated road and trolleys were afterward patronized by quite a number for short rides. Also the fruit stands in the neighborhood, which, by fastening their peaches down in baskets with a piece of pink netting, gave a delightfully ripe and luscious appearance to what proved to be stony, hard fruit when bitten into. Other Commanderies were in town on their way to the West and many badges were exchanged with them. While watching the crowds outside the station, the word was passed, "There goes Carrie Nation," who had been recognized by some of the bystanders. A detail was at once sent to the commissary car in case John Robbins should need any assistance, but John had provided against any interference by locking the car doors.

The air gear of our last car had been out of order, and the train was sent to the Pullman shops to repair it. This was done so handsomely that it worked worse than ever, and was the source of much complaint the next day. The train was returned in time for all hands to get on board and leave on time at 6.40 P. M., while dinner was in progress. Chris. Judd had been visiting his sister in Chicago this afternoon and was said to be missing at starting time, his arrival not being noted outside the depot. After

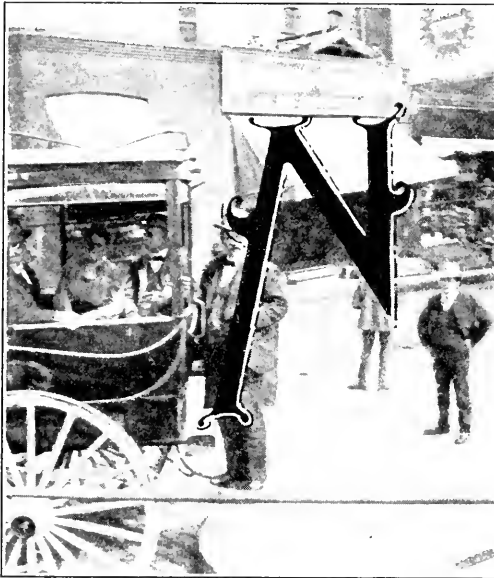
arrangements had been made to have him forwarded on the regular train, he was found already on board, having slipped in quietly.

Darkness soon set in, and little was visible of the country adjacent to the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, which now had us in charge. Everybody was pretty well tired with the day's experience and quiet times reigned in sleeper and smoker until berths were sought at an early hour. Some few night owls stayed late in the smoker, but only to talk things over in a quiet manner until they too had enough.



Nearly Time for Old Faithful

Wednesday, August 24, 1904



ICE fresh weather this morning. Upon turning out early we found a telegram in the hands of Kid McCoy, our tourist agent, from the Sir Knights of Zion Commandery of Minneapolis, extending fraternal greetings to us and tendering the courtesy of a ride around their city this afternoon. An answer was returned to them that we had already arranged for a ride through a liveryman of their city, but would be glad to accept their in-

invitation if we could arrange matters with him. St. Paul was reached on time at 7.30 A. M. and our first view of the city embraced the extensive milling district and the falls in the Mississippi from which is derived the power to run the flouring mills which are such an important factor in the business of each of the twin cities. While breakfast was being disposed of the train was run out to the Northern Pacific yards, where the usual inspection of the running gear was made. One of the wheels on our combination car was found to have a sand-hole about the size of a good sized fly-speck. This was made a pretext to cut the car out from the train, a decision which was vigorously combated by all hands. A compromise was finally effected by which a new set of wheels should be put on the car by the time we were to leave in the afternoon and the car was left to the tender mercies of the mechanics, with John Robbins and Stump on guard.

When we arrived back at the station the carriage people were on hand with tally-hos and carriages in profusion and started out at once with us for a view of St. Paul. The first one to greet us this morning had been the wife of our member, Charles Paulus, who had lately become domiciled in this city and to say that she was overjoyed to meet so many of her friends unexpectedly would be drawing it mild. After much greeting she was invited to spend the day with the party, to which she gladly acceded, and Charley promised to meet us in the evening. The tally-hos were all supplied with the usual horn and some of the riders undertook to use them, but they were soon restored to their baskets with the remark that the horns were out of order.

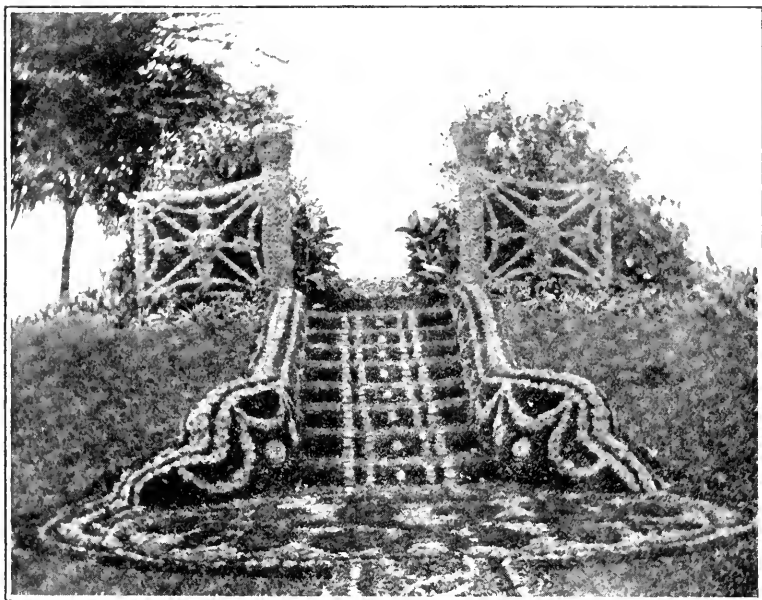


St. Paul Coaches

There had been a fierce tornado a few days before our arrival, causing damages to the extent of two million dollars and its effects were still visible on every side. In the business section, through which our route first laid, signs and roofs were torn off and demolished, while the plate glass salesmen must have had a harvest for some time. After we passed into the residence section of the city the destruction of trees was most appalling. Although the removal of debris had been going on for some days, there was still an army of men engaged in piling up bricks from chimneys, cutting up trees and branches and making repairs to damaged buildings. It was with sorrow we saw the immense number of fine old trees pros-

trated. Houses could be quickly restored, but centuries only would suffice to restore the forest trees. From Selby Hill, a high point in the residence district, we got a good view of one of the steel bridges spanning the river from which an entire section had been cut out by the storm.

Our ride finally brought us to Como Park, in which is included Lake Como, a fine body of water apparently well patronized by the citizens from the number of boats lined up on its shores. On the road thereto were many fine summer residences, most of which were beautifully shaded. The Park itself was very beautiful in both natural and artificial adornments. Fine trees, shady walks,



Como Park, St. Paul

Lover's Lanes, cozy nooks, boat houses and band pavilions combine to make a pleasant retreat, while the flowers are grown and arranged in perfection, calling forth exclamations of delight from all the feminine contingent. One grand feature was the Gates Ajar of large proportions, with a flight of steps thereto and carpets laid thereon, all formed of growing plants and flowers. One of our kodakers was fortunate enough to get a good picture of the same which we here reproduce. After a tour of the Park our way led back through the city to the Union Station again. On the road we passed the new State Capitol building now nearly finished. It stands upon a slight eminence built of white marble and presents an imposing appearance. Just below it was the old Capitol built

of red brick. Part of the business section was again traversed and we were once more at Union Station, where luncheon was at once in order.

At 12.30 P. M. we had got our cars back and were off on our way across the river to Minneapolis. At the station we were met by Eminent Commander Charles L. Sawyer, of Zion Commandery No. 2, and several of his fraters who welcomed us to the city and again requested the pleasure of our company for the afternoon and evening. A consultation with the agent of the livery company resulted at first in a determination on his part to hold us to our con-



Minnehaha Falls

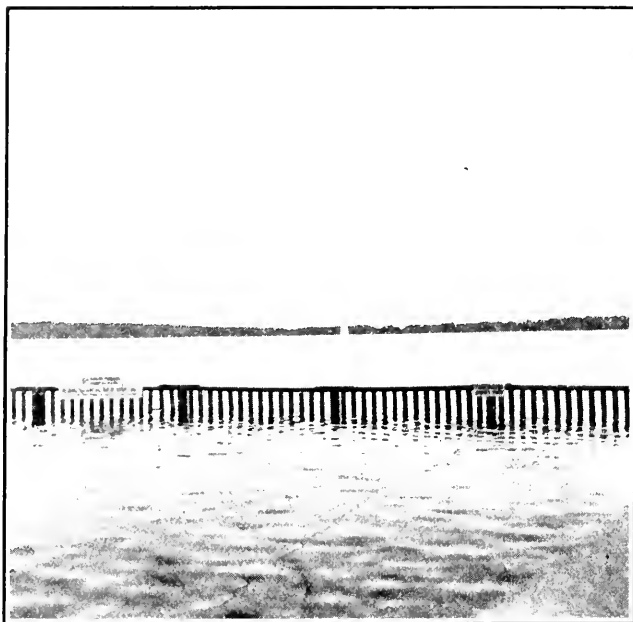
tract. The telephone was put in service and a few sharp sentences from Sir Sawyer to his superiors resulted in a compromise which we gladly paid and placed ourselves at the disposal of the Sir Knights. We were ordered to be in readiness at 3 P. M., when special trolley cars would be at our disposal. At that hour accordingly we mustered on the street adjoining the station, where we were joined by a number of Sir Knights and their ladies of Minneapolis and loaded into the special cars in waiting, our own train being meanwhile pulled about a block down the railroad yard.

Our first run was out to Minnehaha Falls, in a park in one end of which a Soldiers' Home was located. The Falls were very pretty and the surroundings shady and pleasant, the shade especially

being very agreeable, as the sun had got very warm. The location was an inspiring one and gave rise to many quotations or attempted quotations from Longfellow, who has immortalized the spot as one

“Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley.”

Everybody climbed down into the valley, where the kodakers were busy getting pictures of the falls, and did some tall growling about climbing up again. We did not see any of the progeny of



Swimming Pool, Lake Harriet

the charming Hiawatha in the neighborhood, but did see a good many of them further West. The only impression they made upon us was that the family had deteriorated very much since Longfellow's time. After considerable time spent in viewing the glen and resting under the shade of some of the large trees, our seats in the cars were resumed and a long ride taken on the back track and further in the opposite direction. The milling district of the city and the St. Anthony Falls, from which they also derive their power, were the objects of much attention and the efforts of our hosts to supply information and add to our pleasure were very much appreciated.

This city also bore many marks of the recent cyclone, but not

to so great an extent as did St. Paul, or else more traces of the damage had been removed. Arrived back at the Union Station, we switched off onto another trolley line and sought fresh pastures. Past several parks and one or two lakes we finally reached our destination at Lake Harriet. Here we were quartered in a fine pavilion with a large band-stand and concert garden on the roof. On the ground floor one of the principal attractions was a large swimming pool, fenced off from the balance of the lake, with bath house and dressing room attachments. A number of the party, male and female, was soon garbed in bathing suits and enjoying the pleasures of the pool, at the same time getting rid of the accumulated dust of several days' travel.

At 6 P. M. all hands were called into the pavilion to dispose



Pavilion, Lake Harriet

of lunch provided for us by our Minneapolis fraters. After this was disposed of an informal meeting was held, over which Eminent Commander Sawyer presided. For an hour and a half we made merry with words and song. Sir Sawyer made it plain to the pilgrims that Zion Commandery felt honored by our visit to their city and extended to them the fraternal greetings and best wishes of the Knights Templar of Minneapolis for a pleasant pilgrimage to the Coast and safe return. Eminent Commander Stewart returned the thanks of the Pilgrims for the pleasant day's entertainment prepared for them by the Officers and Committee of Zion Commandery. Further short remarks were made by Sir Knights Brehm, Bair, Eiler, Keller and Allen of our party, and E. C. Sawyer and Dr. Foot of Zion. Mrs. Gregory also kindly gave us a couple of recitations and Gregory sang for us. Adjournment was then effected

to the roof garden, where an excellent concert was given by the Minneapolis Park Band during the whole evening. The programme was an exceptionally good one and was finely rendered. A heavy thunderstorm seemed to be gyrating around in the neighborhood during the evening, but did not materialize in our immediate vicinity. At 9.30 our special cars were again at our disposal and we were forced to tear ourselves away from pleasant company and surroundings. Hearty cheers were given for Sir Knights Sawyer and Foote and the Minneapolis ladies at our departure and a kind farewell bidden to Charley and Mrs. Paulus, much to their regret.

When travel was resumed to the Union Station it was found that our train had been pulled to the outskirts of civilization to be iced and watered. The party awaiting it was very tired and disappointed and vented its feelings in remarks more forcible than choice, but could only await its return impatiently. When it did arrive at 11.30 P. M. it got a joyous reception if a noisy one. While awaiting its coming a train bearing our Williamsport and Scranton fraters passed through without stopping. We regretted this afterward, as it proved a hoodoo to our progress for several days afterward.

We were finally off at 11.50 P. M. under the charge of Conductor H. S. McLagen, a Scotch-Irishman, who developed a fine penchant for our little flags and mixed drinks. He instituted a course of riding on the engine which was indulged in by relays until 4 A. M., the ladies being especially anxious to take part therein. At every stop a fresh couple was put in charge of the engineer and enjoyed a moonlight ride at fifty miles an hour. Although the crowd had returned tired out, they seemed to be rejuvenated and in no hurry to seek their berths. McIntyre sized up the McLagen at once and drawing him into a seat soon convinced him that he was related to the "McLagens of Aberfoyle" in Perthshire, Scotland. Mac soon had the crowd cheering the McLagens of Aberfoyle to the echo: particularly the representative of the clan present. They hobnobbed and sang Scotch songs together until well on toward daylight to the delight of a few choice spirits who seemed to have no homes to go to. Mac finally slipped out when the conductor was off the car and the latter was left alone. Everybody's hat was chalked by McLagen with one of his punched ticket checks with his autograph thereon before retiring at night and upon getting up in the morning.

Thursday, August 25, 1904



WEATHER this morning bright, clear and cool. We drew into Fargo, North Dakota, at 6.30 A. M. We were met at the station by Grand Commander Geo. H. Phelps and a delegation of Auvergne Commandery No. 2, who presented us with some Dakota souvenirs and wanted the train held long enough for us to visit their Masonic Temple. This was a building costing \$70,000, and was exclu-

sively used for Masonic purposes, whereas we thought we had the only building of that character at our own home. But the train master was not agreeable, and we were obliged to go ahead after only a short stop. The Scranton people pulled out shortly after we came in, but we had a chance to greet our friend, Past Grand Commander Thomas F. Penman, and Mrs. Penman before they left.

This was the end of our friend McLagen's run, and he regretfully left us after an affecting parting, with his compatriot McIntyre and a hatful of souvenirs. His successor was equally accommodating in the matter of riding on the engine as well as on the upper floor of a caboose that had been attached to the rear of our train. As soon as breakfast was over the first relay of ladies was ready for its engine ride, and at every stop through the day, its successors were chosen and installed for this novel experience. Breakfast was a little late this morning, a fact which just agreed with those who had made a night of it with McLagen.

We were running through a great wheat country this morning, and that staple was being cut and stacked in all directions. We were shown one field that was said to contain five thousand acres of solid grain. Foothills are beginning to crop up along the edges of the valleys and the country shows some relief from its level

monotony. Our first Indian also hove in sight, and was well cheered, as was likewise his fellow-countryman, our first cowboy. Although new to most of the party, they became more plentiful later on in the pilgrimage.

The coal used up here is a sort of a semi-bituminous article called lignite and sends forth the most brilliant corruscations at night and showers of red hot cinders during the day. At 3 P. M. smoke was discovered in the smoking car, not the kind that was always on tap from the weeds burnt therein, but some that had its unmistakable source in burning wood. It was discovered, after long hunting, between the roof and ceiling of the car, due to cinders striking one of the ventilators and falling down the crack between it and the roof. The train was brought to a stand at a water tank near Dickinson Station just in time, as it was beginning to burn fiercely, and deluged with water from the hose until all signs of it were drowned out.

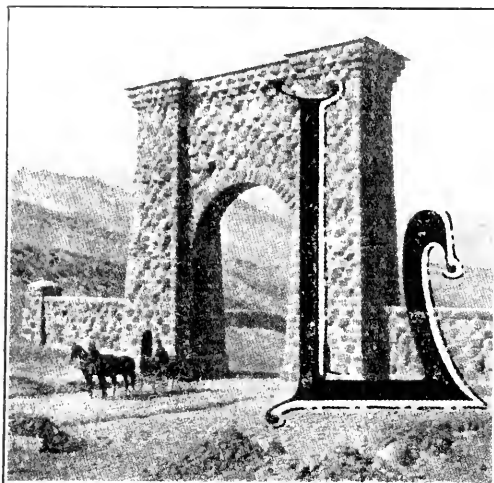
Packing suit cases for the Yellowstone Park had been in order during the day, as no trunks could be taken on the stages. Charley Stump had one of his busy days, as most of the ladies had to make several trips to the baggage car before being finally able to decide what she would wear and how many or how few clean shirts her male escort could get along with. At Medora, North Dakota, we were shown the house in which President Roosevelt was quartered during his recent hunting trip through this section of the country. We were now entering the so-called Bad Lands of Dakota. Nothing could be better named, as the country seems worthless for anything except raising rattlesnakes, groundhogs or coyotes, specimens of the latter two being occasionally visible. The whole ground seemed to be the result of volcanic action at some former time, but is really the result of the lignite taking fire either under or on the surface. The country abounds in this fuel. It crops out in many places on the top of the ground in veins and even in mounds and hills. In many cases the farmer or ranchman goes out to a ravine on his own land and picks out his winter coal from its surface. There are practically no trees in this section and Nature has settled the fuel question to the satisfaction of the land-owner.

To-day was the steenth anniversary of the day on which Charley Bair had first exercised his lungs, and he had planned to make to-night's dinner his birthday celebration, for which invitations had been issued to all on board this morning. All the afternoon decorations had been going up in the dining car, and when dinner time arrived it presented a gorgeous appearance, with paper festoons from the ceiling, flowers on the tables and side brackets and special menus with souvenirs at each plate. The menu was interspersed with song and sentiment, which rang vociferously forth at intervals during the repast enjoyed by the first half, and Charley's heart was made glad by the good wishes extended to him as well as the presentation from the pilgrims of Cars A and B of a half dozen steins. So jolly was the crowd and so pleasantly

was the time passing that there was danger that the second half would be entirely forgotten, but they were fortunately remembered in time and the tables reset for them as finely as at first. A duplicate of the pleasure and jollity of the first courses ensued with more noise, if possible, than before. A further knockout for Bair came when the pilgrims of Car C presented him with the daddy of the other steins, with similar good wishes for himself and family. Each participant received souvenirs from the celebrant, the Sir Knights being rewarded with hoochee-koochee dancers and the ladies with fans and rubber whistles. Cigarettes were also supplied to each one, the indulgence in which for a day or two bid fair to learn some of the party bad habits.

At 6.45 P. M., at Glendive Station, time was given for a little promenade on the station platform, and there was some riding on the baggage trucks for a change. At 7.15 the first sight of a jack-rabbit was had. He scudded through the brush like a streak of lightning and squatted out of sight as suddenly as though he had been struck by the same streak. Prairie dogs had been numerous in several places coming through the Bad Lands, seeming sleek and fat, as though they had no trouble to find abundant fodder. We are now following the windings of the Yellowstone River, whose source we were destined to see some days later. The sun set tonight in a gorgeous array of coloring of purple, red and gold, while the full moon arose on the opposite side at the same time, furnishing a double picture that was worth coming a long ways to see. The usual delegation tried to outsit one another in the smoker to-night until the wee small hours, but the majority sought their berths early.

Friday, August 26, 1904



LIVINGSTON was reached at 5 A. M. The weather was again clear and much cooler. Our porters had placed an extra blanket on each berth last night, which was received with some derision and pushed to the foot of the berth. Somehow it did not remain there all night, being snugly in place with its mate this morning and not being at all laughed at. Quite a stop was made at Livingston this

morning, owing to the number of trains in and out of the Valley. It was 5.45 before we were again under way. Towering mountain peaks surround Livingston, and the scenery was both rugged and grand. Soon after leaving the station we entered a narrow canon, still following up the Yellowstone River. For a mile or so there was just about room for the railroad, the stream and a wagon road. The scenery was magnificent, although very rugged, the rocks rising almost perpendicularly on either side and lighting up finely at the tops with the rays of the rising sun. Once through the narrow entrance the valley opened up to a respectable width and contained many ranches and small settlements. Signs of civilization that had been invisible for many hours began to show themselves. Horses, cattle and pigs were numerous, together with the accompanying cowboy with his pony and lariat. Another house at Chicory was shown as one of the stopping places of President Roosevelt on his late tour. We got all these locations down fine from our tourist agent, Kid McCoy, who accompanied the President on his tour and kept the reporters and other flies off him.

As the valley grew nearer to an end we passed into another narrow gorge or canon with much higher rocks on the sides. Some of the peaks were lofty and the climbing, if any could be done, was

more than rugged. On Mount Cinnabar appeared a reddish streak of earth or rock from top to bottom. This was introduced as the Devil's Slide, the first one of that individual's possessions in this neighborhood that we had seen, although they became more numerous after we entered the Park. Breakfast had been partaken of en route down the valley, and was not finished when the train pulled beside the station at Gardner at 9.45 A. M. The rustic log waiting shed and station, with its quaint waiting room and stone chimney, formed a very agreeable contrast to the line of shanties in the distance, which seemed to constitute the town of Gardner.

We took leave of our train crew and John Robbins with much regret, a feeling which seemed to be mutual. Much regret was also expressed that we could not attach the commissary car to one of the Park coaches. Tallyhos, with six horses attached, were already in waiting to take our entire party to Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, which was to be the end of the first day's ride. Grips and

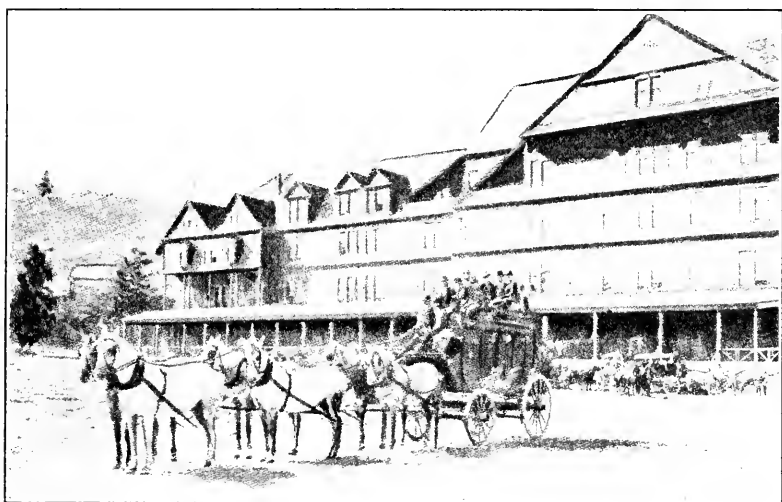


Leaving Gardner Station

suit cases were rushed out and loaded in the boot behind and strapped on. If the coach agent could have had his own way the passengers would also have had to be strapped on. He always seemed to think there was room for one more on each seat. In a short time every one was packed in or on the coaches and they were started for the five mile drive to the hotel. Just a few rods beyond the station was the official entrance to Yellowstone Park through a high stone archway, flanked by two square towers, the whole built of large lava blocks. A large block of stone set in above the arch bears the inscription "For the benefit and enjoyment of the people." The road goes up through Gardner Canon, following the course of the Gardner River, which ran, cool and sparkling, alongside the road, obstructed by rocks and lava blocks of all ages and sizes. The road is a fine one, having been built at Uncle Sam's expense and kept well watered by the same individual. At times the grade was pretty steep, but six horses made light of it. On

either side the mountains rose to a fine height. Fish hawks or eagles sailed around lazily, undisturbed by the proximity of the coaches or the large quantity of noise made by the occupants thereof. The first of so-called eagles' nests were seen soon after the entrance, perched on top of a bald eminence inaccessible to man or beast. The sun was tolerably warm, but the air pleasant, and there was no use whatever for the linen dusters which the majority of the crowd had hired from a peddler at Gardner Station in anticipation of a dusty experience through the Park.

About half way in we met several coaches coming out which contained a band that had been brought from Boston by Boston Commandery No. 1, of that city, or rather by one of its members, who had paid all the band's expenses besides furnishing its mem-



Hotel, Mammoth Hot Springs

bers with new uniforms. They had been left at the Hot Springs while the Commandery made the tour of the Park, and were now on the way back to their train, where the Commandery was expected this evening.

Our coaches reached the hotel at 11 A. M. The house is a very fine one and the rooms very good, although the absence of any elevator makes the journey to the upper floors, even up an easy staircase, a penance not to be too often imposed lightly. Shortness of wind in this high altitude is not much improved by upward climbing, as many of us found out. The scene in front of the hotel is a notably pleasant one. The U. S. Government has a large military station here under the name of Fort Yellowstone. A major is in command with a battalion of the Third U. S. Cavalry under his orders. Most of these are scattered through the Park, being

stationed at all prominent points and obliged to patrol the roads to see that the Park regulations are strictly carried out. There are numerous officers' residences, barracks for the men, cooking and dining houses, gymnasium and stables, as well as a large barn for the animals of the Transportation Company. The open space between the hotel and the fort buildings is brightly carpeted with fine grass, crossed here and there by concrete walks connecting the different buildings and well irrigated by constant streams of water sprayed thereon. To the right arose the accretions of the Mammoth Hot Springs of a dazzling whiteness in the hot sun's rays and rising to a height of from fifty to three hundred feet above the



Foot of Liberty Cap, Yellowstone

level ground. On the first rise stand the Liberty Cap and Devil's Thumb, the former rising to a height of about fifty feet and being at least twenty feet in diameter at the base. These are said to be extinct hot springs or geysers and to have been formed by successive layers of deposits thrown out by the waters. The kodakers made their first attempts in the Park on these pyramids.

Luncheon was ready promptly and was soon disposed of, most of the party being anxious to explore the wonders before them. Some took carriages to the top of the terraces, but the majority went up the face of the white roads notwithstanding the heat of the sun and the blinding glare of the deposits, coupled with the pools and streams of hot water on the route. The many colored

hot springs, each of which gave a different shade to the deposits surrounding it, were a source of wonder to all beholders. Pulpit Terrace and Minerva Terrace face toward the hotel and are passed on the upward trip. Their beauties and wonderful formation cannot be described in fitting words and can only be appreciated by personal inspection. Jupiter Terrace faces the road running from the hotel on into the Park. It rises to the greatest height and its face presents a succession of different colored cascades, forming a magnificent spectacle either from above or below, with sufficient hot water running to waste to heat a couple of Philadelphia wards. In a pool near the edge on top a man was holding horseshoes in the water to be coated with the deposits and sold as souvenirs. This is quickly done and makes a slightly reminder of the springs.



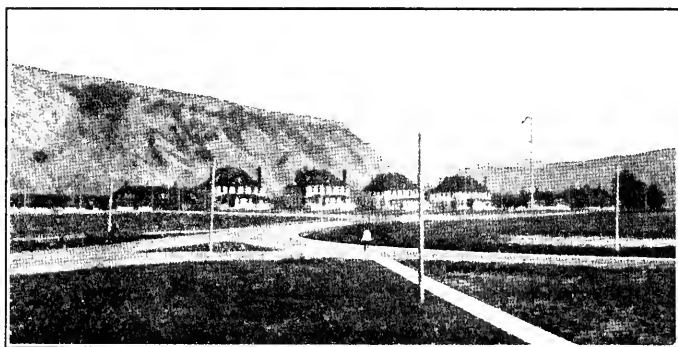
Minerva Terrace, Hot Springs

On the summit were several of Uncle Sam's young cavalymen in khaki on duty to see that no one attempted to break off any of the accretions around the boiling springs which surrounded you in all directions. Their presence was hardly necessary, as the stuff was too hard to be disturbed with anything short of a sledgehammer or crowbar. One of the lads was from Lancaster county, and all made themselves very agreeable to the tourists, especially the young lady element.

Back from the Terraces was the Devil's Kitchen, the crater of an extinct hot spring. The entrance was through a small opening and down a ladder. A few climbed down and braved fate, but the majority contented themselves with throwing their cards down to let His Satanic Majesty know that they had called to pay their

respects. The damp and evil smell that emanated therefrom probably came from a kitchen that is seldom cleaned. Indeed, the prevailing aroma around all the hot springs was that of decayed and very much decayed eggs. This was said to be due to the prevalence of sulphur, although many ascribe it to the proximity of the infernal regions. At one place on top is to be seen a pure yellow and perfectly cold sulphur spring within six feet of a boiling hot spring of a temperature of 154 degrees, clear as crystal and said to contain magnesia. These contrasts are numerous through the Park and constitute some of the chief wonders thereof.

Sir Knights and ladies of Scranton, Williamsport, Northern and Gettysburg Commanderies were out in force on the Terraces, but were not stopping at the hotel. They had elected to go through the Park with camping outfits, which house their parties in tents at night all the way through. Numbers of our party took carriages by a roundabout road to the top of the formations and then walked



Fort Yellowstone

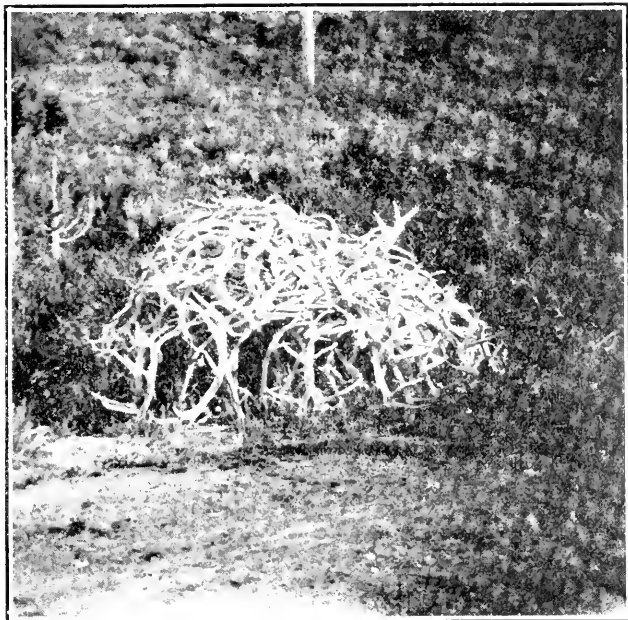
around, while others, who wanted rest, remained on the hotel porches, and viewed the climbers through field glasses. The curio store and stands in the hotel were nearly cleaned out of souvenir postals, which were deposited in the mail to let home folks know of our progress. Leather Indians, paposes and deer were chief among the outfit, many of which were pinched before reaching those to whom they had been addressed.

One section of Boston Commandery's people came back to the hotel for dinner this afternoon on their return from the tour of the Park. They were at once hail fellow! well met with Mary's people, and our little flags were in great demand for exchange with Boston baked bean pots. After dinner, when the Bostonians resumed their places on the tallyhos, they were given hearty cheers by Mary and lustily returned the compliment as long as they could be heard.

McIntyre and Lines spent the afternoon in a trip to Firehole River, where the guide who took them said the trout were aching

to be caught. They were probably still aching, as the fishermen came back hot, tired and disappointed. Lines allowed Mac to give the story of the trip, being a modest man himself. Mac told of several of the big fish that got away and exhibited two fingerlings that were unfortunate enough to be caught away from their mothers.

The evening was a beautiful one and was charmingly spent. Everybody at some time made the tour of the post buildings, inspecting everything, from the kitchen to the guard house, which indispensable adjunct was occupied by several regulation breakers as usual. The ladies especially were desirous to see the sights of a



Deer and Elk Antlers

military post and the soldier boys were willing and anxious to do the honors. One of them had a loud voiced graphophone playing all the evening on the porch of one of the buildings and always had an audience. Many of the front yards of the officers' houses were decorated with heaps of antlers of deer and elk gathered in the Park and brought to headquarters. Between the barracks and the hotel is a fenced-in opening in the ground known as McIntyre's hole, which was another extinct hot spring and led into quite a cave. The latter cannot be explored on account of bad air and noxious gases.

Inside the hotel an orchestra furnished music all the evening. On the ample porches all the chairs were occupied and merry voices

rang out at all times. More trips were also made to the store, the bright moonlight leading parties to stroll out. After taps had been blown by the post bugler the attractions began to fade, and as high-balls and cocktails were scheduled at thirty-five cents each the crowd found its way to the rooms provided and sought rest for the night.



Hot Spring in Yellowstone Lake

Saturday, August 27, 1904

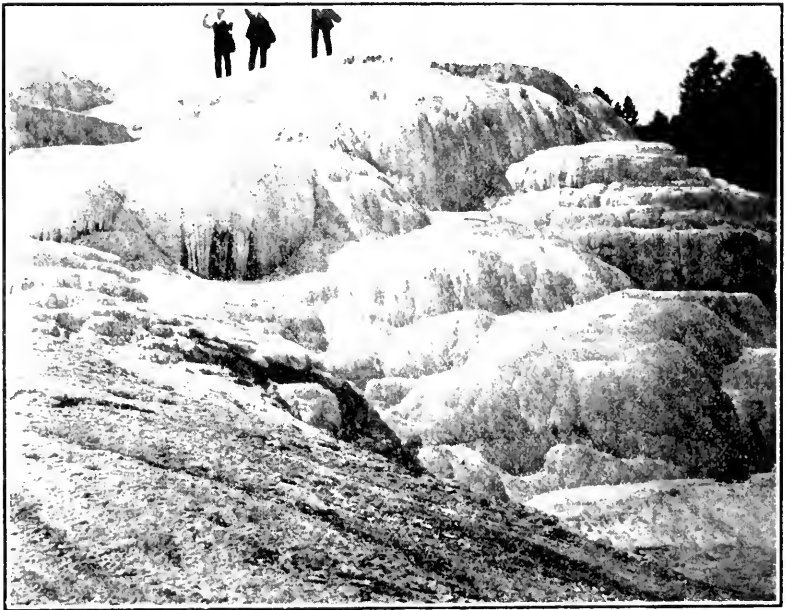


THE same soldier that tapped us off last night roused us this morning with reveille and the sunrise gun or salute to the flag, as it was raised on the post staff, completed the awakening for most of the party. Some of us had been awakened at a much earlier hour through the fact that McIntyre had been taken sick with cramps during the night. It was necessary to rout out Doc. Wells, who responded cheerfully, after making his toilet, and soon had Mac quieted down with a hypodermic and enabled him to secure a little

needed rest. It was not supposed for a moment that Mac would be able to go on with us this morning, and general despondency seized on the party at the announcement. However, he forced himself to get his clothes on and after breakfast came down and seated himself in a hall chair, with the expressed determination to go ahead with the party. This roused the spirits of all hands, and the feeling culminated in loud cheers as McIntyre's name was called for No. 2 coach and he climbed aboard.

The Park coaches were a little crowded on account of the rush through the Park of Knights Templar parties. Although only intended for two on a seat, they were made to accommodate three each, making parties of twelve with the driver. There was about room enough, but none to spare for stout persons. The baggage was again carried in the boot and did not interfere with the passengers. At 8 A. M. four horse coaches came rapidly up, were loaded and driven off in quick succession to the number of eight for our

own party, being soon scattered in detail along the route. Each coach had its party detailed who were to occupy it during the whole Park trip. Passing around the Hot Springs formations we took the road to the south in front of Jupiter Terrace. The road immediately began to ascend and continued to ascend until a rise of one thousand feet had been overcome in the first three miles. Wild and romantic scenery appeared from the start, and amidst the wildest of it appeared a forest of rough upright rocks, which the driver said were the Hoodoos. How such a collection of monoliths was gathered at one place none can tell, but they are certainly well named. If one were cast away in their midst without a compass he might

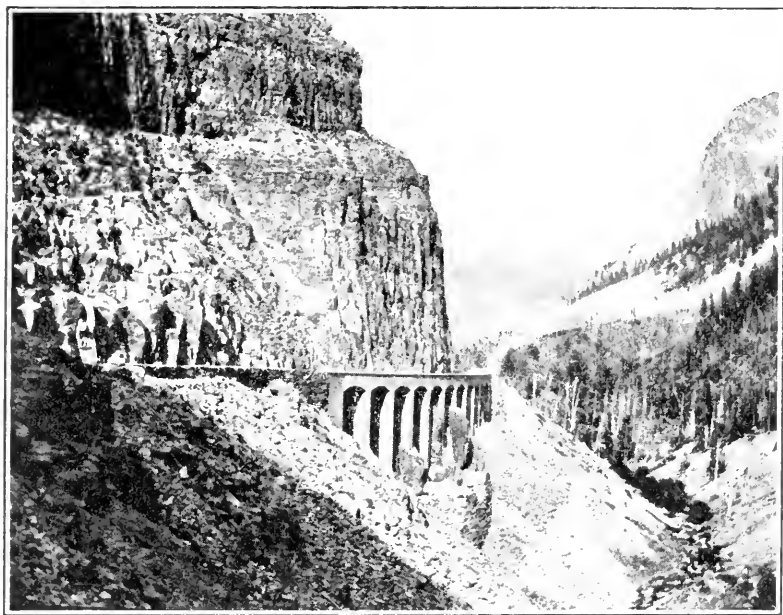


Jupiter Terrace, Hot Springs

wander around indefinitely. Just after leaving them the road passes between two immense rocks, known as the Silver Gate. Just beyond we went through or around the Golden Gate. There the road has been blasted out of the solid rock on one side and a concrete arched roadway built below on the outside. A running stream follows the road all along here, and just after passing the Golden Gate it drops toward us in a very pretty cascade about sixty feet high. This gave our camera fiends a chance to take a very pretty picture, of which some of them availed themselves. Just opposite the Gate was another Devil's slide from top to bottom of Terrace Mountain. If that individual makes use of all the slides we have

run across he must keep his tailors pretty well occupied in rescating his trousers.

Some lofty peaks are in sight from here on, of which Mount Holmes is over 10,500 feet high, and Electric Peak extends over 11,000 feet in the air. Huge patches of everlasting snow were discernible on several of them. A number of coaches passed us at intervals containing the second half of the Boston Commandery contingent. Each load of passengers seemed to take great pleasure in informing us that there would be nothing for us to eat ahead. Why, we have not yet found out. Grey squirrels and little hackies or chipmunks abound on either side of the road. They sit up on the logs or stones and watch the coaches go by as unconcerned as



Golden Gate, Yellowstone

may be. McIntyre is very quiet and takes his medicine like a lamb for several hours, refraining meanwhile from any attempt at smoking. Doc Wells cautioned him not to be in too big a hurry for a cigar, and as Mac does not want any encore of his last night's experience, he obeys orders for to-day.

Roaring Mountain makes its appearance on our left, giving out a loud noise like escaping steam under heavy pressure, but no steam or other cause for the noise could be seen. Beaver Lake was passed on the right, with the remains of a couple of old beaver dams showing above the surface. The Apollinaris Spring, about ten miles out from Hot Springs, was one of the notable features of the morning's

ride. It lies but a few steps back from the road, and all the coaches were halted to enable their passengers to taste the water. This was found as good, if not better, than any of the manufactured waters. It was sharper to the taste, and we all thought it a shame to allow it to run to waste. It runs from the spring to the tank at the side of the road and the overflow runs down the gutter. That in the tank is utilized in the road sprinkling carts. The Obsidian Cliff is a huge mass of perfect, very dark glass, looking about like that which is made into porter bottles. It rises about 250 feet high and extends for a quarter of a mile along the road. The Twin Lakes also lie on the right of the road on this morning's ride. The



No. 1 Coach, Yellowstone

first shows the water of a most translucent emerald green, while that of the second lake was the bluest of blues. What gives them their peculiar hues we could not learn.

We arrived at Norris, a cosy little dining station, promptly on schedule time at noon, and found a party just vacating the dining room. We were compelled to wait until the tables were reset and charged. This was soon accomplished, and we sat down to a most homelike and enjoyable lunch, which was further enhanced by first-class service from the girl waiters. The apple pie dessert was the theme of all who had partaken of it, and all enjoyed the breakaway from the regular course meals of diner and hotel. Heavy clouds had been rolling around the mountain tops with the thunder rever-

berating to match during the latter part of the morning, and while eating lunch a few drops of rain fell, the first during our trip so far. Our last coach did not appear before all the other pilgrims had finished luncheon, and we were at a loss to know whether they had met with any mishap.

Luncheon finished we made an observation of the Norris Basin. Hot springs and boiling paint pots, steam jets and all other contrivances abound here. All shades and colors exist here, and you can take your choice. The Constant Geyser goes off every half minute or so and spouts to a good height. The Emerald Pool is of a beautiful green tint, very hot but not greatly agitated. The Devil's Boiler, the Hurricane and the Black Growler work under heavy steam pressure and emit that article with a roar like a boiler blow-



Constant Geyser

ing up. The Devil's Bath Tub is a spouter of a dark looking fluid every few minutes, which subsided out of sight every time its paroxysms were over. The story goes with the well that the Devil takes a bath every five minutes, which accounts for the periodical disturbances. If he does some of the color comes off him every time. Across the great bed of springs and pools is laid a board walk of single boards only, which is followed mainly to keep the shoes clean. The white crust looks as though any step might go through it, and Bill Maneely was received at the far end of the boards by his wife, who declined to make the trip and berated Bill soundly for such evident foolishness as tempting Providence by a man of his weight traveling over such thin ground.

Our guide led us finally to a rustic waiting booth beside a platform, from which we again took our places in the coaches. A little

distance back from it was the Monarch Geyser, an immense crater which is very uncertain in its operations and which disdained to give us any exhibition of its powers. Closer by, though, was the Minute Man, said to spout every minute, but timed by us more nearly to a minute and a half, which it did regularly while we stopped in waiting for our coaches. While we were again being loaded up the rain began to fall again slightly. Rain coats and umbrellas were handed up to the occupants of the box seats and the curtains got in readiness to let fall on the sides of the coaches. It was 2.15 P. M. when we left the Norris Basin, and our last coach had not yet shown up. We learned when they caught up to us in the evening that the trouble had been due to a hot-box.



Waiting for the Devil to Take His Bath

The rain got heavier, and we were obliged to drop all the side curtains and shut ourselves in, thus shutting out to a great extent the beauties of the Gibbon River Valley, through which we were passing, although we secured a good view of the Gibbon Falls or Cascades, the beauty of which was much enhanced by the amount of water falling from the clouds. All the ladies who were on the box seats forsook their perches except Mrs. Holt, who pluckily remained at her post through it all and arrived at the Fountain Hotel in the evening none the worse for her experience. Captain Eiler got in out of the wet on his coach for fear the khaki suit would shrink so tightly that it might not come off. For over three hours the rain came down in torrents, with thunder and lightning

to match, and we saw but little use ahead for our rented dusters. Our driver insisted that this was only a Yellowstone shower and that we might yet see some rain, or even a snow storm, before we got through.

Our route now lay along the Firehole River, which from all appearances is an ideal trout stream, and seemed to put some life in Mac, who eagerly pointed out the pools where trout would be sure to be lying in wait for lunch. It also had its cascades and quite a respectable falls before it formed a junction with the Gibbon and became the Madison River. When the rain eased up and we could throw the curtains up on top of the coach, we had a very fine drive along the banks, although the air was damp and chilly and overcoats had been gladly used all the afternoon, Mac being additionally swathed in a lap blanket. The rain had made the roads very heavy and the horses were an object of compassion as they dragged the heavy loads through the mud. Just before the end of our forty mile drive the old road passed through a ford on the Nez Perce Creek. Most of the stages took to the ford and gave their inmates a little scare as they tilted up at an alarming angle when they went up the opposite bank going out. The others were content to go over a new iron bridge, which was just as convenient and much easier on the teams. A summer camp of U. S. soldiers who did guard duty was just beyond the ford and a mile further on was the Fountain Hotel, the end of our day's journey. The first half of our ride during the morning did not tire us in the least, so much was there to be seen and commented upon, but the afternoon twenty rather proved too much for the weaker of the party, the more so as it was cold and gloomy, with the curtains down and little to be observed. So most of us were glad when it came to an end and we arrived at the hotel at 5.30 P. M. On pulling up to the front porch we found that it had been hailing during our rainstorm and quite a large pile of stones had been swept off the porch. Just before reaching the hotel our attention was called to a couple of bears, who were rooting in the garbage pile which is put out for their benefit about a hundred yards away. This pack had become so bold that it has been necessary to put up a barbed wire fence in front of their feeding ground to keep them from prowling around the hotel itself.

Inside the hotel a big wood fire was glowing in the large open fireplace, which was gladly welcomed by all hands, who held out their hands as if glad to shake with it. Keys of our rooms were soon secured, damp wraps removed and all enjoyed a good wash-up and were ready for dinner when it came. We found Allegheny Commandery, No. 35, in possession, they having arrived just ahead of us. They came in from Monida at the lower end of the Park, having made a stage ride of ninety-four miles in one day, a trip before which our forty-mile drive paled into insignificance. They pretended to have enjoyed it, but did not look it. They proved themselves a jolly set, however, and soon fraternized with Mary.

After dinner it was reported that Fountain Geyser was due to get in its work, and a large crowd soon stood around its rim in waiting for the show. They waited and waited until darkness set in, and a drizzling rain set in, but the Geyser was in an obdurate mood and merely kept growling and swishing its waters about down in the hole, once in a while sending up a little encouraging cloud of steam. Just abreast of the Geyser, but a few hundred feet distant, were the Mammoth Paint Pots, huge cauldrons of bubbling masses like thick paint or mortar constantly boiling and sputtering. They were of different colors and consistencies and were really more of a curiosity than the Geyser, although the latter must have thrown out immense quantities of water, judging from the

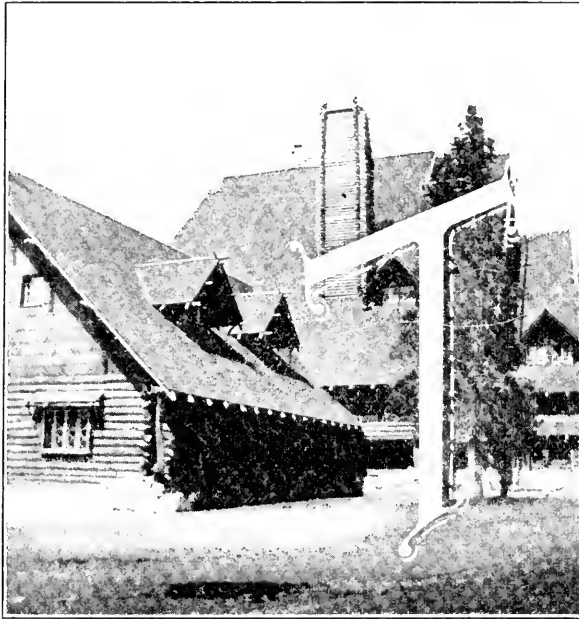


A Paint Pot

washed condition of the gravel course down which it flowed. Some also walked back to visit the bears, but did not succeed in making a very sociable call, as most of the animals knew enough to get in out of the rain.

Rain fell all the evening and kept the party indoors after dark. The time was very agreeably spent, however, in the large reception hall. There was some card playing, but most of the party were singing rag-time songs in unison, with piano accompaniment. Later on dancing was indulged in and the hour was late before the last of the lambs sought rest. Our unfortunate last coach came in about three hours late, but none of its passengers suffered any harm from the additional exposure.

Sunday, August 28, 1904

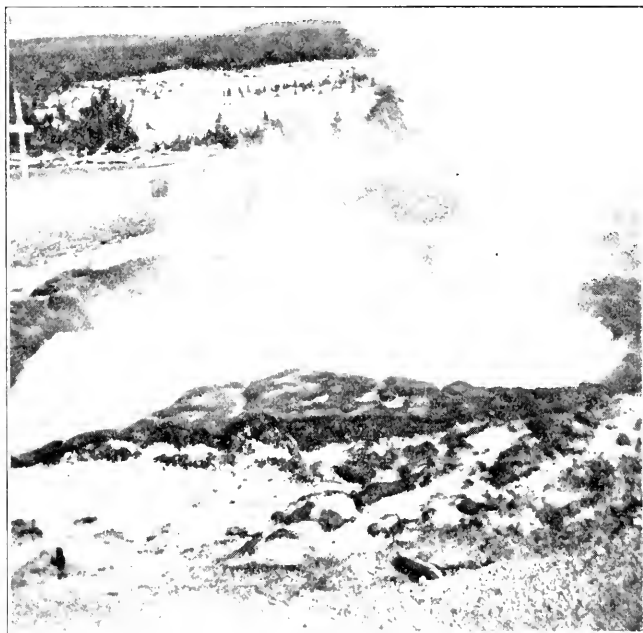


The rain continued most of last night, but the weather was clearing this morning. Nearly all were inclined to rest this morning, and late breakfasts were in order. Allegheny Comandery was scheduled to leave at 8 A. M. and got off very nearly on time. Our coaches not being due until an hour later, the pilgrims scattered in groups around the Geyser Basin

and Paint Pots again. The Fountain was again either overdue or not due yet this morning and refused to be coaxed into activity, although the water was still boiling and swirling viciously some distance below the rim. Even a few stones surreptitiously kicked down its throat, contrary to all Park regulations, failed to awaken it to a sense of duty. The Paint Pots, however, kept their contents in a violent state of ebullition and excited the admiration of Ollie Price, who would have liked to transport them to Philadelphia.

Our elevation at this point was 7,250 feet above sea level and the surrounding hills rise from 600 to 800 feet higher, and the exertion of walking up hill always gave due notice of the rarity of the air. Macduff was himself this morning again, having enjoyed a good breakfast and a smoke. Macduff in this case, of course, means McIntyre, who gave unmistakable evidence of being in better condition. We left the Fountain at 9 A. M. in our regular order,

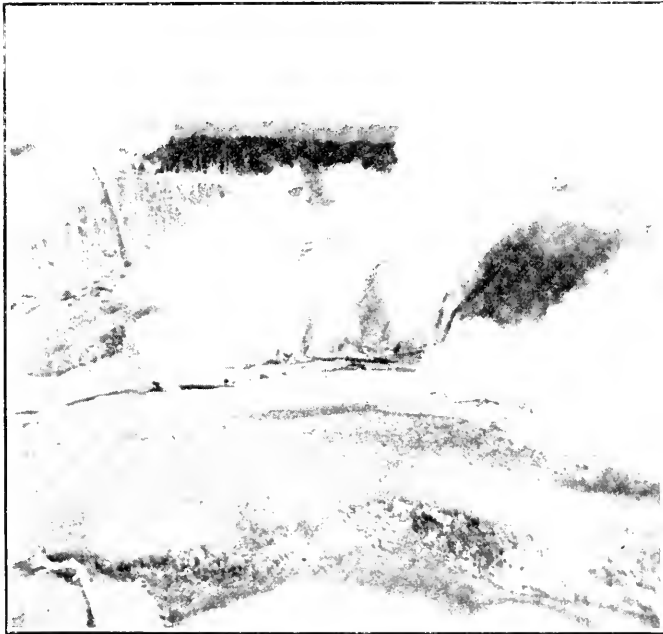
the skies having again become clear. The riding was cool and very pleasant. The route to-day again lies along the Firehole, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other. Many good fishing pools revealed their whereabouts, but Mac had no time or tools with which to try them. Steam jets are puffing up on every side as far as the eye can reach, and it is only a short ride until we reach what is called the Middle Geyser Basin. Every little while the coaches are stopped and the crews unloaded to inspect some special feature. One of these is the crater of Excelsior Geyser, which is very erratic in its eruptions, sometimes not going on a bust for years, but ripping things up the back when it does get in the humor.



Giant Geyser

Prismatic Lake was a beautiful sight. A broad, shallow basin of very hot water, the bed of which or crust under which was finely coated with many colors. In the centre the pool was of a deep blue. Around the edges among the shallows appeared orange, brown, purple and gray bands in successive layers, which showed up in beautiful shape whenever the steam blew aside. As coach after coach drew up and deposited its load, exclamations of wonder and pleasure were loud and deep. The hot water overflowing its banks on all sides made navigation with dry feet difficult. The Turquoise Spring was a quiet pool, although a hot one, and of a blue color, as its name implies. The Giant Geyser is another star

performer when he wishes to appear. He must be a monster when he is due to explode, but he was not down on our program to-day. The Morning Glory is probably the most strikingly beautiful hot spring in the Park. It resembles exactly the flower for which it is named in color and shape, and one could long linger to gaze into its quiet depths. The water is so clear that the shape of its crater is perfectly clear and still resembles the shape of the flower. The Punch Bowl, one of the Devil's, of course, was another hot spring which had reared its height by successive layers of limestone deposit until it required no stretch of the imagination to see its resemblance to the article for which it is named.



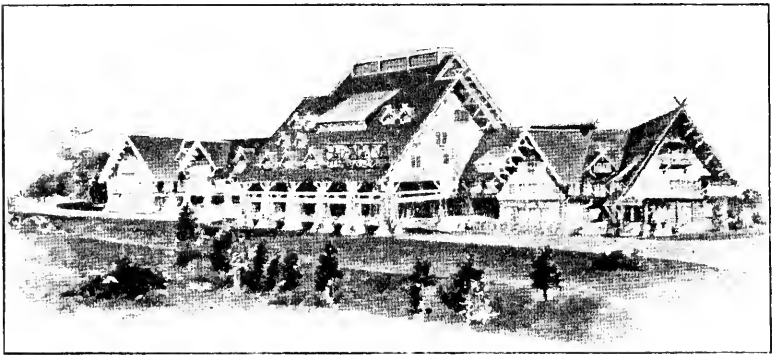
In Hell's Half Acre

So many and various were the hot water and steam outlets from the hot regions beneath that it was more than difficult to keep track of all of them. The appropriate name of Hell's Half Acre so fitted one section that further description of it seems unnecessary. This Upper Geyser Basin not only contains twenty-six working geysers and more than 400 hot springs in the open field, but also has many openings spouting steam among the trees in the surrounding forests.

A little behind time at 12.10 P. M. we drove up to the Old Faithful Inn, just as the geyser of that name happened to be indulging in one of his periodical outbursts, apparently in honor of our

arrival. It was well his display did not last many minutes, as it could not long divert our attention from the wonderful building in front of which we stood. Built almost entirely of logs with some few shingled spaces, it was at once a revelation of simplicity and grandeur. Towering to a height of four stories, with any number of angles, and facing in all directions, it is a wonderful piece of work, creditable alike to architect and builder. A projecting roof on the front sloping down to the second floor, supported by buttresses of crossed sticks like cord-wood, formed a porte-cochere lofty enough to admit our coaches and still leave a high balcony or lookout overhead. Driving up to a broad landing place running the length of the main building and fitted out with rocking chairs, seats and an occasional swing for spoony pairs, we disembarked and had our luggage thrown after us.

Entering the quaint old doorway, each person was greeted by the manager, Larry Matthews, with a hearty handshake and an

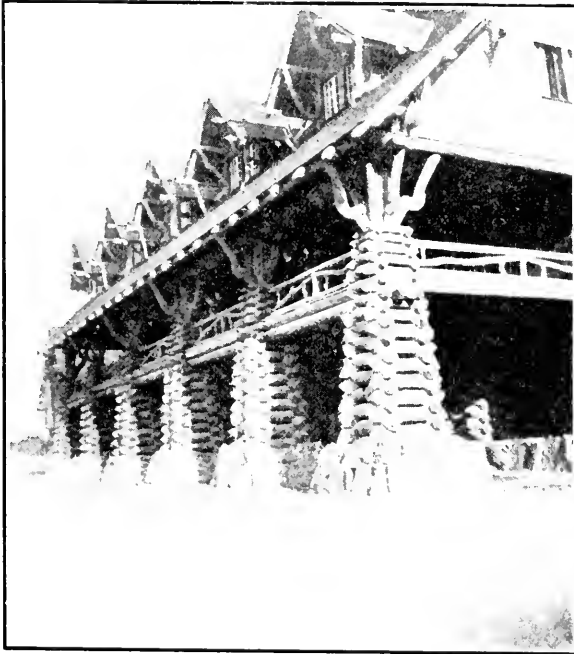


Old Faithful Inn

Irish welcome in the best Tipperary, "I am glad to see you! Walk right in! Make yourself at home!" As the address was stereotyped, it did not take McIntyre a minute to learn it and the accompanying gestures, together with the brogue. As the succeeding arrivals poured in Mac was on hand to receive them with such a successful invitation that Larry was at sea to know which Dromio he was. Others were fooled as well as himself, as Agent McCoy, who was hunting Larry, several times rushed over to the front door only to find the substitute instead of the original. The upstairs girls of the hotel were lined up on the upper balconies surrounding the reception hall convulsed with laughter and enjoying the burlesque mightily.

The inside work throughout the hotel corresponds thoroughly with the outside appearances. The inside partitions, even between the rooms, are all logs with the bark stripped off. The newel posts, balusters, hand rails and balcony supports are all natural crooked

and curved sticks with immense gunboils and other protuberances upon them that cause one to wonder where they were all culled from. The flights of stairs were formed of half logs with the flat sides up and were undoubtedly "good for strong." The water spigot in the main hall was formed of two crooked roots fitting perfectly into one another and the waste water fell into a hollowed natural lava block as large as a good sized foot-bath. The reception hall was open to a height of eighty feet with galleries on each floor all round, enclosed with the aforesaid natural handrails. In one corner was an immense stone chimney with eight open fire-



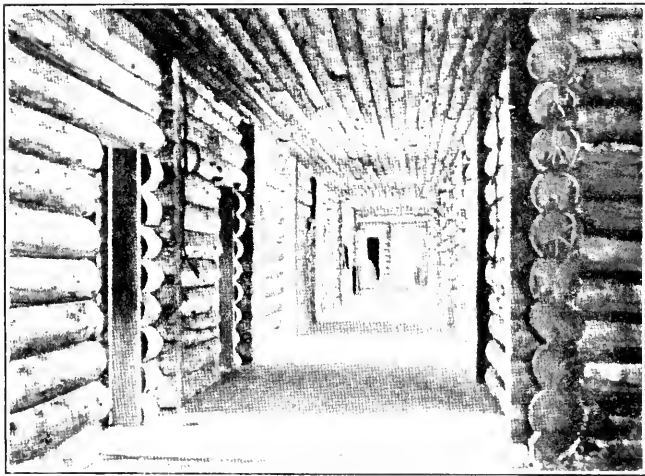
Porte Cochere, Old Faithful Inn

places, in two of which log fires were brightly burning, while innumerable comfortable chairs stood around the floor. The whole place had such a comfortable, homelike appearance that the sight brought back the folks left behind, and there were more than one wet pair of eyes in the party.

However, the bustle of finding our rooms, getting the baggage placed therein and washing up soon changed the current of their thoughts, and the luncheon hour found them in readiness for the dining room. This was also fitted up in keeping with the quaint character of the building. The tables and chairs of rustic build, the chinaware of the old blue willow pattern and the chandeliers

of crossed hanging logs with electrolier candles at each end, were all component parts of a perfect whole. An immense open fireplace also brightened up the dining room, while large plate glass windows gave a good view of the outside surroundings. The only jarring note in the whole building was the profusion of bright silverware for use on the tables. This should have been of iron with buckhorn handles to be in keeping with the surroundings. However, the food was good and the service first class and the silver did not worry any of us long, and all hands repaired to their rooms to get ready for outdoors.

The bedrooms were in keeping with everything else, with log partitions and quaint furniture in the shape of bureaus and writing desks that might have been sawed out in the wilderness. The doors were of unplanned lumber, with immense thumb-latches wrought



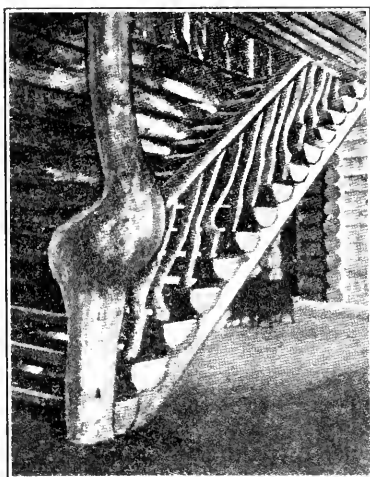
Corridor, Old Faithful Inn

out by the blacksmith and weighing about ten pounds each. Even the numbers of the rooms were hammered out of iron and fastened on with staples.

As soon as possible after lunch the party overflowed the plateau in search of new attractions and adventures. Old Faithful was, of course, the first attraction, almost the entire party waiting for his act. He is almost as regular as the clock. Every sixty-five minutes, as near as may be, with very little variation, he begins to fill up his crater and boil and bubble. After two or three preliminary coughs and some spitting out of water that flows down the mound on all sides, the spouting begins and the hot water is thrown up, gradually increasing to a height of about 80 or 90 feet, although it is said to have reached a height of 160 feet at times. Clouds of steam accompany the water and to a great extent hide the column

of water which continues to spout for about three minutes and gradually drops down until it goes entirely out of sight. Then you can approach and look down the opening, which is egg-shaped and about eight by three feet at the largest points. The water cannot be seen below, but keeps up an ominous rumbling down there until time for the next blowout.

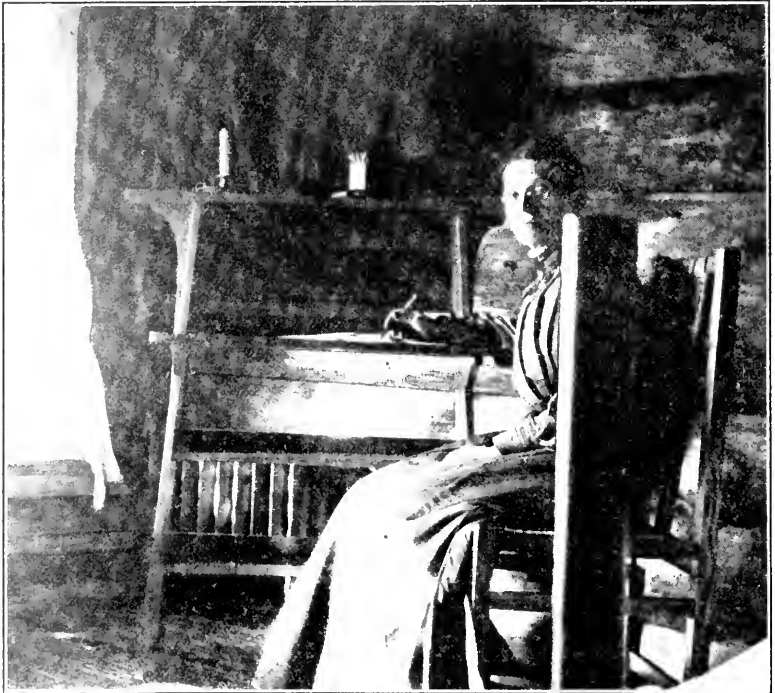
Curio and photograph stores as usual were in demand with some of the party, and none came away from them empty handed. Kodakers were also busy in and around the hotel and the Geyser. Under the guidance of a witty professional guide most of the party made a tour of the basin in search of other geysers, large and small. The Firehole River runs but a short distance away. Crossing this on a foot-bridge they were soon in a region of more marvels. In succession they came to the Bee Hive, Giantess, who, like the



Old Faithful Staircase

usual run of females, was contrary to-day, as was also the Giant, Lioness and Cubs, and three smaller fry close together. Then they saw the Saw Mill Geyser get its work in and give out the roaring sound which gives it its name. Also the Grand and Turban and the Economic, the last being so named because there is no overflow or waste water from its eruptions. There were innumerable others, named and unnamed, which cannot all be described here, but should be seen to be appreciated. The guide was also part of the show, and his orders to remove blue or smoked glasses were obeyed without a murmur. His favorite expression after describing a geyser was "Move on! There are sixty-six more to be seen. Keep moving!" And the party kept moving at his command during the whole afternoon. He had the faculty of always being in a good humor and always commanding attention.

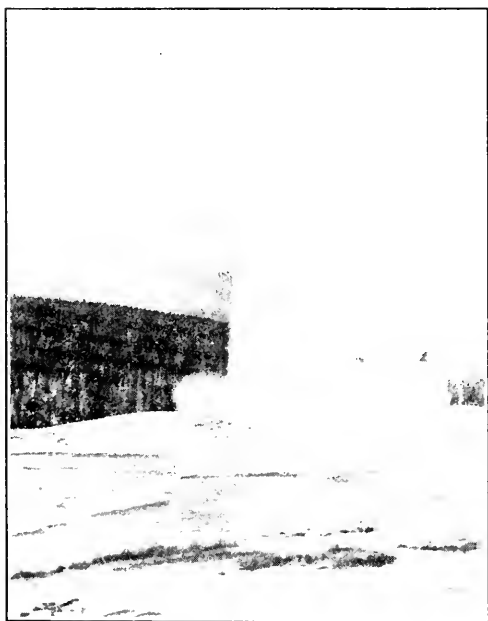
Toward evening most of the party had returned and were wending their way in groups down to "see the bears feed." The road leads through a grove of pines in the rear of the hotel, in which are located the stables for the teams and also another camp of Uncle Sam's boys in khaki. The garbage dump is about a quarter of a mile back, and here the bears call for their supplies. The crowd that gathered there was sufficient to scare any kind of animal. Yet the bears made their appearance and rooted away for dinner entirely unconcerned. At first but one or two appeared, as big and fat as any corn-fed hogs, but later the whole drove, with several



Interior, Old Faithful

cubs, came out and secured their evening meal. Some counted nine, some eleven and some thirteen or more. The varying numbers were probably due to poor eyesight, caused by gazing on the backwoods tables in Larry's rathskeller in the basement of the Inn. Some of the party climbed to the lookout on top of the hotel and viewed the situation from that point with the aid of glasses, that is, field and opera glasses. This was no mean climb in these high altitudes, and most of the party were willing to walk a much greater distance on the level.

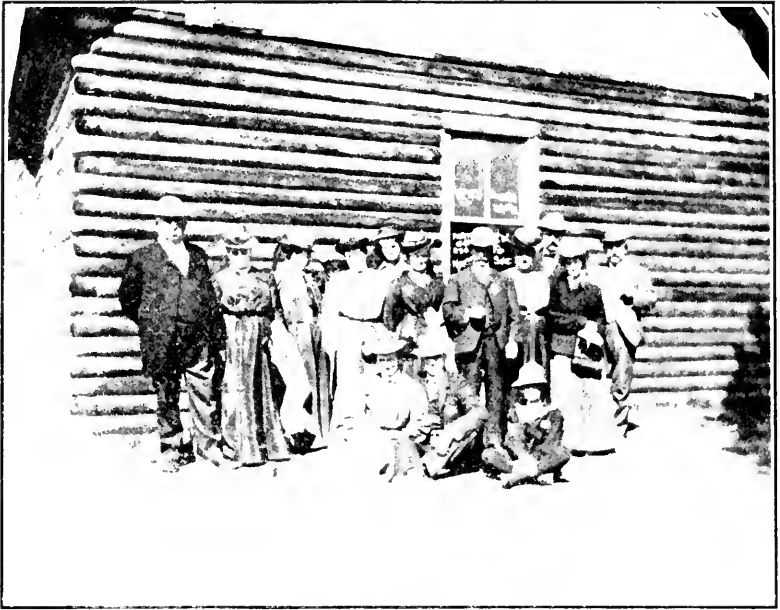
In the rear of the hotel was a power house and a saw mill, in which most of the timber for the hotel had been cut. It had lately been engaged in cutting firewood for the house, of which hundreds of cords were piled around. This is the only fuel to be had here, and an almost unlimited supply lies along the roads over which we have driven. The thousands of trees cut down and dragged aside simply to make open spaces for the roads seemed almost a profanation of the natural beauties of the Park. Theo. Lines and McIntyre again went fishing in the Firehole this afternoon and came back with four trout, the combined length of which might be eighteen or twenty inches. Just before their return two



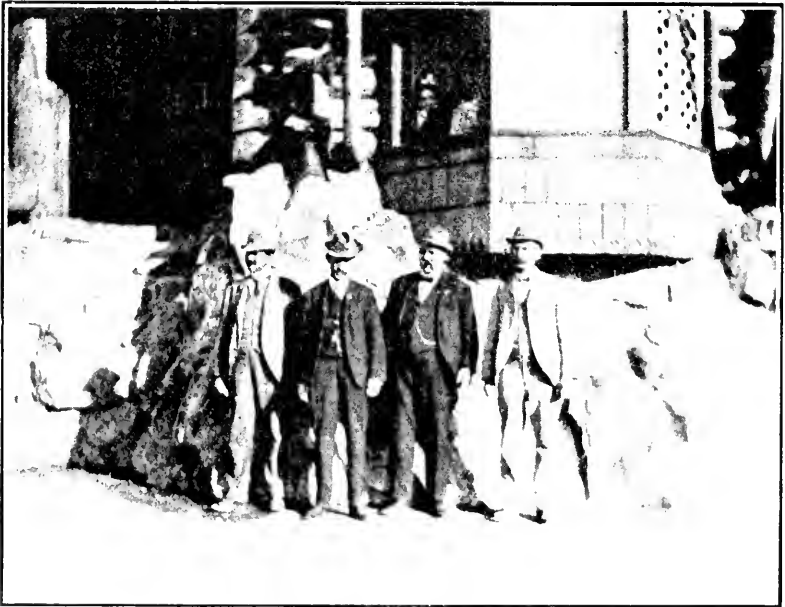
Old Faithful

natives rode by in a wagon with a whole string of three pounders, which made a beautiful sight and might have been an envious one if the fishermen had been there to see. Dinner time found everybody sharp set and ready for the meal, which was excellently served and embraced a fine menu.

After dinner the little tables were fully occupied by writers, who were sending both letters and souvenir postals. The mania for the latter has spread, and almost the entire party has been inoculated, so that postals are dropped everywhere except in the road. Announcement was made that religious services would be held in the reception hall this evening, and Larry arranged about a hundred

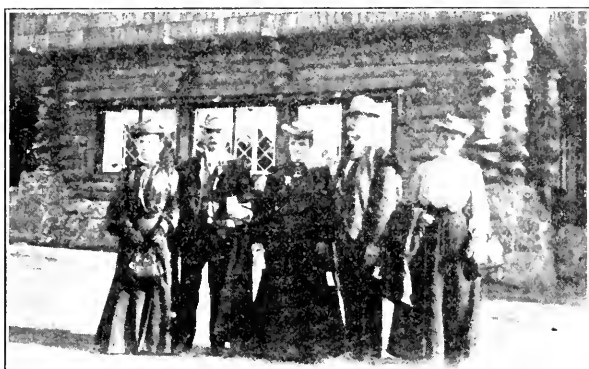


Old Faithful Photo Shop



Old Faithful Guards

chairs, and Rev. Dr. Blackburn, of the Church of the Strangers, New York, invited the attention of those assembled. Nobody had given any thought to the day as Sunday, even the preacher had been cavorting around to see all that could be seen, including the bears. Nevertheless the chairs were at once filled with a fine audience, while the unregenerate sat outside on the porch and listened through the plate glass and smoked. After a couple of preliminary rounds of prayer and hymns the preacher tackled his sermon and gave quite an able and interesting discourse, which was attentively listened to and apparently much enjoyed. When the wind-up was announced by the speaker to consist of a wrestle with another favorite hymn, he was interrupted by the watchful Larry, who had been opening and clicking his watch case for some minutes. He alone had thought of Old Faithful, for whose observation this house had been built. Larry had evidently heard sermons before and knew

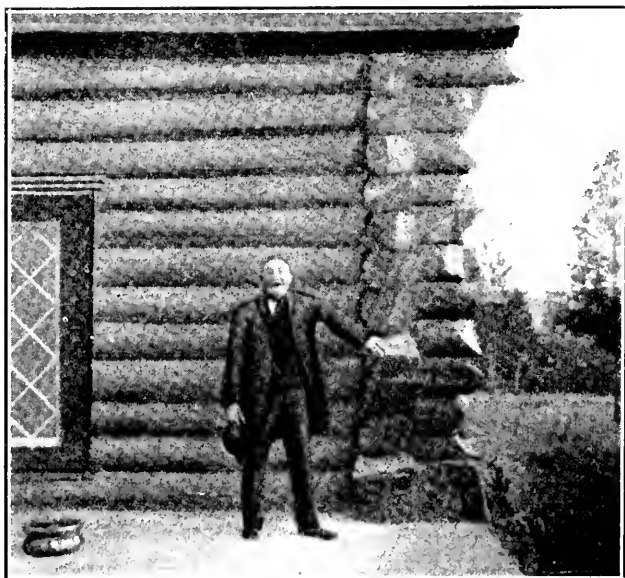


Lined up

they could be enjoyed at times when geysers were far away. At 8.50 the geyser was scheduled to play and Larry had arranged to have the searchlight on top of the house thrown upon it for the entertainment of his guests, so he boldly said, "You had better cut this short, as the searchlight will soon be ready." "But, Brother Larry," said the preacher, "we only want a few minutes more for a hymn and the benediction." "You cannot have them," said Larry stoutly: "the Geezer waits for no mon."

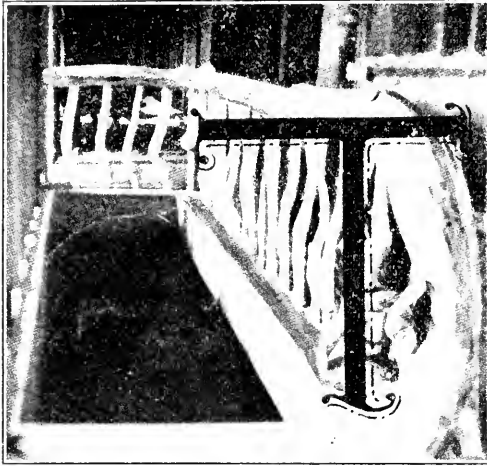
The evening services came to an abrupt termination and everybody passed out onto the porch or in the road to see the "Geezer," as Larry always persists in calling them. Old Faithful came to time to the minute, the electric searchlight played its part and no one seemed to regret in the least the change of program, and Larry came in for more praise than the preacher. The ridiculousness of the close of the services apparently overcame any serious effects of the sermon. After the close of the outside performance other

exercises took place in the lobby. Gregory was induced to sing a couple of tunes, as did several lady guests. Mrs. Gregory also gave a couple of recitations and was followed in the same tone by others. Meanwhile Larry had one of his staff of bellboys popping corn at one of the open fireplaces, which he announced to the guests would be distributed to children only. As there were few children present except those of a larger growth, he was compelled to distribute it impartially to get rid of it. Thus was brought to a close one of the delightful days of the trip and one that will long be remembered by the pilgrims. A still later performance by Old Faithful occurred just as the full moon showed over the tops of the adjoining mountains and lit up his steam clouds with a silver light as good as the searchlight on the roof, if not more attractive. An early and sound night's rest seemed to fall to the lot of everybody to-night.



"Larry"

Monday, August 29, 1904



THE bright rays of the morning sun showing over the mountain tops ushered in another bright and clear morning. The original Larry was early on deck with an inquiry as to whether you had rested well last night and also as to what he could do for you this morning. This kept him fully as busy for awhile as the welcome he extended everybody on arrival. As we were scheduled to

leave early, everybody was early to rise and early to breakfast, some going out who had time to see Old Faithful perform another turn before leaving. More trips were made to the curio shop for postals by those who had seen something different from their own in some other collection. The luggage was brought from the rooms and piled by itself, as other coaches left before ours. At 8 A. M. Larry bade godspeed to the tourists in advance of us, after whose departure he was pinned up against the outside wall by our whole force of camera fiends, Jake Haines, Doc Wells, George Simpson, John Keen, Billy Brehm, Harry Hinckle, Jr., and Frank Reese, to get his photo. As one after another rushed up and called on Larry to wait for one more he threw up his hands in mock despair, but submitted meekly to his fate.

By 8.30 A. M. our coaches began to appear and were loaded up again in their regular order. This order must be maintained during the entire park trip, the coaches not being allowed to pass one another except for special causes. Larry bade us good-bye with both hands, wishing us a pleasant journey, and hoping to see us again. We all reiterated the hope, especially his understudy, McIn-

tyre. Geysers were again on view as we rode this morning. They persisted in popping up in unexpected places after we thought we had seen the last of them. The skies had clouded over again and we were treated to several sudden showers, which kept us busy raising and lowering the side curtains. They still rendered our dusters of no avail, but rather urged upon us the claims of our overcoats, which were not found amiss. It had also evidently been raining through the night, and in some places it was heavy dragging for the teams. The road this morning ascended to the top of the range of mountains known as the Continental Divide, crossing it twice. A rain storm on this summit may reach widely different



Yellowstone Coach

destinations after falling from the same cloud. On one side it will go to the Gulf of Mexico by way of the Yellowstone, Missouri and Mississippi rivers, while the other half will descend to the Pacific Ocean by way of the Snake and Columbia Rivers. 8,300 feet was the altitude registered on the mile post near the top. The altitude and distance between stations are recorded on each of these mile posts or boards, and some one or more lookouts on each coach was always ready to announce the number of miles to be made before the next stop. Much satisfaction is often expressed as the number grew less toward the close of a day's ride. Only a few miles from Old Faithful Inn we saw the Keppler Cascades, a beautiful series of falls in a rocky glen which afforded beautiful views up and down.

Everybody descended from the coaches and many viewed the immense depths from the very edge, but it was a poor place for very nervous people.

At Shoshone Point another series of grand views opened up to our gaze. Shoshone Lake lay as placid as a mill pond in the distance, and the heavily timbered hills formed a fine dark green background for the picture. Steam spouting up in various directions showed that our old friends, the Geezers, were still cognizant of our presence. The steep roads up the ascents this morning, being very heavy, seem to distress some of the teams very greatly, and some of the party got down and walked to relieve them if only for a little.



Kepler Cascades

But the walking up steep grades in this high altitude distresses the man who is not used to it more than the beasts who are, and the practice is not followed to any alarming extent. Theo. Lines seemed to take more pride in the exercise than any one else, and to be less worried by it.

Our ultimate destination this morning was Thumb dining station, which entailed a ride of nineteen miles. This is so called from an arm or inlet of Yellowstone Lake, which resembles the thumb on a mitt or glove, of which the lake resembles the whole. At Lake View, within a mile of our destination, we got the first view of this fine body of water. While Shoshone Lake is said to be the highest

body of water known to geographers, Yellowstone Lake is the highest body of water upon which a steamer makes regular trips. Wild ducks were visible in great profusion, and numerous pelicans stood around watching for fish or sailed heavily over the water. We had supposed the bird to be confined to Southern waters, and were surprised to learn that this was the true pelican, pouch and all. Just before reaching Thumb we passed several deer just within the line of trees bordering the road, which watched the passage of the coaches as if nothing unusual in their eyes. The absence of any gunners except now and then a poacher around the edges of the Park, makes all the game in the Park quite tame and domestic.



Hot Spring, in Yellowstone Lake

We pulled up on time at the station platform and found our Allegheny friends again in force there and doing their duty in the dining room. We had a chance to wash up before our turn came, and then did full justice to a substantial and well served meal. The rush through the Park has tried the resources of the meal stations, but in every case we have found them equal to the demands upon them, and Thumb was no exception to the rule. Its dining room and service was all right, but its wash and toilet rooms might be kept in better order.

Another hot spring area combined with hot mud adjoins this station, Paint Pots, as they are called, of all hues and intensity of action are within a very short walk of the building. One of these

was of a dirty hue and the consistency of thick mush. The particular devil who had to attend to it below must have been of a very spiteful nature. If you watch it for a few moments it will give a blub-blub and spit at you as if it meant it. A Sir Knight who had a light suit on got a dose down the front of it that he has hardly succeeded in removing yet from the look of it. George Kessler almost got another one, but dodged in time. The hot water springs were also numerous and close together. The water of most of them was quite a heavenly blue, rather in contradiction to the source from which they are supposed to come. Some of them are close to the water's edge, and in one or two instances can be seen boiling up



Buffalo Bull

under the waters of the lake. On one cone which extended into the lake was a boiling spring. Here's where you can catch a trout and without moving your position drop him on the line into boiling water and cook him. We did not see any caught here, and consequently none cooked, although it appears very easy of accomplishment if you first catch your fish.

From this point a steamer runs to the Lake Hotel, our stopping place for the night. About twenty-five of the party elected to go on the lake ride, while the balance stuck to the stages. At 1.30 P. M. the steamer Zillah pulled out from the wharf with them on board, followed by the farewells of their comrades. The boat made

its trip in about two hours, while the coaches had a three and a-half hours' ride ahead of them. Stopping at an island in the lake, the boat voyagers were treated to the sight of a small collection of animals, among which was an immense buffalo and several elk. The coaches were again lined up at 2 P. M. and started on what proved to be a wild and fierce ride. A heavy thunderstorm passed just ahead of them and laid the dust. Not only laid it, but made it up into first-class material for paint-pots, washing out generous slices of the edges of the road in doing so. Five miles of the road was stood up on end or very nearly so, and the brakes had to be put on very frequently, while the distressed horses took breath for another tug. Deep gullies in the washed road kept the hearts of some of the ladies in a flutter and the reverberations of the thunder around the mountain tops, as the storm kept ahead of us, added to their nervousness. Fortunately the rain itself did not strike us, but worked around and out over the lake. Another two miles of the road was



Lake Hotel

in process of construction or repair, and a large gang of Uncle Sam's workmen had dropped all their tools in the road and fled from the storm to the protection of their shacks. If they had finished their job before going we should not have received the terrific shaking up which we did.

We arrived bruised, battered and tired at Lake Hotel at 6 P. M., and were received with open arms by the boat contingent, who had come in two hours ahead of us. Some little time was spent in getting rooms located and the baggage stowed away, as all of the latter came by coach. Allegheny had also arrived just ahead of us and the presence of a couple of hundred guests had so rattled the manager that his wits had gone wool-gathering. For a time he did not know whether he was running the house or the house running him. However, we were all fixed after some waiting and more badgering, and got a refreshing wash. Dinner was attacked with a will and put to rout with great slaughter. The storm had taken another turn

toward us soon after our arrival, and the rain again came down in torrents, while the thunder chimed in with a grand accompaniment. Some hail was thrown in to make good weight, and the air got very much cooler. The steam heat turned on in the hotel felt very grateful, and the large reception hall was crowded.

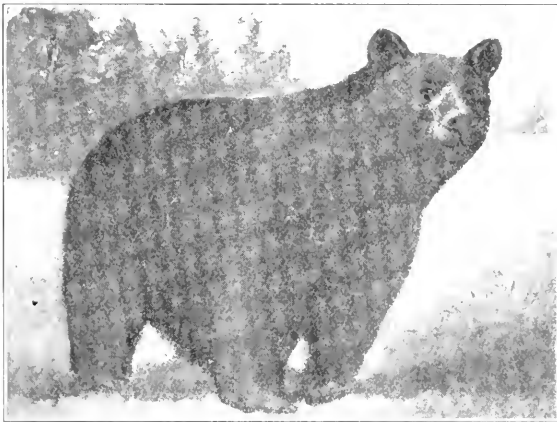
After dinner Captain Eiler, having changed his Yellow Kid uniform for something warmer, announced that he would have a line-up and short drill on the front porch of the hotel at 8 P. M. In the face of the rain, hail and wind that were holding high carnival when the order was issued, it seemed preposterous. But fortune favors the brave, and when the hour arrived the rain had dwindled down to a little drizzle. Overcoats were in great demand, and the boys assembled at the appointed hour determined to obey orders or drown. The general rush through the front door brought all the remaining guests to the front windows, where the breaking in of the awkward squad created considerable amusement for them. The porch floor being very wet and slippery, it was a ticklish job, and hardly possible to keep the lines straight. Our fraters of Allegheny gave us credit for attempting to drill under such difficulties, but the ladies gave us the merry ha-ha. However, it was a chance Cap had been waiting for for several days, and served to break the boys in a little. They demanded a drier and more secluded spot for the next drill and kicked unanimously against hotel porches.

After the drill the more comfortable air of the hotel lobby was in demand again. Numerous card parties were formed and continued until a late hour. Euchre, hearts, whist and flinch were going all at once. Harry Heist, Brehm, Stewart and a party of ladies were manipulating the latter game with so many disputes that Chris Judd had to spend his evening as an umpire to keep things straight. Dancing was also indulged in to some extent not to let the hotel music go to waste.

The Lake is one of the finest hotels in the Park, having lately been improved by the addition of front porches with some noble columns reaching clear to the roof. As we progress in the Park the wonder grows how the Transportation Company could build such fine houses for the few months' summer trade in each year, and keep them stocked to fill out their menus so far from a base of supplies. The location is a fine one, directly on the shore of Yellowstone Lake, which affords a fine view. The air was strong and bracing, and the altitude about 7,700 feet. While there are few of the natural curiosities of the Park in close touch, the fishing in the lake is said to be of the finest description. Many of the pilgrims would have liked to spend a day or two more at this point, as it seemed a restful place, but our time, like Larry's Geezers, would wait for no man on this trip.

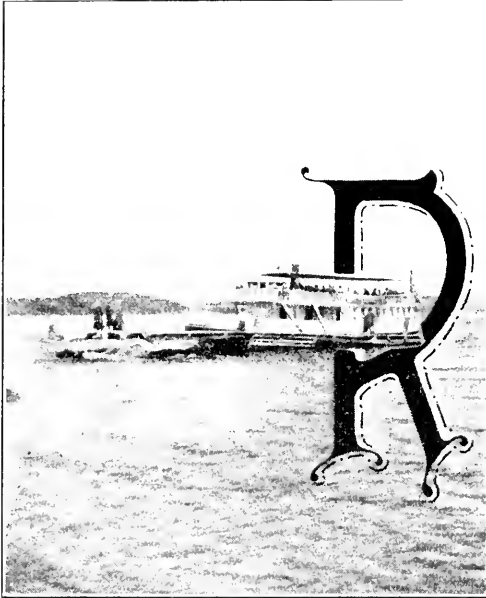
As usual, Mary was about the last to retire to-night. They have no first or second calls to breakfast these days, and they rise at their own sweet will and go into the dining rooms when ready. There are also bears who have summer board at the rear of this

hotel. To-night was too stormy for any one to hunt them up. Toward the small hours of the morning, Ollie Price was awakened by a racket outside his first floor windows among some pots and pans. He got up and opened the window to remonstrate with the cooks for rattling their wares at such an unseemly hour. When he looked out and saw an old she bear and her cub moving around the pans he discreetly closed the sash and went back to bed.



The Old Bear

Tuesday, August 30, 1904



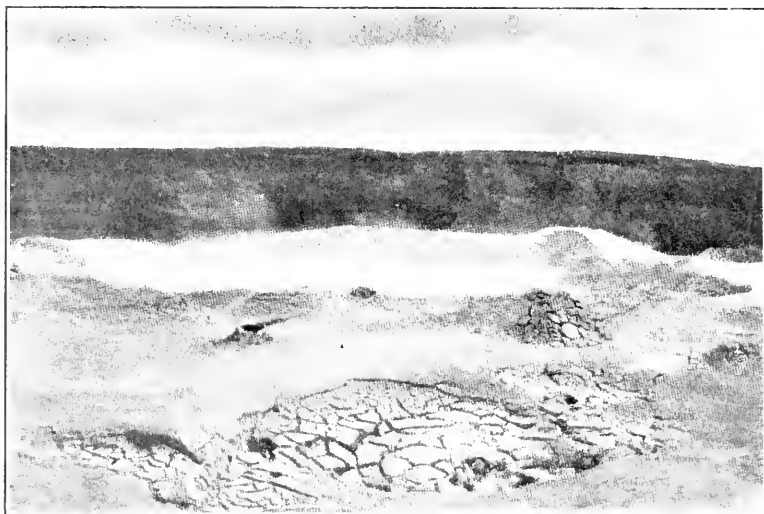
MX was falling off and on nearly all night, but morning broke bright and clear again. McIntyre, Lines and Doc Wells had planned to get off early this morning and try the fishing in the lake for two or three hours, while our coaches would pick them up about three miles down the road. Mac and Lines were on deck early enough, but the kitchen bosses were slow in getting breakfast ready. It was 6.30 before they could be accommodated with something warm. Then they cut it short and ran for the boat they had engaged.

Doc Wells was up the better part of the night with a very sick Allegheny Knight, and only got to sleep about the time he wanted to get awake, and so missed his trip. The breakfast this morning was none of the best, and the service on a par with it.

There were no geysers or other curiosities in the immediate neighborhood, the single curio store was sold out, and the crowd had to find amusement for itself in the hotel front until time for the coaches to start. Two of Uncle Sam's cavalrymen rode up to the porch with some mail, and were besieged with all kinds of questions. They gave out any information they possessed very freely, and loaned one of their horses, fully equipped, for some of our girls to have their pictures taken as cow-girls. Yesterday afternoon as we were driving here we were shown the Sleeping Giant, formed in outline by the tops of the peaks on the other side of the lake. This infant is forty miles in length. His face, head and shoulders appeared pretty plainly, also his legs, knees and feet, which are long

drawn out. Viewed from this point this morning his shape is somewhat altered, but his feet stick up as large as ever.

There being nothing to detain us, and the coaches being in readiness, we agreed to start a half hour ahead of schedule time. Accordingly we commenced loading at 9 A. M. and were soon enjoying the cool morning air along the bank of the lake. It did not take long to reach the point at which we were to take on our fishermen, but they were not in sight and repeated calls and whistles brought no response. The question then arose with us whether the boat had been upset or the fish had been biting too fast to leave them. Finally Mrs. Mac. let out a screech which drew a response from Mac., who was walking along the bank empty handed, but apparently highly elated. In reply to our questions he stated that they



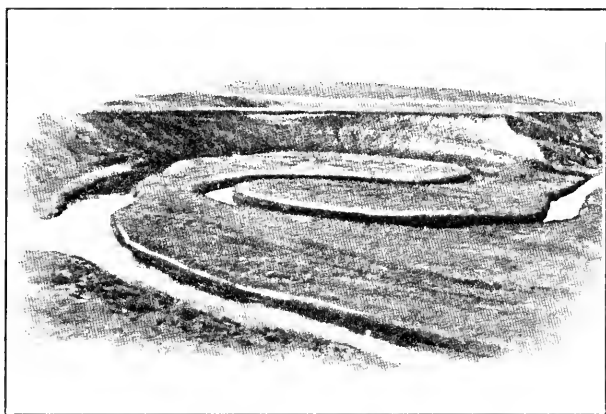
Mud Geyser, Cologne Fountain

had caught fourteen of the finest trout he had ever seen, and that Lines had taken them on his coach. His delay was blamed on the early starting of the coach putting us ahead of time, and not on his being behind time. He and Lewis Brady, our driver, had good-natured tilts all day long over our coach losing its place in line on the one side and starting ahead of scheduled time on the other. Mac. said the trout were simply hungry to be caught, and a half-day's fishing would fill the boat with them, and continued thusly: "Whoever eats breakfast with Lines and I to-morrow will enjoy a treat." And with tons of fine trout gaping at the bedroom windows the Lake Hotel lets its patrons go without a taste of that fish.

It was another hard climb for the horses up the mountains this morning, but the ride was pleasant and the air cool. Where we picked up our fishermen was near the outlet of the lake into Yellow-

stone River and we followed its course closely the entire morning's drive. Some mud geysers were encountered a couple of miles further on which looked fully as bad as they smelled, and that is saying a great deal. The large Mud Volcano especially, which the party dismounted to inspect, contained an immense mass of stale, putty-colored mush, constantly on the boil. With the bouquet of this everybody was content with one smell. In the summer of 1898 there was a violent eruption of this volcano and the mud-bespattered trees and rocks surrounding it still bear witness to the violence with which the mud was ejected.

Once over the mountains the road follows the Hayden Valley, or rather runs along the top edge of it. The view at times was very beautiful with the Yellowstone meandering down the valley, the ground covered with wild flowers by the acre, and mountains sur-

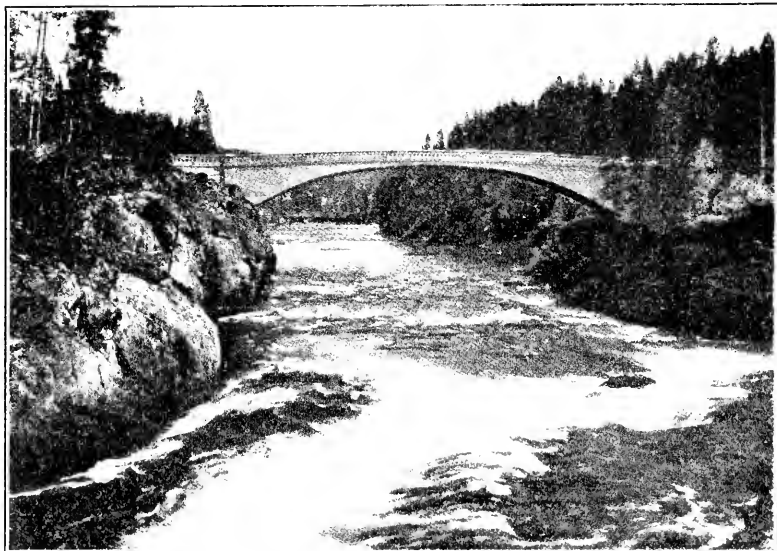


North Pacific Trademark

rounding it on very side. Mary Mountain was pointed out to us, but was too far distant for us to make a call on it. Sulphur Mountain was a series of detached buttes, or foot-hills, where pure sulphur can be picked up in lumps and sulphur springs abound. Likewise the odor of antique eggs. Down in the valley the road made many twists and turns, and is in process of reconstruction. Uncle Sam's road gangs were at work in many places, and had a construction camp at one point that made quite a village. Road wagons, horse shovels and scrapers of all styles formed part of the equipment. Bridge builders were also in the gang. Along Trout Creek the waters have cut a channel exactly resembling the familiar North Pacific trade mark painted on all their cars and heading all their time-tables. Alum Creek also empties its waters into the Yellowstone close by and is now crossed by a bridge. Our voracious driver said that when it was forded it sometimes shrank a four horse team down to a pair of

mules in passing through the water. Also that all Chicago tourists always took off their shoes and waded through with fine results.

About 11 A. M. we got a fine, but distant, view of the Canon Hotel, our destination for the day, perched on top of a good elevation. Shortly before noon we wound up this delightful morning's ride, with the new Grand Canon bridge looming up before us. This is a structure spanning the rapids of the Yellowstone, above the Upper Falls, built entirely of concrete of a single span 250 feet long with solid approaches on either side. The water beneath formed a series of rapids and whirlpools not unlike the rapids below Niagara, but of course not so wild. Without crossing the bridge we drove on to the Upper Falls. There all left the coaches and worked their way

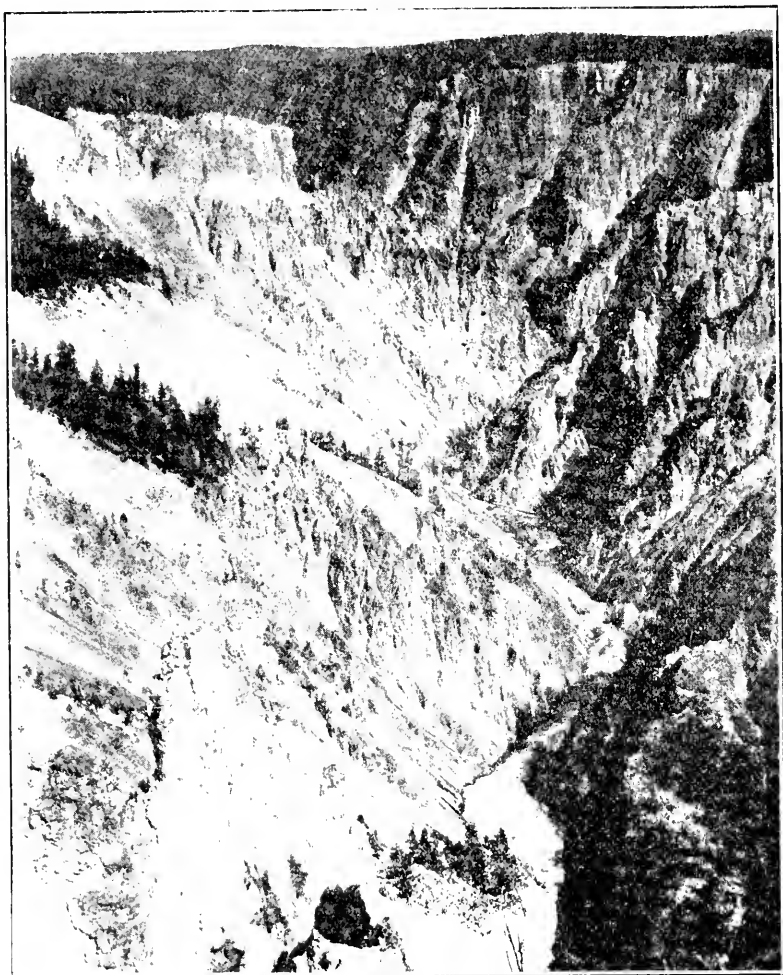


Yellowstone Rapids, Concrete Bridge

out to where they could get a view of the Falls. They were more than repaid for the trouble. The rapids narrow suddenly to about 80 feet in width and shoot far out over the Falls. Dropping perpendicularly about 140 feet the water strikes the rocky bottom and shoots out clouds of spray. Words, or even pictures, fail to give any adequate idea of the beauty of the scene.

Another drive of a quarter mile up the steepest kind of a winding trail brought us to the door of the Canon Hotel. The house stands upon an elevation 1,000 feet above the level of the Lower Falls, and affords a fine view of the country on the opposite side of the canon as well as above and below it. The house itself was as welcome a sight as any, for it was high noon and we were ready for our luncheon. After the rooms had been secured and a pretense

made of removing the dust we had been supposed to gather, but did not, we charged en masse on the dining room, and were not repulsed. The little view we had had of the falls had whetted our appetites for more, and the meal was soon despatched. Carriages were in demand,

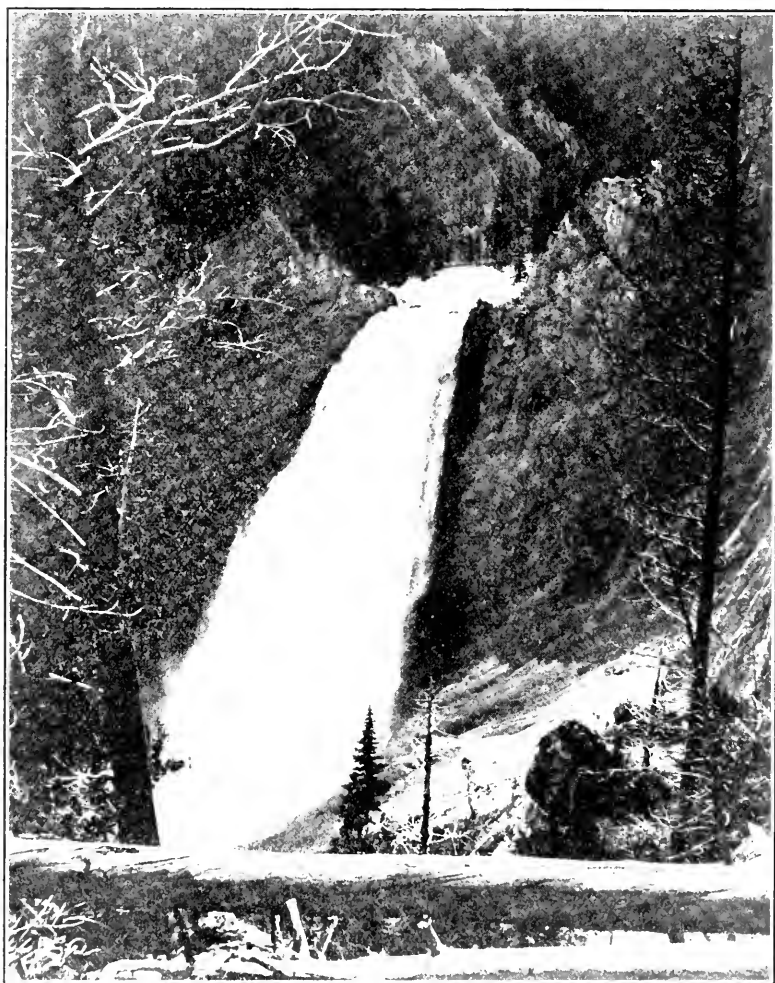


Grand Canon, Yellowstone

as well as horses for some of the riders. Some few walked the neighborhood for exercise, but the great majority rode.

The teams took you generally to the farthest point first. Three miles down the canon is Inspiration Point. Here you walked down a pretty steep path to a railed-in projecting platform, from which you get a dual view of the Grand Canon of the Yellowstone up and

down. It is very hard to describe the scene understandingly, or your sensations on beholding it for the first time. The main or lower falls, with its drop of 200 feet, and the cloud of foam at the bottom, the precipitous banks of rocks half a mile in depth, painted by Nature



Lower Falls, Yellowstone Canon

alone with all the colors of the rainbow, the apparently thread-like river following its crooked course between with the blazing noon-day sun illuminating everything, made a picture that was simply sublime and grand beyond description. The bare walls, destitute of foliage, but rich in coloring, stood out in all their majestic beauty, at

some points 2,000 feet apart. Going back from Inspiration Point, stops are made at Observation Point and Grand View. At each successive view the canon took on new shapes and new beauties. Grand View is opposite Artists' Point, which Thomas Moran chose as his position from which to paint his celebrated picture of the canon which hangs in the Capitol at Washington. A good view of the Lower Falls was to be had from Point Lookout, about a half mile below the falls themselves. Just in front of this point was a tall pinnacle of rock on the apex of which was an eagle's nest with two eaglets, open-mouthed all the time, squawking for food. Away down in the canon could be seen several adventurous climbers essaying to get to closer quarters with the falls. As they neared the bottom they looked like pigmies. Like many other descents, it was much easier to get down than to get back, although either was hard work in this case.



"Eiler"

Just before reaching Inspiration Point the coaches passed a doe with two fawns, that were taking a warm lunch just within the edge of the woods along the drive. They stood obligingly still until several of the kodakers managed to get a snap shot of them. Even then the fawns remained after the doe had been scared off, not knowing that their natural enemy, man, was all around them, but powerless to do them harm in this locality. Billy Matos and our driver, Brady, had secured horses for a view of the canon, and indulged in some wild gallops on both sides of the canon. Billy looked real devilish with his spats that he had brought all the way from home for this purpose. Nan Price also secured a mount and was given an enthusiastic send off by her tenderfoot friends as she galloped away astride of her pony. After returning to the hotel many climbed down the path to the foot of the Upper Falls and derived more inspiration from a view at close quarters.

Bears are also regular boarders on a higher elevation some little distance in the rear of the hotel. Having viewed the canon all the afternoon, toward evening a demand set in to "see the bears." It was a hard climb up to the feeding grounds, but the crowd lined up there four deep. One old Bruin came out and viewed the crowd occasionally as if to count noses among his enemies and then regained the shelter of the timber. Nearly everybody was upon the hill and Bill Maneely roosted there for three mortal hours until he had to go down or miss his dinner. As soon as he left the bears to the number of eight came out of the woods and partook of their evening meal. Many got a good view of them from the rear windows of the hotel.



Brink of Yellowstone Falls

Dinner was in demand to-night, the exercise of the afternoon developing good appetites in all hands. To counteract the tendency to indigestion, Eiler called his company out immediately after eating and formed them on the rough ground in front of the hotel. A short drill here called forth a universal kick, and he marched the column around to the rear of the house, where he found a larger space, but one still rougher and overgrown with weeds. Here he put in a half hour's hard work before a select audience of dish-washers, cooks, laundry girls, drivers and stablemen. There was no chance of our corps gaining one of the prizes in Golden Gate Park later on, but we had secured a choice collection of burrs, dust and a pound or

two of Grand Canon mud on each foot when we marched back to the front of the hotel and broke ranks.

When everybody had gathered in the main hall in the evening, they were invited by the Rev. Blackburn, who had preached at the Inn on Sunday night, to listen to a lecture on animal life. He introduced Chief Scout Jones, a government officer of the Park, who intended to tour the country this winter delivering lectures. He must be reserving what he knows about animals for his tour, as he got little further in his discourse to us than the tale of a squirrel he owned when a boy and a thrashing his father gave him some time later on. He was followed by a ventriloquist, who gave a short exhibition of his powers. Also by others who gave recitations and worked off some antique jokes. Among the latter Theo. Lines got in his work for a couple. These passed the time until about 10.30 P. M., after which the crowd gradually drifted off to rest except a few stargazers, who lingered outside until a late hour.

Some concern was felt during the early evening for the safety of Doc. Wells, who had gone up the Yellowstone above the rapids to fish. It was long after dark before he returned, and he had no luck except to lose his way for awhile in the darkness.



Foot of Yellowstone Falls

Wednesday, August 31, 1904

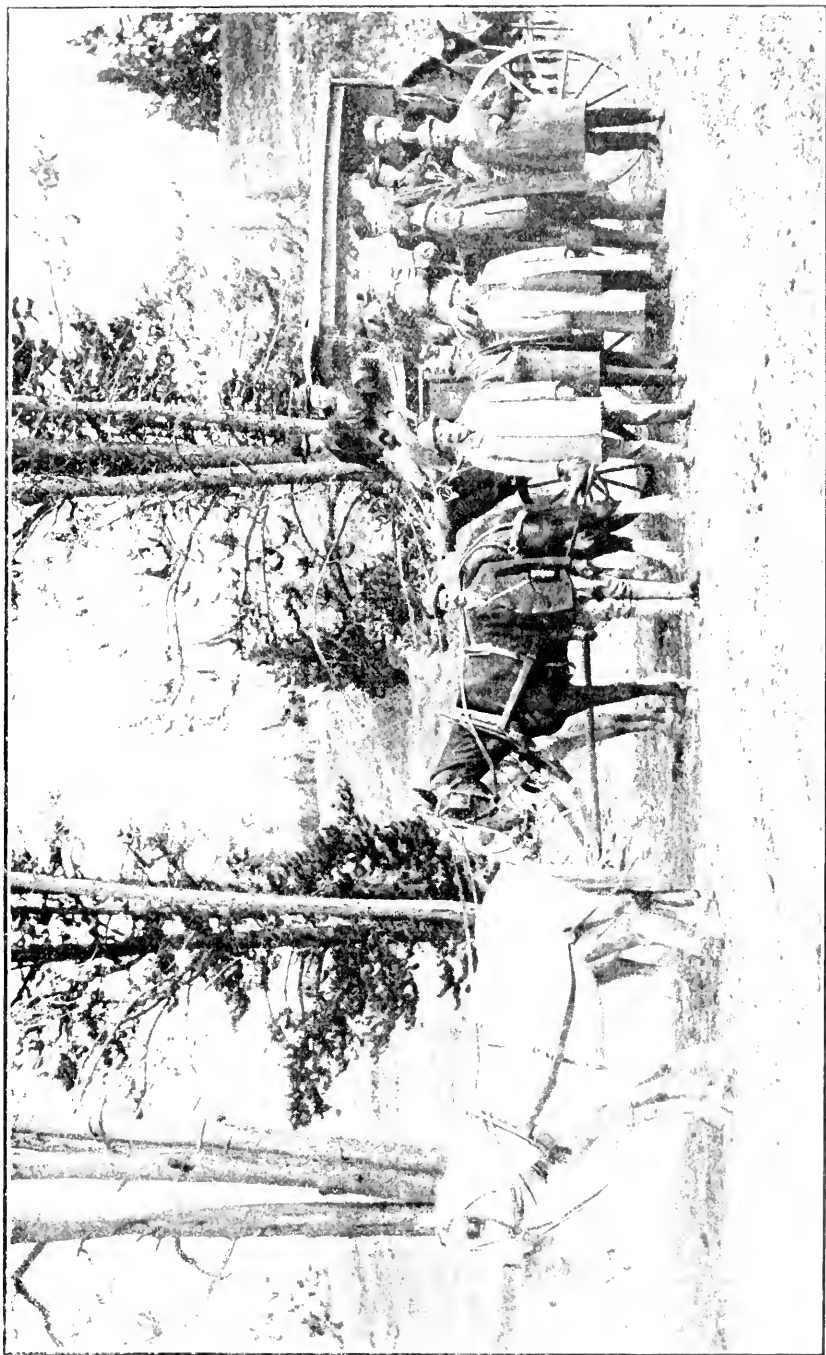


THIS was to be our last day in Yellowstone Park, a fact regretted by all. Everybody was on hand at an early hour after a fine night's rest. For breakfast this morning we had a whack at the Yellowstone lake trout caught by our two fishermen. That they had justice done them goes without saying, and that the possessors of them were envied by the occupants of the tables who did not get any is equally true.

Lines had personally superintended the broiling of them and saw that they were done to a turn. They were relished all the better for the fish yarns interspersed with the chat of the morning meal.

We left Canon Hotel at 9 A. M., stopping for a few minutes just below the house to have some of the coaches photographed where there was a group of trees for a background. This took up a little of our time, but we only had twelve miles to make to Norris. We traveled straight down hill from the hotel, only to begin climbing up again. For three miles we had some of the toughest climbing that we had yet undergone over new and heavy roads. Lou Petzoldt and Doc. Shriner concluded to walk a piece up hill to relieve the horses of their coach. While getting down from the box seat Lou slipped and grabbed the doctor, bringing him to the ground and breaking his glasses over his cheek bone. The cut it made was plastered up with antiseptic and their walk was resumed all right.

At the summit of our ride we crossed another divide where an elevation of 8,000 feet was recorded on the mile post. Pine trees lined the road on both sides for most of the distance. Before we had gone down hill very far we had a fine view of the Virginia Cascade, which formed another beautiful picture to be remembered. The



No. 2 Coach in Yellowstone Park

road from which we viewed them was a new one, filled in to a great height, and but a little wider than the coach tracks. Nervous people could not help trying to imagine where the coaches would land if once started over the edge. In the very midst of the narrow passage we met several heavy freighting teams taking supplies in for some of the hotels. Six horses drew them very slowly up the grade, and they were obliged to wait at turnouts made and provided to let the coaches pass. There was little spare room and the coaches took the wall side every time. The old road could be seen away down below following the bank of the river below the Cascades, but the new one is several hundred feet higher and made solid with broken stone quarried out of the cliffs overhead. The Cascades were a fine sight as long as we could look back at them, being more a series of falls of a good height each.



Devil's Watch Charm

Squirrels, chipmunks and groundhogs were the largest game in sight to-day, but made up in numbers what they lacked in size. Steam jets began to make their appearance on either side, showing that we were again reaching the geyser regions. Promptly at 11.30 A. M. we again pulled up at the platform at Nórri's dining station, our usual appetites accompanying us. It was our first this time, and the tables were surrounded at once and sad havoc made with the wholesome viands spread before us. While we were still eating a party drove up to the station on their way into the Park. Some of the first to finish were more than surprised to find Mayor Weaver in the waiting room in the midst of the new arrivals. As the word spread amongst Mary's people all flocked in to shake hands with His Honor, who was also much surprised to strike a party from his own

city, with Jem Keller and his own neighbor, Lew Herring, in their midst.

The Mayor had been on a tour through Canada and the Northwest, having come in to the Park from Seattle. He was accompanied by Mrs. Weaver, their son Roy Weaver, with Judge and Mrs. Norris S. Barrett. In short order the Mayor was being given a jolly reception by the Mary pilgrims, and no time was lost in decorating the party with Mary pins, which they promised to wear through their Park trip. After the whole crowd had been presented to the Mayor and his party, everybody united in cheering for the Mayor, Mrs. Weaver, the Judge and Mrs. Barrett, and for old Philadelphia. All the other excursionists united in the demonstration to the Chief Executive of the greatest American city. It was one of the most pleasant incidents of our pilgrimage, and we separated with the best wishes of His Honor for a safe and pleasant tour through the Western country.

More time was then spent in walking over the thin crust between the upper air and perdition before it was time for our coaches to leave. We had to take a last view of the boiling springs and paint pots and inhale sufficient of the sulphur aroma to last awhile. A little after 1 P. M. we commenced our return journey of twenty miles over the same route by which we had entered the Park. A new zest seemed to be given the trip as scenes looked very different by going the reverse way. Snow peaks were in sight most of the time, and there seemed to be bigger patches of the white deposit than when we had entered. Some of the rain storms we had encountered had evidently been snow storms in the higher latitudes and left their marks thereon. It proved a lovely ride, and did not seem at all tiresome. At the Obsidian Cliff some of the party dismounted and gathered specimens of the porter bottles glass lying in all directions, large quantities of it having been used to make the road in front of it. Another stop was made at the Apollinaris Spring and its water more freely sampled, some of the party having been a little afraid of it before. The same discontent was expressed that such water should be misused in sprinkling dusty roads and not in oiling dry throats. The Golden and Silver Gates and the Hoodoo sentinels were again enjoyed, and the fading sun illuminated the face of Jupiter Terrace in fine shape for us before we drove up to the porch of the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel once more at 4 P. M. and again entered its hospitable doors, that is hospitable at the rate of four dollars per.

A pathetic conclusion to our drive was the giving out of one of the faithful horses, which was so far gone as to be obliged to be unharnessed at the porch of the hotel. It followed its coach to the barn and suddenly fell dead there five minutes later. It had been our faithful servant for nearly 150 miles, and we felt sorry for it as being partly the cause of its demise.

Souvenir hunters and postal card fiends again got busy, as they had at every stop on the route, until 5 P. M., when dinner was announced. This meal was a little on the bum, the managers prob-

ably never expecting to see us again and the help acting as though they were sorry we had come safe through. Six o'clock found the six-horse tallyhos again at the loading platform. The parties were soon stowed away thereon and the baggage lashed in behind. The return trip to Gardner began after a farewell look at the Hot Springs formations, the hotel and lawn, Fort Yellowstone and the pretty officers' quarters. The shades of evening began to fall and the air was quite cool as we bowled along down the Gardner river past the overhanging crags, the eagle's nest and the shadowy peaks in the background. When we reached Gardner station we were obliged to roost on benches, chairs and baggage for a while. Our train was a mile up the road, that of the Williamsport and Scranton campers in front of it, and the regular train standing at the station. We had been due to leave at 7 P. M., but the other two trains had to be got out ahead of us and we were good and tired before our home on wheels came in sight. Everybody crowded on to the platform, but the approaching locomotive threw out such a shower of sparks from its lignite fuel that the platform was vacated quicker than it had been filled until she passed ahead.

We were all glad to get home, as everybody expressed it, but the happiest man on the train was John Robbins, in charge of the commissary car. The six days we had been away were the slowest in his experience. The train had been backed out to Livingston and John had had the time of his life keeping the hundred and odd porters and train hands, sidetracked at that point, from carrying off his refrigerators bodily. He begged us never to leave him so long again. Stump and the other train hands were equally glad to welcome us, and we were glad because all hands were glad.

Before leaving the station we had time to fraternize with our friends from Williamsport and Scranton, who had got in from their camping tour just before us. We had not been able to see much of them in the Park itself. It was 7.20 P. M. before we pulled out and darkness had set in. Livingston was reached at 10 P. M. Here the hungry appetite had developed again and Harry Heist led a rush for the lunch counter for sandwiches and cakes. While the gang was loading up the train started, and they had the run of their lives to reach the smoking car door, the only vestibule that was open. Eiler, Schuehler, Case, McIntyre and a dozen others developed great sprinting qualities, none of them caring to be left behind at such an out of the way place.

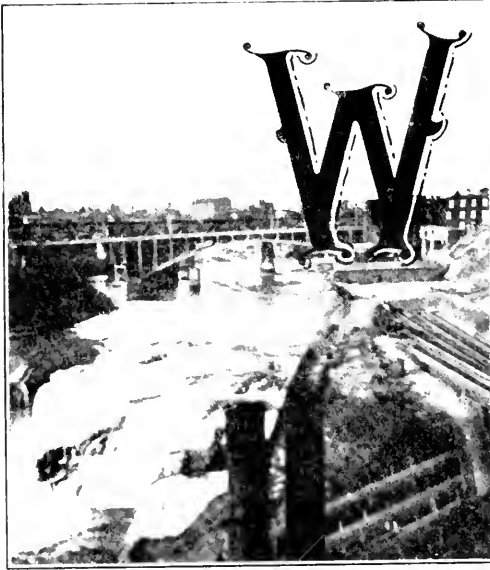
Late into the night the smoker was occupied by the male contingent, discussing the wonders of the Yellowstone and tours to be made in the future as well as sampling the products of Robbins' skill, from which they had been cut off for a week. One thing the Park outing had done for the party, and that was to give them a good coat of tan. They were all in the same boat and bronzed like cowboys. Now that we had got back to the cars we were again prepared to enjoy the variety of bngle calls to which we had been comparative strangers during the past week. Laudenslager and Petz-

oldt furnished good music for their car. The first had such a regular and even snore that he was now dubbed Old Faithful. Nothing could affect the even tenor of his song. Petzoldt bit his off in the middle with a "chug" that secured him the name of the Sawmill. Chris Judd blew a high German tune on his bugle, and it sounded every time as if he called e-r-r-rout. But Bill Maneely was the Giant Geyser with a full head of steam on and double-acting at that. He drew it in full of bubbles and blew it out like the exhaust of a steam tug. Some of the ladies also—but it is not our province to give them away. In honor of our return the Commissary and John kept the club house open until 1 A. M., when the last straggler left to hunt a home for himself.



Three of a Kind

Thursday, September 1, 1904



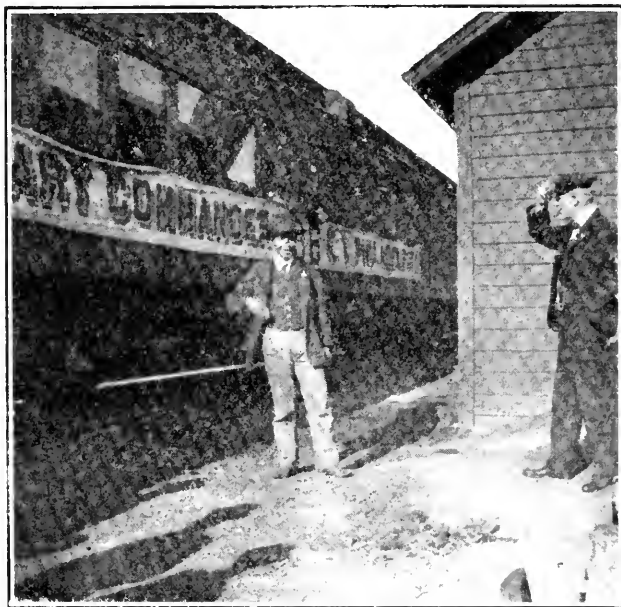
WHEN the morning began to dawn bright, clear and crisp, we just passed Helena, Montana. We were then three hours behind time. The delay was caused by the hoodoo train from Central Pennsylvania that was still ahead of us. They were held back by an old freight engine that had been worked off on them during the night. The country looked well this morning, and it was an agreeable change to find somewhat cultivated and more civilized surroundings for the eye

to dwell upon. At Missoula a short stop was made and we took advantage of it to run up to the tail end of the country train and give them a hot blast for blocking our way, which was received with open derision.

Sir Knight Leeds and Draper, officials of the Northern Pacific, were on our smoker and supplied us with information regarding the country through which we are passing. A long trestle over which we passed this morning was said to be 260 feet high, and a glance out of the car window sent a shudder through the more timid. It seemed a terrible height for such a frail-looking structure. Gold Creek was an interesting point, as it was here that gold was first discovered in Montana in 1852. It was here also that the last spike was driven in the completed Northern Pacific track on September 8, 1883. Our road now ran through the Blackfeet Indian Reservation. The Indians do not seem to be very early risers, as the number we saw was very limited, although there were many farms and farm houses scattered through the Reservation. At a water tank where we halted to fill up the tank, the engineer was found to be a full-blooded Indian,

a graduate of the Carlisle Indian School. He talked very intelligently and was apparently fully competent to earn the sixty dollars per month which he said he was paid.

Invitations had been issued last night after our return for a tea to be given in the dining car by Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Holt. This was supplemented by an invitation from the Executive Committee to assist at a smoker in the smoking car for gentlemen only. By telegraph this morning further invitations were received that nearly broke up the arrangements for the tea and smoker. These were from the Sir Knights of Cataract Commandery, No. 3, of Spokane, Washington, and the Chamber of Commerce of that city to become their



Indian Engineer

guests during our stop in this city. So cordial were these invitations that we lost no time in wiring an acceptance after making arrangements to have our schedule changed sufficiently to enable us to partake of their hospitality.

Luncheon was advanced a little to be sure to have the party ready when Spokane was reached. Passing Ponterey Lake and its tributaries, a large lumber trade was developed. Logs and sawed lumber lined the tracks in immense quantities as we passed. An occasional red man was seen smoking in stolid indifference to the passing of the train or the salutes fired at him by the occupants. All the morning we were still dragged by the train ahead, and instead of landing in Spokane at 1.45 P. M., we did not reach that point until

2.30 P. M. As soon as the train pulled in we received a knightly welcome from a committee of Cataract Commandery, of which Sir Knight Charles Hussey acted as chairman, ably seconded by Sir Knights Robinson, Ocuff, Michaels and Kemau, of the Commandery, and Postmaster Millard F. Hartson, of Spokane.

After most of the pilgrims had been introduced to the committee, we were escorted through the pretty station to the street, where open trolleys were waiting to take us on a tour through the city. Spokane has grown in a score of years from a village of 500 people to a city of about 75,000 population. It has developed immense mining interests as well as lumber, fruit, wheat, live stock, wool and sugar. It is the greatest railroad centre west of St. Paul, and has more miles of electric trolleys than any other city of its size in the country. It has developed 33,000 horse power from the Spokane Falls. To us it seemed more than a hustling city, where magnificent buildings and pretty homes abounded. Our ride was first through the residential section, and then through the business part of the city. Afterward we were taken to a newer suburban section where, from a high hill as a point of vantage, we had a bird's-eye view of a large part of the city. Returning again to the business part of the city, we were taken to view the lower falls, from which power is derived and shown how it was utilized. Leaving the high bridge from which we viewed the falls, we were shown some of the magnificent buildings in the heart of the city, including the County Court House, City Hall and High School. The Davenport Cafe was one of the finest to be seen in any city. A particular feature was an archway supported by two round glass columns about eight feet high and ten inches in diameter, filled with water in which numbers of gold fish were swimming. The grill room of the hotel was also visited and found to be unique. It had been fitted up like an old English kitchen, and great pains had been taken to have everything in the interior to correspond. But our stay was being lengthened out too much, and we were compelled to bid our escorts good-bye with many thanks for their attentions, and returned to the train.

It was nearly 5.30 P. M., and we just returned in time to keep Kid McCoy from swearing. Another train was ready to pull out and would have liked to start ahead of us and entail more delay for us. As soon as the last comer had boarded the cars we started again on our journey, pushing out for Seattle next day. Upon entering the cars another surprise awaited us in the shape of a basket of fruit for each pilgrim, which had been left on our seats with the compliments of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce. We had given three hearty cheers for our Spokane friends hurriedly as we climbed aboard, and would have liked to given them more for their presents if we had known they were there. Such peaches, pears, plums and apples we had not had the pleasure of seeing every day, and to a tired and thirsty set of pilgrims, after a three-hours' outing, they certainly tasted delicious.

Notwithstanding the lateness of our arrival, it was determined to carry out our original program for the tea and smoker. The dining car had been tastefully decorated by the hosts and looked quite inviting. The ladies soon doffed their wraps and took possession. As no gentlemen were invited, all that can be said of the affair is that it must have been very enjoyable, judging from the merry peals of laughter and applause which were plainly heard up in front. The entire male gang was up at the smoker, and it was certainly all right. At the start each man was supplied with a pipe in the form of a skull, a white leather bag filled with tobacco, and the name of the 'Frisco Club printed thereon, and a box of matches. Armed in this fashion, everybody smoked, even the very few non-smokers taking a few whiffs to be in the fashion. Charley Bair was made master of ceremonies and the fun began.

Davy Stewart, as Eminent Commander, was first allowed to tell of the pleasure he felt at being present. Theo. Lines then told a rattling story and did it so well that the crowd insisted on another. Gregory, who was introduced as a songster, surprised the crowd by breaking out in poetry. Billy Brehm told a story and McIntyre followed with a rollicking Irish tale. Eiler capped it with a German one, and Jem Keller raked out of his pockets some poetry he had been saving up for just such an occasion as this. Case, Musselman, Allen, Judd, Miller, Kessler, Righter, Matlack and others followed in turn, and developed some good story tellers. Few were allowed to escape by the chairman. It was a jolly good time, and when the first call for dinner broke up the fun, it was unanimously agreed that we have another informal smoker when the opportunity offered. But the chance never came again on this trip.

Relays of passengers had been riding on the engine again to-day, as well as on the upper deck of a caboose that had been hitched on to the rear of the train. These Western railroad men and engineers of a verity can be gallant to the ladies. Dinner was late on account of the events preceding it, and the end of it was later. It was much later when the last night owl had deserted the club car. It had been a day brimful of pleasure from morning until near morning again, and the participants therein rested well.

Friday, September 2, 1904

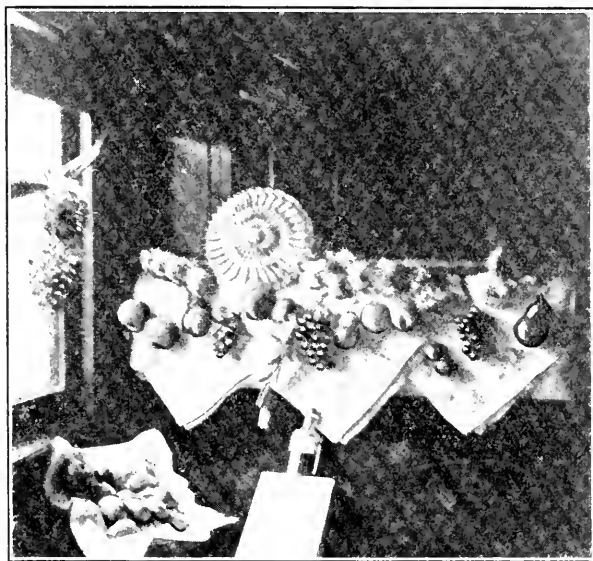


MAGNIFICENT sunrise greeted the early risers among the pilgrims this morning. Long before the sun was to be seen the Eastern skies showed over the mountain tops a beautiful reddish glow, and the coloring of the rocky landscape was a fine sight. We reached Ellensburg at 6 A. M., more than four hours behind time. We learned

later that a broken draw-head on one of the Scranton Knights' train had delayed them through the night, and consequently us, who were in their rear. As it was known that Seattle could not possibly be reached on schedule time, breakfast was not hurried. We were crossing the Sierra Nevadas this morning and the scenery was grand beyond description, although the railroad twisted and turned in great shape. At 8 A. M. we struck a three-mile long tunnel through some of the mountains. Much gas pervaded the interior of the train in spite of all precautions taken to close the openings. In a long ride underground like that some was bound to be forced in.

That the party was feeling good was evinced by the general hilarity at the breakfast table, where they halted between mouthfuls to break out into popular songs. More tunnels succeeded the first one, but none of such length. Forest fires were plenty around us and much smoke from them made the air hazy. Mrs. McIntyre whiled away some of her morning hours by setting up a fair on the back of the section facing her. It was artistically decorated with part of the contents of her basket of fruit, supplemented by what she could cabbage from her neighbors, Jamaica ginger, fans, playing cards, porous plasters, paper napkins and other confectionery. John Keen managed to take a picture of a portion of it nearest the light.

After getting across the mountains we had run into a great hop-raising country. Everyone had hops growing in perfection. Front and back yards, gardens and whole acres of thickly growing and many clustered hops raised all kinds of hope for the future in the breasts of the Anheuser push on the train. Even to the non-beer drinkers the growing hops were a lovely sight. By 10 A. M. we were sighting the outskirts of the progressive Western city of Seattle. The broad expanse of Puget Sound reached out before our gaze and we got the first sight of sailing vessels and steamships we had seen for many days, while the smell of the salt water was pleasant to our nostrils. The waters of the Sound were being robbed in every direction by having piles driven and then filling in



Mrs. McIntyre's Fair

behind them with earth or refuse. Even the railroad was on piles, as were mills and warehouses without number. It took nearly an hour's backing and filling to get us into the station, as there were more Templar trains ahead of us.

We were met at the station by a committee from Seattle Commandery No. 2 who got us into line and escorted us to the Hotel Butler. On the way we passed the Alaskan Totem Pole, an evidence of the push of the Seattle citizens who had privately frozen on to it up in the Polar regions and brought away the good genius of some of the Indian tribes. We understood the United States Government was afterward obliged to make restitution for it. At the Butler we were all decorated with Seattle badges after being escorted to the reading room and registering our names. In return we

could only give our Mary flags. Many Sir Knights and their ladies were in attendance and sought to make things pleasant for us. The

Committee had arranged for trolley rides for us, but the lateness of our arrival had upset their plans to some extent. We urged them not to go to any further trouble, as most of our people desired rather to visit their stores during the little time we had to stay. They reluctantly agreed and our pilgrims took their own measures to view the city.

One hundred and twenty miles of trolley roads made this easy, and as all roads give free transfers at crossings, rather reasonable also. Billy Brehm thought he would like a carriage, but the demand of the cabbie staggered him and he also took the trolleys. When speaking of it later he said, "What do you think that man asked me for an hour's ride? Why, four dollars apiece! They are first-class robbers here, but they did not catch me. We saw the whole town for forty cents a head." It transpired later that the cabman had asked four bits apiece. When told this meant only fifty cents each Brehm nearly fainted.

The low prices at which furs could be brought here had been dinned into our ladies' ears often during the trip, and they investigated matters here thoroughly and decided that they were no cheaper than at home and not so stylish in manufacture. They were almost universally

held by gentlemen with hooked noses, and it was evidently not a bargain day for furs with them. They were on the lookout for



Alaskan Totem Pole

Eastern suckers, but did not catch many from the Quaker City. The business portion of the city was certainly a surprise to every one. Many blocks of tall stores met the eye and business seemed to be carried on with a rush. At every street corner could be found one or more Siwash Indians peddling their wares. The bronze Hiawathas and Minnehahas were not those of Cooper or Longfellow's romantic vision and the best looking of them would never even take the booby-prize at a beauty show.

It is more than interesting to note the late increase in population of Seattle. At the time of taking the census in 1900 it was credited with 80,000. In June, 1904, the population had grown to 148,000, an increase almost without parallel. There are three fresh water lakes in the city limits or immediately adjoining. Uncle Sam is now engaged in digging a ship canal to connect two of them with Puget Sound to create a fresh water harbor of nearly fifty square miles area. When finished Seattle will have the finest harbor in the world. They have very little snow here and it never freezes, although in about the same latitude as Newfoundland.

Like all Western cities they are harnessing everything in the shape of falls or rapids to create electric power. They have Snoqualmill Falls and the Falls of Puyallup River within twenty-five miles distance and expect when all the plants are completed to develop 60,000 horse power from them. The city is made up principally of hills more or less steep, some of them rising from 300 to 400 feet. We were all disappointed that our time had been so much shortened here, as we could have used more time to good advantage. As it was, we had ample opportunity to observe the push and rattle of trade and the strides made in beautifying the city. However, we stretched our leaving time until 1.45 P. M. When we started for Tacoma, thirty miles away, but with better motive power than Sheridan's black charger. As we had to eat our luncheon during that thirty-mile ride, we had but little spare time. More miles of piling and filling in were traversed and many more hop fields had to be admired while on the road.

At Tacoma we were met by a large delegation from Ivanhoe Commandery. Here we also fell in with McIntyre's brother Charles who had journeyed hither from his ranch to meet Will and his wife. There was certainly an affecting reunion when they came together and all hands came in for a share of it. He was another hale fellow! well met and was adopted into the Mary tribe for as long a time as we were to remain together. The Committee placed us at once on trolley cars, first running them around through the fine streets of the city and then started out for a seven-mile run to Point Defiance Park. On the way we passed many beautiful homes surrounded by magnificent beds of sweet peas, geraniums, canna lilies and other flowers. Not only were the beds handsome, but the unusually large size of some of the flowers surprised the party. The geraniums grew like small trees and the sweet pea vines were from eight to ten feet high and bore profusely.

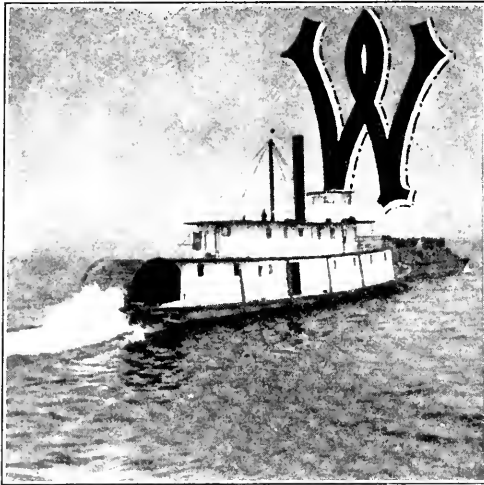
The Park is a plot of 640 acres, originally reserved by the

United States Government for a military station, but afterward presented to the city as a public park, provided that the original growth of timber therein should not be destroyed. Our German friends of Reading Commandery No. 42 had arrived at the station just behind us and had also been sent out to the Park. Upon arrival there we were welcomed by the Superintendent in his own hospitable manner and given the freedom of the grounds. Each lady was presented with a goodly sized bouquet and the Knights with a boutonniere of forget-me-nots and smilax. Thus decorated they were at liberty to inspect the flower beds and greenhouses. It was not the season for roses, but there were enough there to make us wonder what they could have been like in the season. After looking flowers and rare plants over and enjoying them thoroughly we were lined up behind a fence to witness the disposal of three large tree stumps. Heavy charges of blasting powder had been placed beneath each stump and when we had all secured positions the fuses were lighted and one by one the immense stumps and their attendant roots disappeared in dust and smoke, with a separate roar from each and a corresponding cheer from the spectators.

We were then taken around an open air Zoological Garden in the Park, in which were enclosures and cages containing Elk, Deer, Coyotes, Foxes and Monkeys, together with an Eagle, Owls and others of the feathered tribe. While again taking possession of our trolley cars our host, the Superintendent, busied himself in cutting quantities of the roses growing in the beds and presenting them to the ladies through the medium of his little children whom we left none the poorer for this kindness. As the cars moved off he was the recipient of many cheers none the less hearty from the fact that he was a Pennsylvanian himself. Our ride back to the train was made in quick time, there being no stops to be made. Immense sawmill plants with piles of lumber galore lined the shore of the Sound in view of our cars on the way back. Much shipping was also anchored in the harbor and many thousand barrels of flour were being shipped from here ostensibly to China. No doubt the little Japs ate a goodly share of the bread that was to be baked from it.

It was 6.40 P. M. before we had got back to answer the call for dinner and it was none the less neglected because of lateness. After dinner Charles McIntyre guided the most of the party to a fur and curio store, where they spent some time in looking over the man's stock of the raw material. Our fraters of Tacoma were also holding a reception at the Masonic Temple, into which nearly everybody drifted before getting back to the train. As our train was scheduled to leave at 10 P. M., we were obliged to bid our knightly friends an early good-by and start homeward. Here we found that John Robbins had not forgotten us, but had a big stock of cold lemonade made up, the night being quite warm. After bidding the new McIntyre good-bye our train pulled out on its trip to Portland. The ladies were not long in seeking their berths to-night, but the male contingent seemed loth to leave the smoker, having much to talk over and being apparently too tired to get ready for bed.

Saturday, September 3, 1904



WE GOT away from Tacoma last night ahead of our hoodoos and were enabled to make quick time with a clear track. We crossed the Columbia River on a ferry boat about 2 A. M., but very few were aware of the fact. Some few of those interested in mechanics, like Jake Haines and Ervin Hope, arose and went out to inspect the working of the steamer. We reached Portland at 4.20 A. M. and awoke later on to find our train at a stand-

still. Breakfast was got ready a little earlier than common, as we were due for a trip up the Columbia River by steamer. In the pleasure of anticipation of a change most of the party got up still earlier than was necessary and, although the morning meal was ahead of time, it seemed a long wait until Livezey announced the "first call for breakfast." The unusual stir, of course, routed out those who might have slept an hour or so longer, but there were no complaints.

After breakfast all hands were ordered to stay by the train to be in readiness for special trolleys that were to be sent to convey us to the dock where the steamer Dalles City, which had been especially chartered for the occasion, awaited our coming. At 9 A. M. we boarded her and made ourselves comfortable for the trip. There being no other passengers or freight on the boat, we had plenty of room. Swinging clear of the wharves and passing through a couple of drawbridges, the stern wheel steamer or "kick-up" ran down the Willamette River, on which Portland lies. We had a fairly good view of the city from the river, including the buildings now being erected for the Lewis and Clark Exposition, which is to open in the Summer of 1905. The Columbia University, on the

opposite side of the river, was also in plain sight. Large steamships for the Pacific trade were loading at long lines of docks fronted by warehouses and mills.

A little way down the river was an immense dry-dock with a steamer in its embrace. Just after passing this we met a tug coming up with two immense rafts of timber in tow for some of the mills. We had to call a halt for a little while to enable the tug to swing the tail end of her tow clear of our steamer, there being a large steam dredge at work just ahead. At the juncture of the Willamette and Columbia a lighthouse stands upon a shoal, one of the spider-legged variety so common down the Chesapeake Bay.

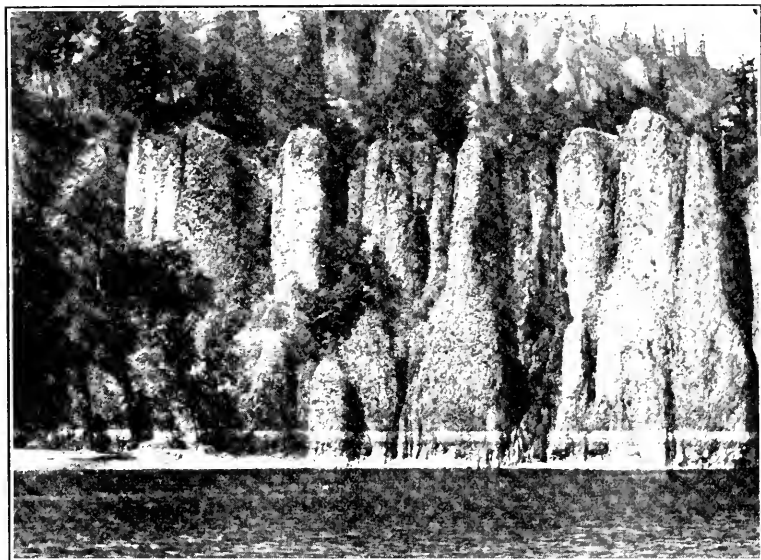


Going up Columbia River

We should have had also a fine view of snow-capped mountain peaks, but owing to the smoky condition of the atmosphere we could not see a great way beyond the river banks. As we rounded into the Columbia and passed up its winding length this condition seemed to get worse, owing to the innumerable forest fires now raging in the mountains.

The monotonous beating of the paddle wheel at the stern and the balmy air created a drowsy feeling on the part of a good many of the early risers. They soon embraced opportunities to lie down on the cushioned seats of the two cabins fore and aft. Chris Judd, Jimmy Baird, Lew Matlack, Simpson, Herring and Billy Patterson were soon sleeping the sleep of the just and many of the ladies

followed suit. Manceley did not need to lie down, as he could sleep sitting any time! Judd was sleeping all day, whether to make up for lost time or to get a nap or two ahead we could not find out. He capped the climax when he took a good sound nap standing up outside the cabin and leaning against it. The others were satisfied with an hour or two, especially when Baird awoke and found himself decorated with a sign, Bargain—Marked Down to 49 cts. He hung it on Simpson, who awoke cured when he read the sign. It was transferred to all the sleepers in turn and effectually dispelled the drowsiness except in the case of Judd, who stoutly maintained afterward that he had been "doped" by some one this morning.



Cape Horn

Up the Columbia we passed Fort Vancouver, where Uncle Sam maintains a large army post. Eiler was sorry he had left his khaki suit on the train, as the soldiers were traveling to and fro on shore and sentinels posted in all directions wearing the identical breed. We began to get into the really interesting portion of the river scenery, but our view of it was still much hampered by the smoke. Cape Horn was a bold, rocky headland running perpendicularly up from the water. On the right hand going up were to be seen numerous waterfalls, some of them dropping from a great height and dashing into spray before reaching the bottom. Numerous salmon wheels were passed as well as fish pounds, where the salmon are captured by millions. These wheels are turned by the river current. They catch the fish as they come up the river on their buckets and turn them over into a net suspended on the upper side.

They work while the owner sleeps and he wakes up in the morning with a barrel of money in his pocket. There was no fishing going on now, as it was between seasons. The run of one breed of salmon had ended and the other had not yet begun.

Luncheon was served on the boat at 11 A. M. and was very much enjoyed. It was our first experience with Japanese cooks, who proved their skill at their trade. It was a very tasty meal and no fault could be found with it or the service. Our usual appetites had been brought along and all enjoyed the luncheon very much.

We had chartered the steamer to go up to and through the Cascade Locks, but we found the trip was going to be much slower than we expected and accordingly gave orders to turn about at Warrendale at 1.15 P. M. We wished to see some little of Portland City and darkness would have overtaken us on our return if we had gone the limit. Going down stream we made a little better progress. The wind had been against us going up, which made the air very pleasant. Going back the wind was with us and the heat grew oppressive, making us hunt for shade. Some of the kodakers tried to get pictures of the rocky shores as we drew near them, as well as of a large quarry right on the shore. We could see by the remains of former drift stuff and the marks of muddy water high up on the banks that the Columbia could be a raging torrent when it got its back up. Now the stage of water was very low and they had difficulty in poking the boat's nose into the lower stage of a landing to take a can of milk aboard. Real milk it was, too, such as we had for luncheon to-day. It was a change from the diluted condensed article upon which we subsist in the Pullman service.

We retraced our way down the Columbia and up the Willamette, arriving at the wharf at 5 P. M. A remarkable feature of the day's trip was the fact that the steamer burned nothing but crude oil under its boilers. The fire hole looked as clean as a parlor and the oil being fed automatically, the fireman had nothing to do but watch his gauges. Twenty-five barrels of oil, costing but eighty cents per barrel, sufficed for a day's fuel, so that it is very economical as well as cleanly. No shoveling of coal or ashes, but simply rolling full barrels on in the morning and empty ones off at night.

Once ashore, many of the pilgrims boarded trolleys for a ride about the city. Others flew for the stores, which were raided for souvenir spoons, plates and postal cards. Chinatown was run into on our way up from the dock and the chinks curiously looked over. Simpson got a good snap at a young chink who wondered what he was pointing at him.

At 6.30 P. M. nearly everybody was at the station and ready for dinner, which had been awaiting them. It was learned through the railroad officials that nearly seventy special and regular trains would pass through Portland to-night and to-morrow on their way

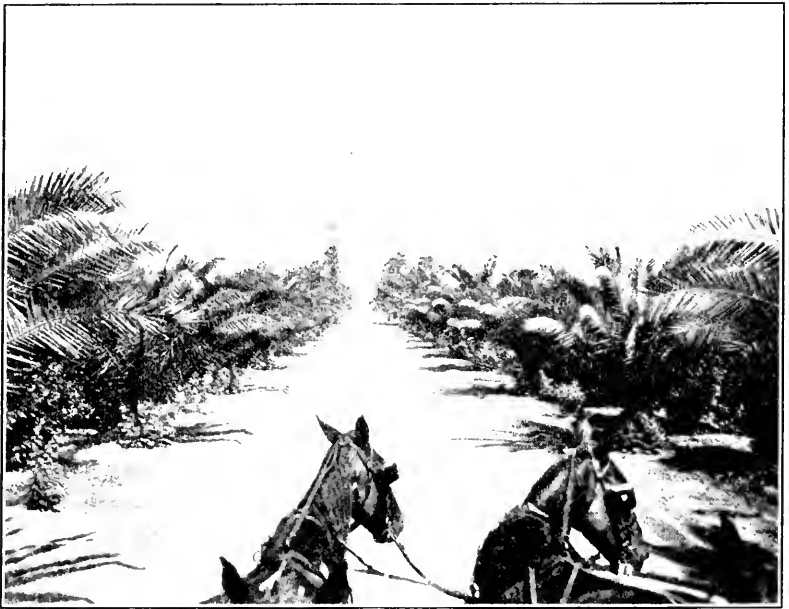
to the Conclave City. But one had yet departed and that contained Boston Commandery. By getting Tourist Agent McCoy to work we secured the privilege of going out at 7 P. M. instead of 8.30 P. M., our schedule time, if we could get ready. Some few stragglers had not yet come in and their arrival was anxiously awaited, as we did not want to get in the rear of any more hoodoo trains that might be on the road. Five minutes before the allotted time, for which other delegations were also waiting, our delinquents turned up and the word was passed to hook the waiting engine on our train. Just as we were about to start three Coeur de Lion pilgrims from Charlestown, Mass., who had been left behind by the Boston train, were discovered in the station waiting room looking very discon-



Young Chink

solate. Chairman Allen at once extended to them an invitation to consider themselves as the guests of Mary Commandery and accompany us to San Francisco unless we should sooner overtake their train. They gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to get ahead and soon made themselves at home. We could only make beds for them in the smoker, but could feed them all right. They were very glad to get in out of the wet with any kind of accommodation. They were forced to accompany us all the way to the Conclave City. They had taken the ride up the Columbia River on the regular boat and got back just in time to see their train going out on one of the steel bridges under which the boat passed. They were naturally a little hot under the collar at being left by their fellow-travelers, but cooled off before rejoining them.

Mrs. Baird had been complaining of the lack of bathing accommodations on the train. Doc Righter found a tin foot bath in Portland this afternoon and brought it aboard as a present to Mrs. B., who made arrangements to treat her car mates on the strength of it. At 9 P. M. it was brought in filled with lemonade. Together with cakes and candies, it was passed around, and made a merry time of it in the car. Most of the ladies were ready for sleep at an early hour, owing to the unusual combination of salt air and the breezes from the smoking pine forests. There was also fewer of the night owls on duty in the smoker and midnight was about the limit for the last of the trombones to play up.



Magnolia Drive

Sunday, September 4, 1904



NOTHER bright and clear Sunday morning greeted our waking eyes. We are following a mountain stream on an up grade and have two engines in front. At the first stop we found that they were now burning wood which appeared to be the most plentiful object in sight. We were making slow progress, however, having only logged 263 miles in 13 hours, but our train crew claimed that we were on time according to schedule. All the morning we were either skirting or crossing the Calapooia Mountains, except when we were going through them. In

one section of seven miles we had to pass through eight tunnels and the air in them did not remind any one of Attar of Roses. We were only aware that this was Sunday by looking at our itinerary, as the railroad section men were all hard at work along the line. Chinamen with their yokes across their shoulders, bearing two buckets of water or other burdens, were numerous and picturesque in their bamboo head coverings. When the section hands would catch sight of Mary's canvas badges on the side of the cars we would be welcomed with a cheer or wave of the hands.

Thousands of cords of wood lined the road in many places, presumably for the use of the engines on this division. We are now in charge of the Southern Pacific Railroad until we shall reach Los Angeles, the Northern Pacific Road having discharged their duties at Portland. Some of the twists and turns the road makes this morning remind one very much of looping the loop. We could

see any number of tracks at once apparently, but they were all the same one. There was the track we had been on, the one that we were now on and some that we were destined to get on if we had good luck, all one above the other. At 9.05 we reached the top of another range, the Umpqua, and crossed over another of the many divides in this country, starting down hill on the other side after squeezing through another tunnel. The distant views from the car windows this morning embraced a finely improved country with growing crops, immense fruit orchards and large herds of cattle. This was the Umpqua Valley, one of the finest in the State.

After getting down the mountains we found a still finer section of country known as the Rogue River Valley. Peach orchards were numerous before we got down far and fruit of all kinds was raised in great quantities. Peaches, apples and pears predominated, while plums were also plentiful. Many small towns were scattered along the line of the railroad, but we made no stops except for wood or water. At Grant's Pass at 9.45 A. M. we stopped to change engines. Many people were at the station to see the trains pass to-day, among them one white-haired old Knight who claimed to be a member of Kadosh Commandery of our city.

The conductor we had brought out of Portland had given us a fish story in the smoker this morning to the effect that he knew of and we would pass a place where you could walk across the river upon live salmon swimming at the top of the water. The shouts of derision and the grand chorus with which this statement was received would have abashed anyone but a railroad man. The conductor never smiled, but said, Wait! We were running down the course of the Rogue River and the valley showed every evidence of prosperity. Orchards, wheat and alfalfa fields, cattle, sheep and horse ranches lined the whole valley. In the river at all still pools we began to see evidence of truth in the conductor's story, as the salmon could be seen jumping in all directions after insects. At a dam in the river called Gold Ray Dam and near to Gold Hill Station, the salmon below the dam certainly seemed to bear out the yarn we had heard. Their heads were sticking out of the water just below the fall in such numbers as to almost justify the statement that a light-footed person might walk across on them. Of course there was no excitement on the train, but it was hard to keep some of the crowd on board, as the engineer was running slow to give us a good view. None of us had ever seen such a sight before and we backed down to the conductor for all we had said. Our dining car commissary, Livezey, said he had been down here before and had been told for a fact that you had to get behind a tree to get a bait on your hook or the fish would have it before you could impale it. Many lava beds showed along the banks of the river, being evidence that there must have been a hot time around here at some period of the world's history.

At 11.40 A. M. we pulled up to the station platform at Ashland, Oregon, where the whole town seemed to be on hand. As we had a

stop of twenty minutes the train was soon emptied and the pilgrims were gazing upon a pleasant sight. A dozen or more very pretty young ladies, dressed all in white and each wearing a fez with the name of Al Kader Temple of the Mystic Shrine thereon, were busily engaged in making offerings of fruit of all kinds as well as handsome flowers to our pilgrims. This was being done at the instance of their fathers, the Knights Templar of the city, as well as of the Board of Trade. The task seemed to give them as much pleasure as the reception gave to our ladies. They were all immediately decorated with Mary souvenirs and had to stand repeatedly for pictures in response to the demands of the kodakers. Some of



Ashland Girls

these took their names also and promised to send them each a picture if they turned out well. Jake Haines was as good as his word and has since forwarded the photos. It was with much regret that we heard the for once unwelcome cry of "All Aboard" sounded, but the cheers given for the Al Kader girls, the Commandery and the Board of Trade were none the less hearty. The peaches received here were some of the finest we had ever eaten and the manner of their acquisition gave them a still greater relish.

Immediately after leaving Ashland Station we began to make more wild curves among the Siskiyou Mountains, equal to any over which we had yet passed. At one point we made a run of seventeen

miles to gain a half mile. But they enlivened the road and gave us plenty to look at, including many fires burning fiercely amongst the timber. Tunnels galore again beset our route and gas without end found its way through the crevices. At 2.15 P. M. we passed out of Oregon into California, and that State once entered, we began to feel as though we were getting to our destination.

Luncheon over, the ladies made frequent journeys to the baggage car to stow away all unnecessary baggage in the recesses of their trunks which had been already retagged and marked with the number of the rooms they were to occupy at the San Marco Hotel, which we would reach on the morrow. It was another busy day for Stump, who realized that there was no rest for the wicked, even on Sunday. The room numbers had been forwarded to us at Gardner and were received when we came out of the Yellowstone. We had been originally quartered at the Seven Oaks Hotel, but the proprietor thereof, upon being written to for the numbers of our rooms, had unceremoniously thrown us down. This was less than a month before we started and we had a signed contract with him two years old. His letter announcing the fact that he would not take us in was as cool and matter-of-fact as if it was an everyday business transaction. A telegram to the Executive Committee of the Conclave at San Francisco set matters right in a couple of days. They gave us better and more convenient and much pleasanter quarters at the San Marco, much to our relief.

At 3.30 P. M. a service of song was improvised in one of the cars under the leadership of Al Gregory. Quite a congregation gathered and was ushered into pews regardless of ownership or rent payers. Favorite hymns were called for and sung with a will until 4.10 P. M., when some one who glanced out of the window exclaimed "There's Mount Shasta." The services came to an abrupt close. The mountain had been on our minds all day and we had been anxious to see its snow-covered crown, but fearful lest the hazy atmosphere should spoil our view. But we were not doomed to disappointment this time, as the peak loomed up in fine shape and the view was a grand one. In a short time we got a nearer and better view and Mount Shasta continued to ring the changes for us until 5.45 P. M. Owing to the twists and turns of the road we had it now on one side and then on the other. Occasionally out of sight because dead ahead or directly astern, but the same grand old picture whenever it came in sight. The snow which covered it in huge patches had apparently no intention of ever melting.

We now have an oil-burning engine for a change and miss our showers of fireworks which have been changed to black smoke, which is not so heavy as is caused by the Pennsylvania's soft coal. We are still in cahoots with the engineers and have relays riding on the engine. They have a fine view of Mount Shasta from there and enjoy the novelty very much. At 6.30 P. M. we pulled up at the station at Sisson, where are located the Mt. Shasta Springs. It is said that these belong to the President of the Southern Pacific

and all trains are held up here to give the passengers a taste of the waters whether they drink or not. The first half was at the dinner table, but the second contingent was soon off the train and sampling the waters. They also handed quantities of it into the windows of the diner. One spring was fine apollinaris, another was good soda water, while just between the two and in close proximity was pure, plain spring water. The apollinaris came down the rocks in a beautiful cascade, embellished on each side with ferns and plants of all kinds, interspersed with electric illuminations. An electric railway was running up the mountain side, which was as steep or steeper than the Pike's Peak road, and fountains were playing in several places. The waste water turned a large water wheel, half hidden in a bed of ferns and lit up with colored electric bulbs hidden in the growth of plants. Altogether it was a fascinating scene and could have been enjoyed for a longer time. John Robbins filled his buckets with the apollinaris gratis to stretch out his supplies.

As the party filed into the diner to-night Livezey produced a huge bunch of telegrams, one of which was addressed to each pilgrim on the train. The telegrams were all on the proper Western Union blank, signed by our frater and friend, Judge Milligan, now Grand Senior Warden of Pennsylvania. At the top of each was the Judge's picture with the smile that seldom comes off and the wording was as follows: "With pleasant recollections of Mary Commandery's joyous welcome at the Golden Gate in 1892, I wish for you and accompanying pilgrims the same cordial and fraternal greeting. May your stay in the Conclave City be as interesting and as full of happy moments as was ours twelve years ago. See Chinatown and add to your knowledge." On the reverse side were printed the menu for to-night's dinner, which was an evidence that the telegrams had not come through the regular channel. We were unable to gain any further information about them except that they had been handed to Livezey at the station.

Conversation to-night drifted largely onto the pleasures expected in San Francisco during the next four days and all resolved at least to follow Milligan's advice and see Chinatown. It was not a late night, as the day had been quite a strenuous one, although nominally one of rest.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

INCORPORATED
23,000 OFFICES IN AMERICA.

RECEIVED
SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD.



This Company TRANSMITS and DELIVERS messages only on condition of liability, which have been assented to by the sender of the following message. Errors can be guarded against only by repeating a message back to the sender for comparison, and the Company will not hold itself liable for errors or delays in transmission or delivery of unrepeated Messages beyond the amount of toll. The message should be sent with the Company for transmission, and not to any other office. UNREPEATED MESSAGES, and delivered by registered sender, under the conditions named above.

Wm. J. ROBERT C. CLOWRY, President and General Manager

Received 6 P.M.

Philadelphia, Sept., 4, 1904.

Sisson, Cal. Care Mary Comdy Special Train.

With pleasant recollections of Mary Commandery's joyous welcome at the Golden Gate in 1892, I wish for you and accompanying pilgrims the same cordial and fraternal greeting. May your stay in the Conclave City which you reach tomorrow be as interesting and full of happy moments as was ours twelve years ago. See Chinatown and add to your knowledge. William J. Milligan

Monday, September 5, 1904



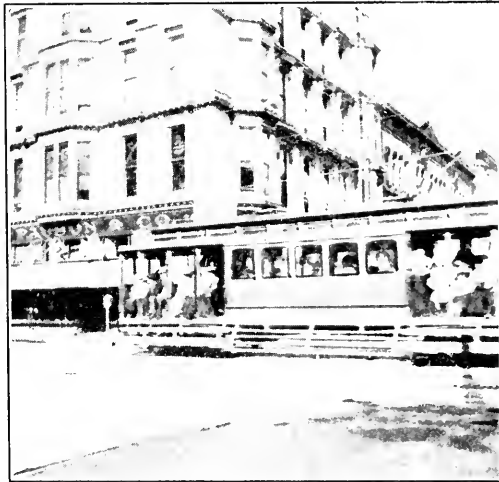
THIS morning was one of great expectations as we looked forward to four days of unalloyed pleasure. Our train did not pull into Oakland Station until 7 A. M. Breakfast had been hurried forward and the first half had got through the meal and had their personal belongings in hand ready to land. Some little time was consumed in transferring the baggage to trucks, but not sufficient to enable all the second half to get through with their meal when, without any notice, an engine was hooked onto the rear of the train and ran the cars out several miles into the car

yards. It was necessary to keep the incoming track clear, as trains were constantly arriving from all directions. There was a committee present from Golden Gate Commandery who used all kinds of persuasion in addition to our own to have our pilgrims brought back so that we could cross the ferry. Every minute we had the promise of an engine to be sent for them, but were as often disappointed. It was a most tedious hour of waiting before our prayers were granted and the delayed contingent restored to us. What their arguments, prayers and objurgations were at the other end of the line must have been something alarming from all accounts.

All hands were held together until they arrived and boarded the enormous ferryboat at 8.15 A. M. Twenty of the Sir Knights had donned their uniforms to be escorted to the hotel. They took their stations on the lower deck of the steamer, while the remainder of the pilgrims were installed in the palatial cabins of the upper deck. The ride across the bay was very pleasant. The air was just cool enough for the ladies to wear light wraps and fine for those who marched. All kinds of craft were at anchor in or speeding across the bay, among which were several of Uncle Sam's warships. When the Union ferry depot at the foot of Market street was reached the uniformed squad was mustered on the forward deck and received a salute from the ladies above. When the boat landed they were marched through the depot to the street, where was drawn up an escort of about one hundred men from Golden Gate Commandery, who stood in open order and presented swords as our little party

marched through. In advance was a troop of California Commandery mounted upon black horses and wearing their characteristic uniform with its black velvet cape. The escort then took the lead and marched up Market street to Taylor, where they took their leave and returned to the ferry for further duty, while the Mary lads marched up the steep hills of Taylor street to the hotel. On either side of the line of march were immense crowds of Knights Templar and their wives, all of whom had been given a similar Templar welcome upon their arrival.

The San Marco was found to be a fine headquarters, centrally located and more than comfortable in the matter of good rooms and bath attachments. In the meantime the balance of the party had been loaded on special trolleys in waiting and expected to reach the



San Francisco Trolley

hotel ahead of the marching squad. But it happened to be Labor Day and the working element, which has absolute control of everything in this union-ridden city, had blocked all the streets with their lines of formation for their grand parade. At every turn the trolleys made they were met by a battalion in waiting and forced to sheer off. After about a two hours' ride, during which they saw prettvy much all the old and level portion of San Francisco, they were enabled to strike Taylor street and reach the hotel, glad to reach the end of their enforced journey and gain the shelter of their rooms.

The baggage had got to the front pavement ahead of everybody. Before half of it had been taken upstairs the elevator went on a strike and the porters were non-plussed for a means to get the balance to the rooms. They did not relish the idea of carrying

it up in the old-fashioned way and the manager was afraid to insist upon their doing so, as even he was at the mercy of the labor unions. He wanted no strike on his hands, so he simply looked and mentally "cussed" the elevator for giving out at such an inopportune time. But Mary had resources within herself. Charley Stump and John Robbins had come over with the luggage, and, knowing the ladies were anxious for their trunks, set to work to carry the trunks up and for an hour made hard work of their pleasure. About the time the last trunk was on its way up, the cranky elevator was repaired and enabled to make regular trips.

There had been as yet no arrangement made for our meals. The Seven Oaks Hotel had been engaged on the American plan and the San Marco was run upon the European plan. There was a restaurant upon the first floor of the building, however, and after some dickering the Committee was able to make arrangements with the proprietor for our meals. We found a part of Kadosh Commandery also rooming at the San Marco, while more of them were located around the corner on Post street. Some of their ladies who were in the vestibule seemed more than astonished when Mrs. Allen walked into the big hotel and greeted her very effusively and pointed her out to some who did not know her. An explanation of this followed a little later when some of them told McIntyre that it had been currently reported all the way down from Portland to Los Angeles that Mrs. Allen had died in the Yellowstone and that they had unwittingly written home to that effect four or five days before when they had heard the report. It became necessary to head this report off by telegraphing to Philadelphia to her family at once that we had arrived safely at San Francisco with all well.

While Chairman Allen was in the telegraph office he saw a messenger boy about to start out with a telegram for Theo. Lines which he took charge of and promised to deliver at once. Returning to the San Marco he handed it to Lines, who finished reading a letter he was perusing before opening the telegram. When he did so he reeled and fell as if struck by lightning. He was raised and placed upon a seat, where his emotion became heartrending. It was then found that the dispatch announced the accidental death of a favorite son who had unfortunately shot himself while on a gunning expedition down in Maine. The letter he had been reading had been written to him by this same son and the reading of it was followed immediately by that of the telegram announcing his death. Of course arrangements had to be made for himself and Mrs. Lines to return to Brooklyn by the first train. This was not accomplished for some little time, although McCoy made every effort in his behalf, as it was impossible to get sleeper accommodations on any train until evening. We were thus deprived of two of our most pleasant members and a gloom cast over the entire party. They had been delightful traveling companions, and Theo. Lines was ever genial and always ready to lend his aid in making things pleasant for all.

Labor and its parade interfered very seriously with the working

plans of the restaurant which had engaged to feed us. They had also evidently been accustomed to feeding about sixty people per day and to have a hundred and fifty per meal thrown upon their hands, with a shortage of waiters, placed them at a great disadvantage. In reality it was a case where the guests became the longest waiters at luncheon time. The fare was all right, but the service was undoubtedly slower than slow, but we lived through it. Some of the party got tired of waiting and hunted up a "home restaurant" around on Post street. There they enjoyed or claimed to enjoy a country dinner, but the proprietor also bemoaned the absence of his head cook and some of his waiters who had gone to the labor picnic.

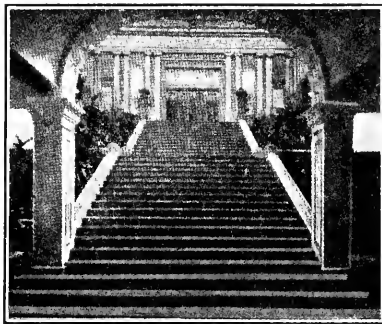
The first sight of the handsome bathroom accommodations attached to each room was a most welcome one and begat an instantaneous desire on everybody's part to make use of them. The accumulations of a couple of weeks had to be gotten rid of and the sound of running water filled the air, but the resources of the water company were equal to the occasion and there was no scarcity.

The pilgrims lost no time after getting their first meal in starting upon their sight-seeing trips. Some took carriages and rode around to inspect the buildings down town and the elaborate Templar decorations which were displayed in every direction. Others took the ordinary cable cars, while some secured the observation cars of which a specialty seems to be made in all the Western cities. Those who went out to the Cliff House and Seal Rocks had a unique experience in addition to the ordinary attractions of the place. Thousands of people had gathered there of whom the majority were visiting Templars and their ladies. A schooner had been run onto the beach in a fog during the previous evening. The crew of the United States Life Saving Station were assisting the crew of the vessel in trying to work her off the shore. While the work was going on another heavy fog rolled in from the ocean and in an incredibly short time the warm and sultry air that had characterized the afternoon had given way to a cool air that made light overcoats extremely desirable and comfortable. Many of the San Francisco ladies, who were accustomed to the lightning changes of the climate, had come prepared with furs which they donned and found very comfortable. The fog in a few minutes hid the stranded vessel and the operation of getting her afloat could no longer be witnessed.

The Sutro Baths, probably the largest and finest bathing establishment in the world, also came in for a share of admiration by the large number of visitors, many of whom took advantage of an opportunity to enjoy a bath in the waters of the Pacific Ocean. The handsome statuary and beautiful flowers and plants of the Sutro Garden were another source of pleasure to the assembled crowds. In another direction, Chinatown with its curious inhabitants, who could not be divided as to sex because you could not tell one from the other by their dress, its odd and in many cases finely stocked stores, its conglomeration of old barracks, iron and wooden balconies and varied assortment of ill-smelling localities, was crowded

with foreign visitors who came to see or to purchase curious souvenirs to be carried to Eastern cities.

By 6 P. M. the majority of the sight-seers had returned to the hotel for dinner and to make preparations to attend some of the numerous receptions to be held during the evening. One of these was to be given by the Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania at the Palace Hotel. Mary had been requested to contribute eight ladies to assist at the ceremonies. Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Bair, Mrs. Holt, Mrs. Ray, Miss Heist, Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Hinckle had been detailed for that purpose and all the others resolved to attend the reception for the honor of the old Keystone State. The attendance thereat was exceedingly large and for four hours the crowds in the corridors of the hotel advanced only by inches, while many turned and worked their way back, despairing of ever getting into the reception parlors. Once inside there was a beautiful picture in the line of Grand Officers and their ladies, who were holding up



Entrance to Sutro Baths

the reputation of Pennsylvania, headed by Grand Commander Wilson I. Fleming and his lovely wife. Col. Lewis E. Beitler, of Pilgrim Commandery No. 11, of Harrisburg, was Master of Ceremonies, and did the handsome by introducing the Grand Commander to the visitors. In the adjoining parlor were stationed the ladies who assisted to see that all visitors got their share of refreshments and were then passed out by another route to the court of the hotel. By the way, this was, on our former visit to the city, a carriage concourse by which you could drive right into the body of the hotel. It had now been cut off and floored over to make an immense and finely furnished waiting room. Our ladies were relieved of duty and gave way to other details after one hour's service, so that all parts of the State could be represented in the evening's festivities.

Other receptions were afterward attended, notably that of Fresno Commandery at Pythian Hall. Here we looked in vain for any of the Sir Knights who had extended the whole-souled hospitality of their city to us twelve years ago. While their reception

to-night was just as full of kindness and fraternal feeling we missed the familiar faces. Quite a number of California Commanderies held forth at the Mechanic's Pavilion. This was beautifully decorated and lighted up, and contained a large number of booths, presided over by beautiful young ladies who did their best to force upon you grapes, fruits, flowers and wines of California production, as well as ice cream and cakes of all kinds. The centre circle was reserved for dancers, for whom a large orchestra furnished music.

The crowd of people upon Market and the adjacent streets was simply phenomenal. On both sides the sidewalks were solidly filled and the lines extended nearly as far into the street on either side. The people of the city, as well as the visitors, turned out en masse, to witness the electrical display. Too much cannot be said in praise of the beauty and costliness of this. No city of this country ever undertook to illuminate on such a gigantic scale and never before were such lavish decorations erected. The citizens in general, as well as the Sir Knights, contributed liberally to the display. Electric lights were not to be noted by the hundred, but by thousands and tens of thousands. On Market street, from the ferry building for a distance of two and a half miles up, it seemed as though the street was roofed in with a canopy of electric lights and the street was made as bright as by daylight. Every business house, office building and hotel on this main thoroughfare was finely decorated with Templar colors, Templar and other Masonic emblems, all beautifully lined out with colored bulbs. It was a knightly welcome from the California Templars to their fraters from all parts of the country and was appreciated and applauded to the echo.

The ferry building at the foot of Market street was resplendent with thousands of green lights which cleverly outlined the high tower and front of the building. On the tower, and visible from all parts of the city, was a huge Maltese cross of red lights. From this ferry depot, where the general scheme of illuminations began, the scene was a brilliant one. Facing it the first thing to attract attention was the word Welcome in lights stretched across the wide street. On either side, about thirty feet apart, were towering white masts, each bearing several dozen of American flags cleverly arranged. From these masts strings of lights were artistically draped across the street. The Masonic Temple further up and just off Market street was ablaze with illuminated Masonic and Templar designs, representing the Blue Lodge, Chapter, Templar and Consistory branches of the Order.

At the intersection of Market, Geary and Kearney streets was suspended an imposing illumination containing more than 8000 lights. This design was in the shape of an immense bell built of wrought iron. The lower rim alone is said to have weighed eight

tons and was forty feet in diameter. Strings of lights radiated from this to the centre far overhead, forming the lines of the bell. In the centre of the apex was a large Maltese cross in various colored lights. Below, suspended in the mouth of the bell, was a huge red passion cross and crown with the motto "In hoc signo vinces." Around the inside and outside of the lower rim were many other emblems in colors of every variety. It was one of the handsomest and costliest decorations ever erected. A Court of Honor, constructed of white columns, festooned with the National and Templar colors, extended along Market street for some distance on either side of the bell. Similar bell effects, but not so elaborate in construction, were to be



San Francisco Electric Design

witnessed at some of the other intersections. The City Hall was outlined with lights from tower to basement, and made one of the prettiest pictures imaginable. It afforded quite a contrast to the skinny strings of lights set out on our own City Hall buildings at decoration times.

It was late to-night, near morning in fact, before Mary's tired and weary "pilgrims" reached their hotel after attending receptions and viewing the decorations and crowds upon the streets. Still some of the male contingent were not satisfied and formed a party to see Chinatown after the midnight hour had struck. The services of the king of the guides were secured and for three hours the

tour of back alleys, dark passages, joss houses, gambling dens, opium joints and other spectacular scenes peculiar to Chinatown, was made. The reformers had been raiding the district for some weeks in advance of the Conclave and it was found difficult to gain admission to all places desired. The aid of the police had to be invoked at times and they used the Chinks with scant ceremony. It was after 3 A. M. when the last party returned to the hotel, all tired enough to get quickly to their rooms and gain a few hours' rest for the duties and pleasures of the morrow.



Ashland Girls

Tuesday, September 6, 1904



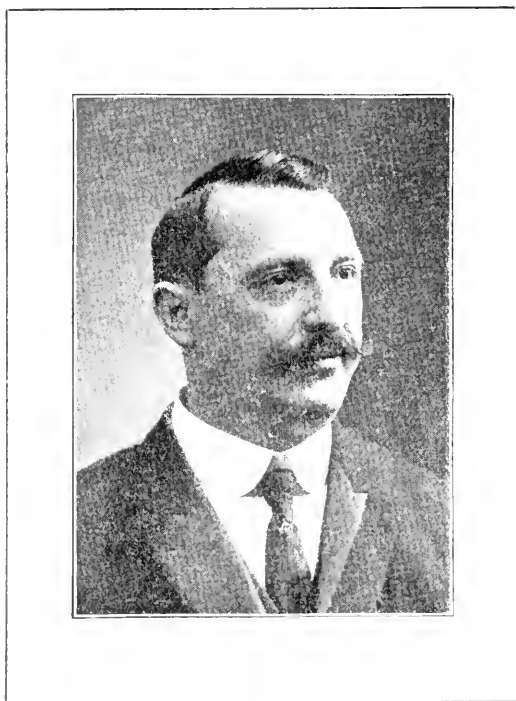
THIS was a bright and clear morning, but it had got warm during the night, contrary to the usual habits of the brand of weather handed out in San Francisco. We were accused repeatedly by the natives, during the next few days, of having brought the unusual temperature with us from the East. Judging from the determined manner with which it followed us around, after leaving Yellowstone Park, there might seem to be some founda-

tion for the charge. With but four exceptions Mary's remaining pilgrims were early at the breakfast table this morning. These were Maneely and his wife, who had gone to stay with a sister who was resident here, and Judd and Matos who never woke up until the strains of the band, which preceded the Commandery in the Triennial Parade, were heard in the street below. By the time they had got up and dressed the boys were off and the laggards were forced to follow to their place in line.

At the breakfast table a pleasant surprise was sprung on everybody by the presentation to each one of a handsome souvenir card bearing the counterfeit presentment of Capt. Eiler as Adjutant and Drill Master of Mary Commandery No. 36, K. T., with the familiar words, "Fall in, Sir Knights," printed below. At the top of the cards were the National and Philadelphia city colors embossed in colors and in the lower left-hand corner the date September 6th, 1904. The souvenir evidently came from home from some one who desired the Captain and his men to give a good account of themselves in the gathering of the hosts to-day.

The sword and banner cases in the basement of the hotel were opened at an early hour and, as soon as breakfast was over, the

work of donning equipments and swords began. The heat was increasing in intensity as Eiler lined up his command in front of the San Marco at a little after 9 A. M. The band engaged for the parade had made its appearance promptly and headed the march to the place allotted Mary in line. There were thirty-eight men on parade, including the officers. The increasing heat deterred some of the others from taking their places in the line. Past Commander Heist had been requested by Grand Commander Fleming to act as one of his aides and thereby secured a horseback ride.



P. E. SIR GEORGE EILER, JR.

ADJUTANT AND DRILLMASTER

MARY COMMANDERY No. 36, K. T., PENNSYLVANIA

Seats had been secured for some of our ladies upon one of the grand-stands on Van Ness avenue and several of the Mary guidons were entrusted to their care, with which they promised to salute and cheer on the command when it should reach their station. Be it said right here that they kept their promise in grand style, although suffering intensely with the heat and the rough accommodations all the time. As the parade was not to start until 10 A. M. and would probably not reach the stand until after 12 M., the ladies

had some little time during the morning to continue their shopping and see more of the city.

The two sound sleepers were just able to catch the command before it took its place in the line of parade. Mary was fortunate in having been able to secure a band, as many Commanderies were obliged to parade without. Pennsylvania had the honor of being the only State, outside of California, that was assigned a division of its own. It was the Fifth and, according to all reports of the press and spectators, Pennsylvania made a fine showing in line. Following Grand Commander Fleming and his staff came Corinthian Chasseur Commandery on black horses, as escort, and the fol-



The Grand Commander's Aid

lowing commands on foot in the order named: Pittsburg No. 1, of Pittsburg; De Molay No. 9, of Reading; Pilgrim No. 11, of Harrisburg; Northern No. 16, of Towanda; Coeur de Lion No. 17, of Scranton; Allen No. 20, of Allentown; Baldwin 2d No. 22, of Williamsport; Kadosh No. 29, of Philadelphia; Allegheny No. 35, of Allegheny City; Mary No. 36, of Philadelphia; Reading No. 42, of Reading; Tancred No. 49, of Pittsburg; Melita No. 68, of Scranton, and Mt. Vernon No. 73, of Hazelton. Beside these a number of other commands were represented by individual members who paraded with other organizations. It was a creditable showing for a State three thousand miles away and Grand Commander Fleming had a right to be proud of his following. The parade was

started from Geary and Kearney streets and moved over Pine, Montgomery and Market streets to Van Ness avenue, and down or up that street, for it was up-hill all the way, for seventeen blocks, and countermarched back to Market street. The route was scheduled as about five miles in length, but the heat and the hills made it seem twice that length. The march up the steep incline of Taylor street, which was necessary to reach the hotel, was the last straw that broke the camel's back.

From a spectacular point of view the parade was a great success and according to press reports there were about 12,000 men in line, but these are always subject to be freely discounted. At the head of the column rode our old acquaintance, Grand Captain General Chas. L. Field, as chief marshal, with his staff, followed by 600 mounted Templars of California Commandery No. 1, all on black horses. They made a grand sight in their showy uniforms and black velvet cape and acted as escort to Most Eminent Sir Henry Bates Stoddard, Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of the United States, and the Most Eminent the Earl of Euston, Grand Master of the Great Priory of England, who was officially representing King Edward of England at the Conclave. Golden Gate Commandery No. 16, which also had a mounted division, followed the carriages containing other representatives of the King of England and the Officers of the Grand Encampment. The fraters of Boston Commandery No. 1, of Massachusetts, whom we had met in the Yellowstone and who had brought their band from Boston, marched to the place of formation this morning and then marched back to their hotel. They were entitled by age and number to the right of the line of their State division and found a younger commandery occupying that position. The Marshal of the division refused to grant them the coveted place and the Grand Marshal refused to interfere, so Boston declined to parade, but had a parade of their own a day or two later.

Everywhere along the line of march Mary's Sir Knights, forty strong and most generally in two divisions, were accorded rounds of applause and thousands of people, seeing the name upon the banner and guidons, cheered for Mary continuously. Capt. Eiler drilled his command along the entire route and made a fine showing, being himself almost overcome at the end of the parade by his own exertions. Passing the grand stand where the Mary ladies were seated, they were given an enthusiastic reception by them which spread to the other occupants of the stand as well as to the crowds on the street. As they passed in review before the Grand Master and the Earl of Euston it is safe to say that they presented a very creditable appearance so far as military bearing was concerned.

It was after 1 P. M. and Mary's Knights, despite the weather, kept their place in line until the entire column had passed. Then the Commandery marched back to the San Marco, hot, tired, dusty, thirsty and hungry, with the usual number of Knights declaring,

as they had often declared before, that this was the last parade that would find them in line. However, after a good bath and luncheon they felt refreshed and, although a few laid themselves down to rest, the majority were off again to see 'Frisco.

Reference must be made here to the boundless hospitality that had been extended to us by the Grand Commandery of California. Just after reaching the hotel yesterday we had been presented with a program of the amusements and entertainments set down for us for the entire week, together with invitations to the same, with which were included car and railroad tickets, tickets for the Chinese play going on at the Opera House, excursions on the steamers on the bay, also across the bay and up Mt. Tamalpais. There were so many of these diversions that no pilgrim could find time to take them all in during the four short days we had allotted for our stay in this city.

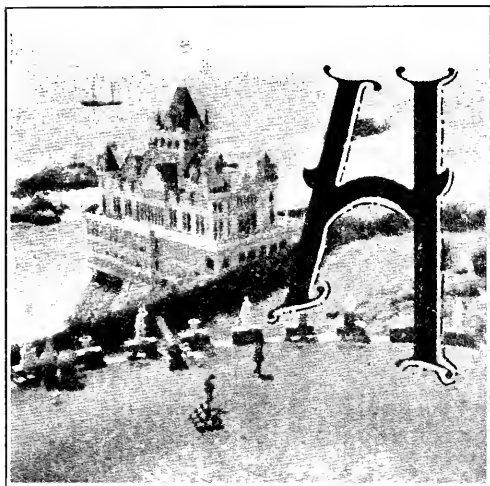
Carriage rides, trolley rides to the Cliff House, Sutro Baths, Golden Gate Park and the military reservation at the Presidio were indulged in during the rest of the afternoon by some. Chinatown of course had its full share of devotees and some who made excursions on the Bay steamers crowded to the rails declared the heat to be greater on the water than it was on shore. An old-fashioned hot wave, with which our people were all more or less familiar, was sweeping over this section of the country and the natives were experiencing the hottest weather known to the records of the local weather bureau and had the promise of more to come. Under pressure of the heat our pilgrims tried to find places where ice cream or cold soda water might be purchased. Such commodities are evidently not staple articles, as at home, as there was little to be had in the city unless specially ordered. Still they did not suffer a great deal from the heat, as the air was dry and caused little perspiration.

The packages that came in with the crowd at dinner time tonight from various shopping expeditions would almost have served to start a country store, and when several large packing cases arrived by wagon the assortment seemed almost complete. It began to look as though the train had better be provided with a flexible baggage car. It did not get any cooler toward evening as is usual in this climate, but the heat continued straight ahead into the night. The service in the restaurant had improved to-day and it was possible to get a meal in about the usual hotel time. After dinner everybody was off downtown again. Receptions without number were again in progress, but the principal attractions were the open houses of the California State Commanderies. The Grand Master held a reception at the Palace Hotel, as did our fraters of Pittsburg No. 1. Many of Mary's members had plenty of friends in No. 1 and there were many pleasant reunions at their reception. The throng of last night was repeated in the hotel corridors and the approaches thereto, while locomotion was just as difficult.

On Market street the jam was worse than ever. Every vehicle on wheels had been pressed into service, from express wagons and trucks up, and were loaded down with sightseers. It was impossible to secure a carriage for love or money and most of the visits had to be paid on foot. At all the California headquarters fruits, wine and grapes were to be had in unlimited quantities, and Fresno was furnishing all callers with neat badges and pressed boxes of seedless raisins. The electric illuminations lost none of their grandeur or beauty through repetition and were a constant marvel to the beholder. Golden Gate's reception or open house deserves more than passing notice. Their building was finely illuminated on the front with huge electrical devices. Back of the reception rooms on the main floor was a large ballroom for dancing, where an orchestra was constantly providing music for that diversion. Up stairs were many tables with seats for from four to eight persons, where you could sit comfortably, call for and enjoy any of the refreshments provided. Plenty of waiters made this possible for large crowds. Our visit there was made memorable by the kindness of Sir Knight Cornelius Toohey, of Golden Gate, who was one of those publicly decorated by the Earl of Euston for activity on escort duty, along with our old acquaintance, Billy Edwards, of the same command.

It was well on to midnight before any of the party returned to the hotel, although it had been a hard day on everybody. The heat continued through the night and open windows were necessary to make the rooms comfortable.

Wednesday, September 7, 1904



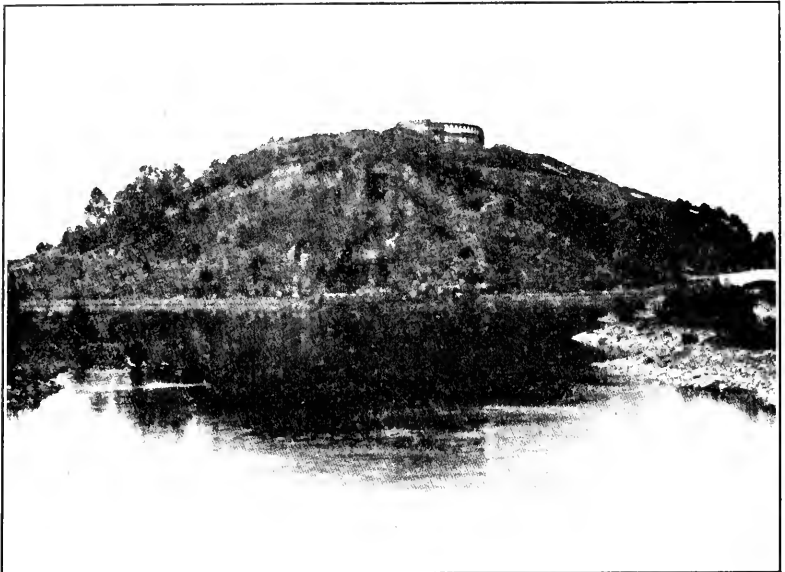
OT! Hotter!! Hottest!!
Thus the weather might be truthfully described since our advent in the Conclave City. Our enjoyment of our time in Frisco, outside of the weather, was perfect. The night had been hot and close all through, a thing unprecedented in the weather annals, and the weather forecast this morning was for a continuation of the heat. In this the Western forecaster excelled his Philadelphia brother in that his prediction not

only came true, but the weather he furnished was a record-breaker. Still the pilgrims were early on deck as usual, notwithstanding they had retired late and tired. The ladies seemed to be standing the strain as well if not better than the men. Quite a number of them were nearly exhausted last night between sight-seeing, shopping and long walks in the evening, but they turned out this morning looking as fresh as roses in June. Everyone seemed determined not to lose a minute, except the time spent in trying to get meals, and to see all that was to be seen.

At 7 A. M. when we assembled for breakfast the thermometer stood at 85. The morning was perfectly clear and it was apparent to all when the sun showed himself over the mountains across the bay that he meant business. By 2 P. M. the mercury had risen above the century mark. It was the general impression among the resident San Franciscans that the city was in for some earthquake shocks, which they say are pretty sure to follow a hot spell. But they did not materialize during the balance of our stay. If they had, we should have probably put them down on the list among the other entertainments provided by our hosts. It sounded rather comical to us to hear some of the lady residents say that they much preferred an earthquake to a thunder storm, which they rarely

have and dread to hear of. Had we been at home these days with the mercury chasing around the 100 mark there would have been little going out of doors for the ladies. As it was, the hotel was at once deserted after the conclusion of each meal. Many took in the bay trips and Mt. Tamalpais to-day and, like the others, insisted it was hotter on the water than ashore. The steamers took them around to view the different fortified stations in the bay, but they were not allowed to land, as the government forbids it.

The big feature of to-day was the competitive drill held in Golden Gate Park for the magnificent prizes offered by the California fraters, who took no part in the competition, although giving exhibition drills. Some of the pilgrims went out there with the idea



Strawberry Lake, Golden Gate Park

that cool breezes might be found in the Park. In this they were disappointed, but they enjoyed a fine treat in the drills and the sight of the 25,000 people who congregated to witness them. For nearly four hours the drills continued and the prize winners were certainly entitled to all they received, including the glory. When Louisville Commandery marched onto the field they were met by a score of Southern ladies who waved their colors of black and red before them and scattered innumerable flowers in their path. Whether this spurred them on is uncertain, but it was certain that they captured the first prize. It was also certain that when they returned to their quarters victorious every one of the girls had to be kissed twenty-nine times, that being the number of the squad. The judges

of the competition were three United States Army officers and their awards seemed to meet with the approval of the spectators, which does not always happen.

Louisville Commandery No. 2, of Louisville, was finally awarded the first prize of a massive punch set of beaten copper, finely inlaid



Allen's Chair

with gold and silver. St. Bernard No. 35, of Chicago, took the second prize, a silver fortress, surmounted by a world sphere, which in turn supported the figure of a Knight Templar. The third prize was awarded to Ivanhoe No. 24, of Milwaukee, and consisted of a

silver clock on an onyx pedestal. Malta No. 21, of Binghamton, N. Y., was content with the fourth prize of a silver tray with twenty-seven goblets to match.

The luncheon hour brought most of the pilgrims together again, only to see them scatter again for the afternoon. Each lady found awaiting her a basket containing much fruit and a small bottle of wine as a present from California Commandery No. 1. The ladies of Kadosh and some who were staying there as members of a Vermont delegation were treated in a similar manner. All the ladies had also been provided with cards which entitled them to a handsome souvenir plate from Pittsburg Commandery No. 1, when presented at their headquarters at the California Hotel. They were not slow in availing themselves of the privilege or in endeavoring to secure an extra one for some friend at home.

During the afternoon and at dinner whenever two or more pilgrims gathered together, there had been mutterings about the way some things had been managed on the pilgrimage. These mutterings finally resulted in a call for a meeting of the entire party in one of the hotel parlors at 7.30 P. M., when the chairman of the committee would be called upon to explain matters. Promptly at the hour mentioned the pilgrims assembled in the parlor and Chairman Allen was sent for. When he inquired for what purpose, he was informed that a certain matter needed some explanation. When he made his appearance in the parlor and found the entire band of pilgrims assembled, he wondered not a little thereat. When Eminent Commander Stewart started in with a serious expression of countenance to state that the entire assemblage had a grievance to present, he was requested by the chairman to "spit it out." He then proceeded to say that while up to this time everything had been very harmonious, they were now given to understand that to-day was the Chairman's birthday and that he had neglected to apprise anyone of the fact. Nevertheless every pilgrim was desirous of his having some remembrance of this particular anniversary and he had been delegated to present to Sir Knight Allen a handsomely carved Japanese reception chair as a token of their extreme and loving friendship. The chair up to this time had been occupied by two of the ladies who now arose and revealed it to the astonished recipient. For several minutes the applause of the pilgrims prevented any reply being made. When comparative quiet was secured no words of response would come to the relief of the Chairman who broke down entirely. Mrs. Allen crossed the room to his side and also gave vent to her feelings. For a few moments there was a sympathetic overflow all over the room and then for the next ten minutes the chairman was kept busy receiving the congratulations of the pilgrims and their best wishes for continued health and happiness. Mrs. McIntyre then presented to Mrs. Allen a gold thimble as a memento of the happy occasion.

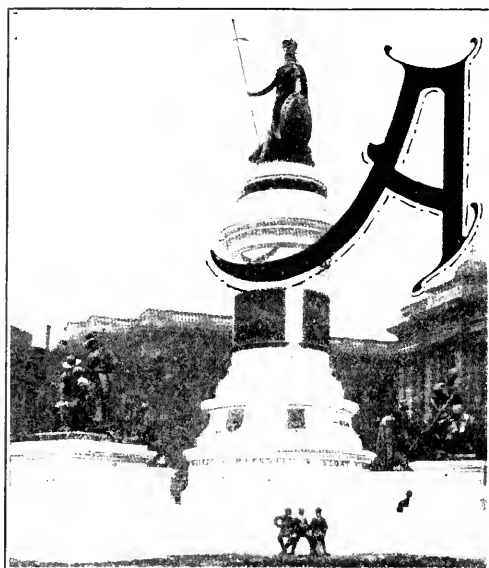
There was a grand ball given by California Commandery No. 1 this evening at the Mechanics' Pavilion, which had been magnifi-

cently redecorated for the occasion. Being also headquarters for about twenty other California commanderies, a tour of the building was very interesting. It was almost a State Exposition, as the Templars from all parts of the State had brought with them specimens of the particular products of their section and used them for decorative effects as well as for general distribution. Fruits were, of course, the mainstay, but minerals played no unimportant part, as did also grapes and wines. The large dancing floor in the centre was finely decorated with bunting and illuminated with colored lights. Autumn foliage was also lavishly made use of and gave a pretty effect. It was said that more than 10,000 people passed through the portals of the Pavilion to-night.

There was also a Ladies' Reception at the Palace Hotel, which had pretty nearly as many callers. As on previous evenings Market and adjacent streets were black with people, who were again viewing the illuminations and were all still charmed by the dazzling scene. Nothing was heard except expressions of admiration and satisfaction that we were on the spot to behold such a sight or regret that no picture of the same could be had to do it justice.

Upon returning to the hotel, many of the pilgrims found in their last batch of mail the notice of the meeting of Mary Commandery, containing orders to report at 7 o'clock to-morrow night in the Asylum. Recorder McCune had mailed them just in time and received in return a telegram to be read in the Commandery at its meeting extending the knightly greetings of the Officers and Sir Knights who were representing them at the other side of the Continent. There were few of the pilgrims who had any desire to prolong the night's labors far beyond the midnight hour. It had been a long day, a busy day and a hot day, but withal a most pleasant day and evening.

Thursday, September 8, 1904



ANOTHER hot morning greeted the awakening pilgrims this morning. But there was no disposition to fret on account of the weather. That was only an incident of the trip and taken in as a necessary part of it. As soon as breakfast had been disposed of the entire party was again in motion. This was the last chance for shopping in the Conclave City and its devotees were numerous, although there was a number who had left the bay trips for to-day as well as excursions on the Key route. For a

ten-dollar bill you could secure a special trolley car that would be switched for you over all the lines in town and give a good general idea of San Francisco and its surroundings.

Not all of the ladies had yet secured their Pittsburg souvenir plates and it remained for Billy Matos and Chairman Allen to gather up the unused tickets this morning and carry several pounds of chinaware from the California Hotel to the San Marco. By a lucky meeting with Herman Junker and his fellow-committeeman, Earley, they were enabled to make some addition to the stock for a few of the regulars who had been unable to get with us on this pilgrimage.

Several instances were seen on the street this morning of the extent to which the trade unions abuse their power in this city. In front of a large store at one point and a livery stable at another, a man was marching up and down the sidewalk bearing aloft a huge placard on a pole containing a warning not to patronize the party inside, as he was "unfair." That such things could be done without any interference from the police force seemed strange to us from the East, but attracted little attention here. By the way, the police

force of San Francisco was the most unanimous body on one point we have ever seen. They know nothing whatever. They neither know the location of any buildings nor the direction of streets, and made no secret of their ignorance.

Chinatown was again invaded in force this morning. McIntyre and John Keen had a great time inducing one of Sing Fat's chinks, who had sold them the chair yesterday, to redeem his promise to go up to the hotel and pack the chair for shipment. They had him coralled several times as they thought, but he managed to give them the slip every time. It was only after Mac raised a regular Irish row in the store and invoked the aid of the police that the Chinaman went along with them and performed the promised duty and did it in good shape.

Luncheon as usual found pretty much all hands back at the hotel and they began to show signs of the strenuous time they had had for four days by lingering longer over their midday meal. Before leaving the hotel again it was necessary for all baggage to be packed to give the porters a chance to get it down to the street during the afternoon. This was not as easy a matter as it sounds, because of the additional room that had to be made for souvenirs without end. In the absence of elastic trunks various trials and retrials had to be made until the obstinate packages would take the required shape and close enough to allow the trunk lid to come down close enough for the man to sit upon it until it was locked. Some had already bought additional telescopes and suit cases, and even sent packing cases to the hotel to go with our baggage, so that our departure required one more wagon load than our advent. Of course the Commissary had some boxes of his own to look after, which he was specially interested in seeing carefully loaded. The reasons for this we were to learn later in the day.

The afternoon was again utilized by some of the sightseers who made a trip to the University of California, where the Officers of that institution had been giving continual receptions to the visiting Sir Knights and ladies. Six o'clock was the dinner hour and it found everyone on hand for the farewell meal at the San Marco. Dinner over, there was no disposition to wander forth again, although the hour of departure from the Third street station was not fixed until 11.59 P. M. This was further evidence that the best possible use had been made of our four days' visit. All hands were more than tired, but happy in their experience of the Conclave City and its hospital people. Among the last evidence of good feeling for Mary was a large case of the boxes of raisins from Fresno Commandery sent to the hotel this afternoon for distribution among the ladies. The latter were mostly content to occupy the chairs in the reading room this evening, some few engaged in writing farewell letters from 'Frisco, while the Knights lounged around out of doors trying to keep cool. They finally drifted away in squads for the station until by 10 P. M. the last batch had left on the trolleys.

They soon came together again at the depot of the Southern Pacific, where they had to while away another hour or more. Several other trains were scheduled ahead of our time and they could not back our train in until some of the others got away. Meanwhile we were enjoying a most unearthly smell for that length of time. Where it came from or what caused it none of the railroad people could or would tell us. If we had still been in the Yellowstone we might have supposed that the Mud Volcano had undergone another eruption.

About 10.30 P. M. Commissary McIntyre, who had located our club car and made some inquiries of John, learned that the express wagons after unloading the baggage had gone off with the boxes of which he had been so especially careful. When asked what was in them, Mac answered, salt. You know our supply of salt had run out and we must have plenty of that commodity. There was telephoning in hot haste and as is usual when the phone is badly wanted it was not answered. Mac and John at once boarded a trolley car and went back into town to try and locate the expressman. They reached his office only to find it closed tightly. Going across the street to inquire for his residence, they accidentally stumbled upon the man himself and dragged him away uptown to his stable. There the wagon was found with the nine boxes safely reposing under the high front seat where they had been so carefully stowed away.

Of course a dozen other wagons had to be moved to get that one out and the Commissary and his assistant had to pitch in and help. Then the boss told them to get back to the station on the cars and he would see that the wagon followed. But Mac was taking no more chances and he and John stuck to the wagon and the salt until they were landed at the depot. Once arrived, volunteers were called for and nine stalwart Knights each seized a case of salt and marched like a gang of stevedores into the station. Here they deposited their loads and were forced to mount guard over them as an attempt was made by some of our Reading fraters, whose train was side-tracked opposite us, to secure a couple of cases for ballast, in which their train was deficient. Thus the Commissary worked his passage out of San Francisco, from which he departed in a much happier frame of mind than he had gone uptown in a couple of hours before.

Promptly at one minute before midnight our special pulled out from the station and our too short but happy and instructive stay in the Conclave City had come to an end. All our knights and ladies went away delighted with the reception that had been accorded them by our hosts, the Knights Templar of California, and the citizens of San Francisco generally. Nothing but pleasant memories survived among us of the Twenty-ninth Triennial Conclave of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States. A jovial celebration of the event, as well as the return to the comforts and conveniences of the Commissary car, was kept up in that noisy place until a late or rather early hour.

Friday, September 9, 1904



WE HAD only a fifty-mile run during the night and awoke this morning to find ourselves side-tracked at the city of San José. This stop was not down on our itinerary, but was necessary to reach the Big Trees which had been included as one of the sights of our journey. It was pleasant weather early this morning and a number of the early risers took a walk up into the heart of the city, which looks pretty much as it did twelve years ago.

The few people on deck at the early hour seemed to all belong to the market houses and fruit stores, apparently the only open doors in town, where fruits and vegetables rioted in size and quantity. St. James Park on our way seemed to be a new fixture in the town. A beautiful feature in it was a fine monument to the late President McKinley. The park is adorned with many towering palms and other semi-tropical plants.

As a health resort this city is very much noted, the temperature in Summer rarely going above 90 degrees. Humidity is an unknown quantity and the nights are invariably cool and pleasant. Many residents of San Francisco have their Summer habitation here and journey to and fro to attend to business.

Breakfast had been advanced to 6.30 A. M. to have us ready in time for the Narrow Gauge train that was scheduled to take us up the mountains at 8.15 A. M. All the party were up early, although retiring so late. At this stage of our journey it is surprising with what rapidity they recover from the fatigue of the preceding day. Eighteen hours constitute a day for most of us, while some strove their best to make it twenty. Ervin Hope is the oldest man in the party and the first on deck every day, next to the cooks in the dining car. But he is too old a bird to use up his day at both

ends and retires early. Eiler was one of the second half this morning and took a constitutional alongside the train while waiting for his meal. Hearing words of military command issuing from his lips, we wondered whom he had found to put through a morning drill. Looking out to learn the cause of the commands we found he was drilling a flock of geese that had wandered our way. "Forward, right and left oblique" came the words, and the geese promptly obeyed, giving Cap. a good deal less trouble than some of the men that he had drilled, as he afterward averred. Directly he brought his column to a halt while Keen took a snap shot of him and his new command.



Park, San Jose

At the appointed hour our train was run to the Narrow Gauge depot, where a special train of four cars was boarded for a trip to the Big Tree Grove. We were soon running up the Santa Clara Valley, with its thousands of orchards and vineyards, toward the Santa Cruz mountains. Dark streaks, about a yard wide, on the ground on either side of the train proved to be prunes drying in the sun on wire frames. There were miles upon miles of them and there seemed to be enough prunes to supply the world. The weather got extremely hot before we were long on the road and there was considerable dust also. Several tunnels, in which the locomotive developed a bad breath, also contributed to make the pilgrims uncomfortable before the Big Tree Station was reached.

Going up the mountains through the timber and beside a running mountain stream, with a great deal of romantic scenery to be admired, made the trip a good deal more endurable, although we were glad to escape from the cars as soon as we arrived at 10.30 A. M. Proceeding at once into the grove, the services of a guide were enlisted and the tour of the Big Trees commenced. They are known scientifically as the *Sequoia Sempervirens* and are in massiveness second only to the *Sequoias* of the Sierras in Yosemite Valley. In the hollow trunk of one of the first trees we stopped at Bill Maneely and nineteen lesser pilgrims concealed themselves. On a



Eiler's Morning Drill, San Jose

previous visit to the grove forty of our party had gotten into the same tree. Maneely did not make up all the difference, as more could have gotten in, but did not try. In front of the Giant the camera fiends held up the party while they tried to get a picture of them. Some were successful and some were not. The voluble guide would have been talking to this day if the party would have stood to listen to him. Each of the Big Trees had a history which had been wound up in him and had to come forth from him at a certain gait and to a certain amount before he could be induced to move on.

Some of the trees are certainly remarkable for height and girth, being over three hundred feet in height and upwards of sixty feet in circumference. As to age some of the stumps show by their rings an age of four thousand years. Having been late in our arrival, our time was necessarily cut somewhat short, although we might have made it longer if we had known of a subsequent delay to which we were to be subjected. On our return trip we were held up at Los Gatos Station, a sort of picnic ground to which the people of San José resort. Here an excursion of Foresters, who were celebrating Admission Day, the anniversary of the day upon which California was admitted to the Union, was arriving in several sections, compelling us to wait until all had arrived.



Big Trees, Santa Cruz Mountains

Meanwhile the weather was growing hotter and the mercury in the cars was rapidly nearing the century mark. The enforced wait naturally made it seem still hotter. At last we were able to secure a clear track and began the run down the mountains more rapidly than we had come up. The motion of the train made some breeze and it became more bearable. We did not get back to San José, from which we were to start for Del Monte, until 1.30 P. M. When we had again boarded our own train and John announced that he had plenty of cold lemonade ready for use, there was a unanimous rush for first aid to the heated. That was only one time that the ladies returned heartfelt thanks to John. Neither was

any time lost in tackling the luncheon which was long overdue or in getting the train under way for Del Monte, our next stopping place.

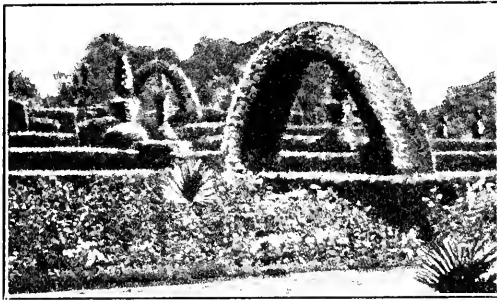
Our way laid mostly through an uninteresting country until 2.30 P. M., when we got near to the coast and struck a most welcome cool wave. In a short time after the ocean came into view and we enjoyed fine breezes, everybody drinking them in as a most welcome change. Still later fogs began to gather along the shore and impeded our view to some extent, but it soon cleared again. It was 4 P. M. before we reached our destination on the siding at Hotel Del Monte. Here we found carriages in waiting to take us on the seventeen-mile drive around the coast. About a dozen had been over the drive before and did not care to go again, but elected to spend the afternoon among the beauties of the hotel grounds. The remainder of the party at once boarded the coaches and left for the drive. They had not gone far before the heavy fogs again rolled in from the ocean and made wraps and overcoats very comfortable. Where these were not at hand the lap blankets came in play. Chris Judd got so drowsy again that he had to be sandwiched between two other men to keep him from falling out of the carriage.

Their route first led through the old town of Monterey, whose old adobe and historic buildings attracted general attention. Although a town of only 2000 inhabitants, it looks most prosperous and they were not surprised to learn that it possesses fine schools, electric lights, a good water system, a bank and a public park, besides an up-to-date trolley line, and is also the site of a large military post. Historically it is credited with being the place where in 1849 a State constitution was framed and with being the first capital of the State. Here were erected the first brick and frame buildings and established the first post office and theatre in California.

After leaving the town the route ran through Pacific Grove, which is quite a well patronized seaside resort. Lake Majella, Moss Beach, the clashing currents at Point Joe, Seal Rocks which a number of seals and seagulls inhabited, and Cypress Point with its crooked and distorted cypress trees or cedars of Lebanon, which some insist on calling them, were all points of interest on the drive. The black rocks, the swirling currents and the masses of dark seaweed floating with the waves made the rock-bound coast very picturesque. It was not quite so picturesque when the leading coach contracted the old complaint known as a hot box and delayed the procession nearly a half hour. After monkeying with it for that length of time its occupants deserted it and distributed themselves among the other coaches. The fog by this time was falling almost like rain and the pilgrims, becoming chilled through, urged the drivers to take the shortest cut for home. At 6 P. M. they struck the grounds of the hotel and were driven partly through them to enjoy some of the magnificently kept lawns and flower beds and

then straight to the train where dinner was awaiting them and warmed them up again.

The party that had remained in the gardens spent a very enjoyable time in and around the hotel. The Del Monte, which is well known to travelers from all over the world, is set in the midst of a tract of one hundred and sixty acres of fine old woodland, principally oaks. Some of the old live oaks, with the hanging moss upon their limbs remind one of the Southern swamp lands. In front of the hotel the gardeners had grown all kinds of flowering plants into Masonic and Templar designs out of compliment to the numerous Commanderies expected to visit them this year. Nearby was the Arizona Garden filled with innumerable species of cactus of all shapes and sizes. Palms of immense size were plentiful, rare trees with scientific names attached and curious foliage abounded, and great beds of hydrangeas with blooms of large size lent variety to the scene. Keen had his kodak with him and took various pictures of the party here.



Del Monte Maze

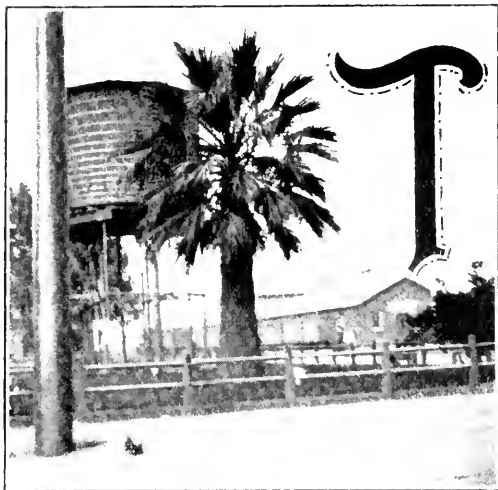
But the greatest attraction was the Del Monte maze, formed of evergreen hedges as walls, rising one above the other until the centre wall loomed surmounted by growing figures like crosses and circles. It is said to be modeled after one of the same kind at Hampton Court in England. Two of Uncle Sam's soldiers were whiling away the afternoon in the gardens. They had mastered the intricacies of the maze and Charley Stump soon became their equal if not superior in that respect. His first attempts to learn the route were frustrated by McIntyre, who followed in his footsteps and either picked up or shifted the pieces of paper with which he endeavored to mark the proper turning corners. With guides who knew their road all the party found their way to the centre court and out again, although it required a walk of nearly a mile to cover the whole grounds. In the centre they found a lady with a baby coach and child, who had vainly tried time after time to find her way out and always came back to the same point. She had been waiting there some time, and gladly welcomed our advent, but stuck very

closely to us all the way out. One of our colored porters had been here early in the Spring. Hearing so much talk about the maze he determined to look in, which he accordingly did about 5 P. M. He remained there until 8 A. M. the next day, when he was missed and a party sent out to search for him. The people on his train spent the night at the hotel and did not miss him.

Going back to the train one of the party spied a century plant in bloom at some little distance across the garden. After enjoying the novelty for some little time, word was taken back to the train about it, to which the coaching party had now returned. It was growing dusk, but nearly all the party walked back to view the sight as one they might never see again. After dinner a large number spent the evening at the hotel and in the club house adjoining, where a number of games of ten pins were bowled both by Knights and ladies. Here Chris Judd was nodding in a chair on the hotel porch and was invited by one of the bell-boys to adjourn to his room, as sleeping on the porch was not allowed.

It was well on to midnight when they broke away from the pleasures of the hotel and left for their train. Here the maze was again the subject of conversation and some of the ladies expressed a desire to explore it. Stump raked out some railroad lanterns and led several parties through with their aid until nearly 1 A. M. Two of the colored staff were with one party and when Petzoldt declared he saw a rattlesnake they stuck very closely to the light all the way out. Finally all the night owls returned to their home and sought the shelter of their berths for some much needed rest. So ended another busy, pleasant and profitable day in California.

Saturday, September 10, 1904



THE weather was foggy and damp this morning. We had expected to leave our berth at Del Monte at 4 A. M. and be well out on the coast line before we woke up. Instead of these arrangements being carried out we had again been hoodooed by our old friends from Williamsport and Scranton. They were still behind us, but had started in on the single track of the branch road before we could get out and had de-

layed us for two hours again. But all things come to those who wait and we finally emerged from our trap at Castroville onto the main line of the Southern Pacific and started down the coast. There were many sound sleepers throughout the train this morning and a disposition was manifested to lie abed until threatened with the loss of breakfast.

It was 8.15 A. M. before the sun broke through the fog and lent a charming radiance to the mountain scenery of the Coast Range, up which we were working with two engines in front of us once more. One side of the train overlooked a pastoral country, full of cattle ranches, fruit orchards and grain farms. Irrigating ditches cut the landscape in every direction and made the country look like a huge checker-board. On the other side of the train was the mountain range with wild and romantic crags rising away above our heads. When you got your fill of either kind of scenery you had only to change to the other side to enjoy an entirely different brand. Prairie dogs were plentiful along the road and ran to the top of their burrows to sit up in their comical fashion and watch the passing of the train.

Near Salinas we saw the great Spreckels sugar factory, one of the largest in the world, where 300,000 tons of sugar beets are

crushed daily in the season. A model town, school and post office adjoin the factory, peopled by the families of the employes.

At 10 A. M. a progressive euchre was started at the dining car tables with forty participants, the committee having issued invitations for the same in the early morning. For an hour and a half the players thoroughly enjoyed their games under the novel conditions. The ladies' prizes were awarded to Mrs. Wells and Miss Robinson, while those for the gentlemen fell to the lot of Ollie Price and John Bowker.

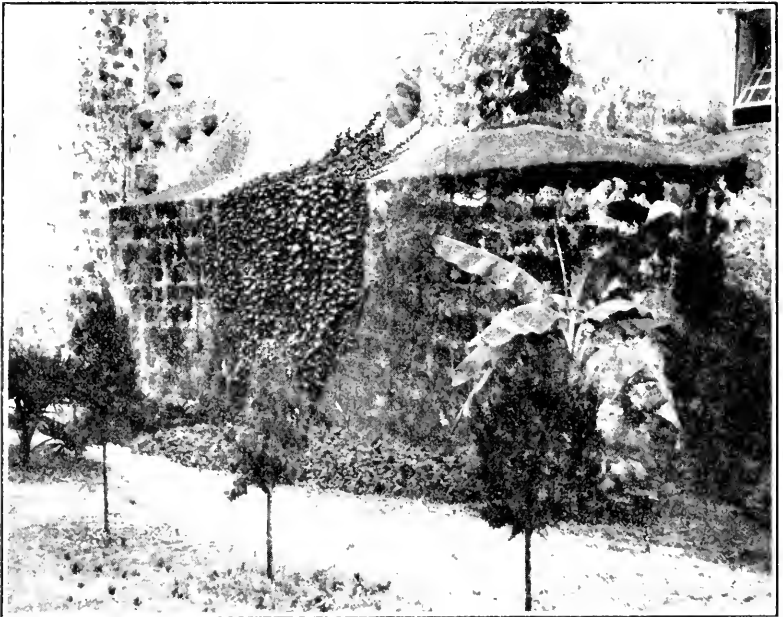
At 11 A. M. we neared the mountain summit and passed through another series of tunnels, seven in all. Here the scenery was very wild, although our elevation was but a thousand feet. The weather had again become dry and much warmer. At San Luis Obispo, where we made a short stop to change engines, we inquired for our old friend, John Williams, formerly of Fresno, but now United States weather observer at the point. He had left the station but a few minutes previously and we missed connecting with him.

We were provided here with a bum engine which broke down before we had gone a mile and we had to await the arrival of another, which meant the loss of another hour. If we had suffered this at the station we might have had a view of the first of the old Spanish Missions, founded in 1772, which is here located. Shortly after getting started again we ran past hundreds of acres of sugar beets. At 1.30 P. M. a strong and welcome breeze from the ocean again struck us and at 2.15 P. M. we emerged from a defile alongside the Pacific Ocean. From this point the scenery was very fine and ever changing. We spent a remarkably pleasant afternoon and at 5 P. M. ran into Santa Barbara just four hours late. As 5 P. M. is the hour at which everybody strikes work down here, we had much trouble to get special trolleys for a trip to the Old Mission. Some of the party got impatient, as the hour was getting late, and took what accommodations could be had on the regular cars, while others were fortunate enough to capture a couple of carriages.

All managed to get to the Mission at one time, the specials turning up later on. This mission is younger than that of San Luis Obispo, having been built in 1786, but being still in perfect repair. These missions were built at the instance of the old Spanish monks, who came up the coast from Mexico and formed a chain from Monterey down to San Diego. They were located about a day's journey apart by horse or muleback and furnished a resting place for each night for the traveling brother. Our party was escorted through the building by some of the monks who are its sole inhabitants and then to the garden in the rear where Jake Haines profaned the sanctity of the place by working his camera. This did not catch the skull of one of the departed brethren which is imbedded in the wall above the back door, for what purpose is unknown.

After being shown through the building and taking a tramp up a stone stairway as narrow as the proverbial entrance to Heaven.

to the bellry, they were invited to one of the monk's cells where rosaries were for sale made of Job's tears, a berry that is grown upon the grounds. Nearly everyone secured one or more, and being asked if they wanted the purchases blessed, asked how long it would take, as our time was limited. His answer of "some minutes" seemed to render the party uncertain as to whether they could wait or not. A more enterprising monk broke in and said he could bless them in a hump in a few short seconds. Trade immediately became more brisk and after sales seemed to be at an end the blessing was quickly performed, or we supposed it was. Being all in Latin, it might have been the other way for all we knew.



Convent Garden, Santa Barbara

On our return trip many of the party switched off to the beach for a bath. They found the hour too late for a plunge in the surf, but took much comfort in the finely appointed enclosed bathhouse, which was soon ringing with shouts of laughter at the antics of the swimmers. Eiler, Kessler, Heist, Miller, Wells, Brehm, Stewart and a dozen others gave exhibitions of their skill in the water and coming down the steep sliding trough at the rate of a mile a second. Charles Stump was one of the most active swimmers and nothing gave him more satisfaction than to come down the slide on his back with a Santa Barbara urchin sitting on top of him. Bowker backed water after going to the top of the slide and looking down, until the jeers of everybody present drove him up again.

Those who attended the baths had a serious time in getting their dinners. Some who knew the appointed hour took dinner at the restaurants in town, while others who went back to the train to take chances had to go into town again for dinner or go hungry. This was quite a risky undertaking as the cars only ran at long intervals after dark. However, all were finally supplied and none missed the train. At 11 P. M. our special was again under way for Los Angeles, where we were to spend two days without much chance for idle time. All appreciated this fact and little time was lost after the train started before retiring for the night.



Hot Lunch

Sunday, September 11, 1904



DAYLIGHT found Mary's special side-tracked in the Southern Pacific Station at Los Angeles, where it had been dropped at 4 A. M. Early rising was one feature of the day and the pilgrims were soon outside enjoying the balmy air of a beautiful Sunday morning. Before breakfast there was hot haste to find open barber shops in which to sacrifice the hirsute adornments that had been accumulating on some of the

faces since leaving San Francisco. The union shops appeared to be the latest to get down to business and the so-called scabs consequently secured the early trade. Breakfast was to be served at an earlier hour on account of the trip we had scheduled to Santa Catalina Island. This required a seventeen-mile railroad ride to San Pedro before the twenty-one miles by steamer could be taken out on the Pacific Ocean.

There had been considerable discussion previous to this morning as to whether the trip would be likely to cause sea-sickness and there was some disposition manifested to cut it out on that account. It was impossible to get the exact number of tickets required until almost time for the train to start. The beautiful morning and the little breeze that was blowing finally carried the day for the majority and there was but a round dozen that declined. At 9.10 A. M. the ocean voyagers boarded the train for San Pedro. In laying out our trip we had not counted upon this being a Sunday and consequently a holy day. Neither did we make any calculation on the holy day crowd that we found on the train, which was not only crowded to the doors, but beyond the doors down to the bottom steps. The train ran very slowly and made numerous stops, as it appeared to us only to allow the train hands sufficient time to collect

the tickets. Upon arriving at the wharf at San Pedro the train was unloaded and it appeared to the unsophisticated as if the jam of people surrounding the gang-plank of the steamer Cabrillo, for which we were booked, was larger than the capacity of the steamer warranted.

Much time was occupied in getting the crowd aboard, during which the crowd outside amused themselves by throwing nickels and dimes overboard to be dived for by a number of sunburned urchins who were disporting themselves in the water for that purpose. It was wonderful with what facility they recovered the coins thrown into the water, some of them actually reaching the money before it struck the bottom. One or two of the most active had their mouths so full of nickels that they could not shout or talk. It remained for the less wealthy ones to let out the constant "throw us a nickel, mister," to keep the fun going. Some of the party had a few pennies in their pockets and threw them over. The winners of these prizes came to the surface with the coins in their hands and indignantly threw them back at the crowd, pennies not being current in California except at the Post Office. The water was so clear that the urchins could be watched clear to the bottom as they struck out for the spoils.

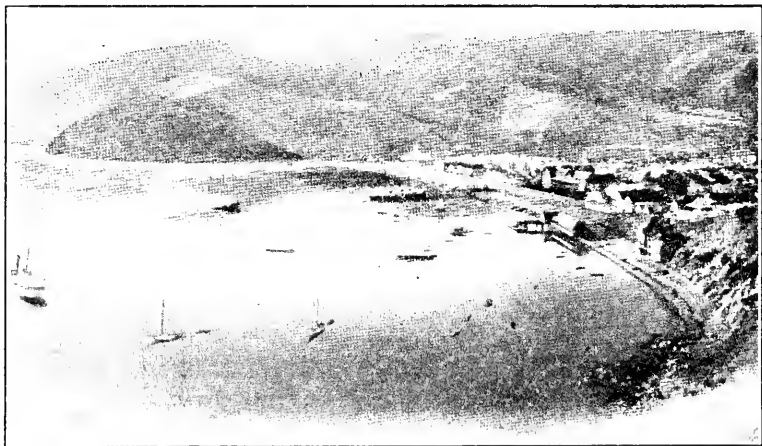
The Cabrillo, however, was like the crowded trolley car, always having room for a few more, and when the crowd had gotten on board they all found accommodations either on the upper or lower decks. At first there was a scarcity of chairs, but the steamer had hundreds stowed away in the hold which were hoisted out by the bougey head porter until all were supplied. Instead of a rough sea which some of the pilgrims had feared to encounter after getting beyond the breakwater, the ocean was as smooth as the proverbial mill pond. The air also was warm and fans were needed rather than extra wraps. A number of the pilgrims invaded the bridge, right under the captain's eye, and were allowed to remain there unmolested. The bulk of them secured chairs on the shady side of the lower deck where the sun never touched them during the whole trip. Here they put in the time by singing all the old familiar hymn tunes they could recall, while many of the other passengers joined in.

As the steamer ran out through the shallow water it appeared of a pale green color and many of the party remarked that they had always heard that the Pacific was blue. In a very short time they had occasion to laugh at their first impression as the water, when we got a little distance off shore, was a most heavenly blue, and so continued all the way over to the island. The pier at Avalon, which is the only spot on the island where a port could be built, was reached at 12.15 P. M., and the crowd got ashore much more quickly than it had been embarked. Two score men and boys, scantily clad, were here repeating the same scene of diving for coins on the outside of the steamer and alongside the pier. The bottom of the bay was plainly

visible with immense schools of young fish darting along through the clear water.

A special steamer had been secured for our return at 2 P. M., and the word was passed for all who desired to return at that hour to be on hand promptly. Consequently no time was lost by the majority in taking in the principal sights to be seen. There were some, however, who decided that the first duty was to look after the wants of the inner man and hunt up luncheon, in which matter they reckoned without their host. The crowd was so great that lunches were very slowly served and quite a few of them were obliged to remain over until the *Cabrillo* made her return trip at 6 P. M.

The first rush was of course for the glass-bottomed boats, from which to view the Marine Gardens at the bottom of the sea just outside the bay. These boats have a well built up in the centre some two



Avalon, Catalina Island

feet high with a plate glass set in at the bottom. Around the well a dozen to fifteen passengers can find room to sit comfortably and look down through the bottom at the wonders to be observed. These are beyond our ability to describe adequately. Sea weeds and marine plants of many colors, some of which were of immense size, covered the bottom in places with a dense growth. Others grew singly and allowed of sandy patches between, which were full of shells of all kinds, fish of many colors, lobsters, and we even saw a devil-fish, or octopus, lying in wait for his prey at one spot. There was an immense number of gold fish of all sizes, which the boatmen said were not good to eat, as they lived off the vegetation at the bottom and their meat tasted of it. It is as well that this is so, because they darted about in such numbers, and their bright color set off the weeds very much. There were silver fish also, and an electric fish which

seemed to be studded with points which looked like an electric spark.

Lew Matlack was one of those who had gone without luncheon and was chewing tobacco vigorously to fill out the time and the vacuum. Being totally carried away by the beauty of the scene upon which he was gazing, and forgetting altogether that he was looking through glass, he let go his mouthful, as he thought into the water, but it fetched up on the glass in a beautiful splotch. Everybody was dumbfounded for a moment, of merrime t and then let go a volley that woke Lew up. He nearly broke his back and used up all the handkerchiefs he owned or could borrow to get the glass clean, while the crowd encouraged him with all kinds of advice and suggestions how to do it. One of the ladies on board becoming seasick from gazing too steadily downward and the motion of the boat, Lew was unanimously chosen to hold her head as a reward for the entertainment he had added to the boat ride.

The boat was not kept stationary after being pulled out to deep water by a steam launch, but was rowed around over water from twenty to one hundred feet in depth. In the deeper water many schools of food-fish could also be seen, some of them very large in number. Some of the plants even in deep water looked as though you could reach down and grasp them in your hands. They did not lie down on the bottom, but stood up like trees and were said to be supported by air sacks growing upon them. Many of them contained great clusters of flowers that certainly looked very much out of place under water, as the plants waved to and fro with the motion of the water. Hours could be consumed in gazing upon the wonders of the submarine gardens without the sight becoming at all tiresome.

On shore the beach was a Coney Island on a small scale. All kinds of souvenirs were on sale at the houses or shanties, from postal cards up. Parties who had been out fishing were being photographed with rods in their hands and the ocean for a background, with their spoils hung up on a butcher's rack between them. Weighing machines and all the other devices for catching stray nickels or dimes abounded. Barkers for the different boats made themselves hoarse with their stentorian efforts to catch business, as did some of the same tribe for the lunch stands and restaurants. Some who essayed to get lunch after seeing the sights had to leave most of it untasted and run for the boat when the whistle sounded, so long was the lunch ordered in being served. But the proprietors always halted them long enough to collect the four or six bits contracted for in advance.

Allen Commandery, of Allentown, was in Los Angeles and came on the same excursion with us to the island. The steamship company had asked us to allow any of their number who wished to return at 2 P. M. to come with us, which request was, of course, cheerfully granted. The Falcon, a much smaller steamer than the Cabrillo, had been detailed for this service, and her whistle was blown promptly at the appointed hour, all hurrying on board who could make the pier. Many others desired to go up at the same time,

but the courtesy could be extended only to the members of the two Commanderies or the boat would have exceeded the limit of passengers that it was entitled to carry. As it was, we made a nice, genial party of 125 Knights and ladies, who enjoyed the return trip immensely. There was oceans of room, cords of geniality, and the wind was ahead, making quite a pleasant breeze and a little more sea, to which the Falcon rocked a little, being so much smaller than the other steamer.

Flying fish in great numbers were to be seen on the way back, rising sometimes in a large school as they were pursued by their enemies of a larger growth. They often made quite a flight and glistened in the sun as though they had been polished. A large steamer passed us, bound up the coast, flying Old Glory, the sight of which, rippling and waving in the fresh breezes, created unbounded enthusiasm on board, and called for many patriotic expressions. We were out of sight of land for more than an hour, during which time we came near having an episode that might have been fatal to the good spirits of the company. An incautious cry of "Fire!" seriously alarmed those who heard it as they saw smoke issuing in quantities from behind a closed door. The steamer hands were prompt in their duty and found upon investigation that a large box of matches in the store room had exploded or gone off of its own accord and set the room on fire. It was well that the fire was promptly discovered and as promptly quenched.

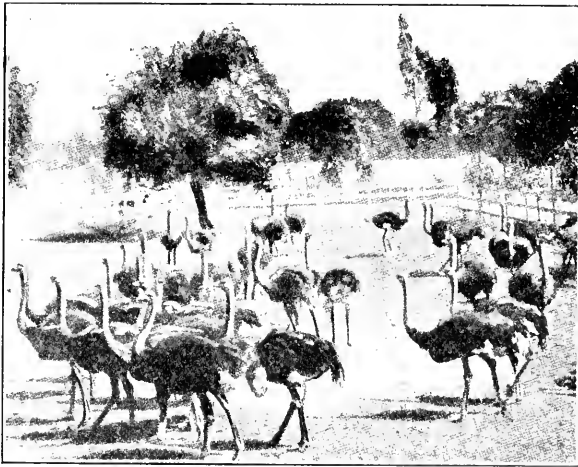
About 4 P. M. the mountains on shore loomed up like shadows, and were gladly welcomed as harbingers of the distant land to which we were bound. At 5 P. M. we had once more reached the steamship dock and landed to take our train back. The train was in waiting all right, but the engine to draw was non est. It had been scheduled for just the hour at which we landed, and was awaiting, as the locomotive was not, neither were the cars doors unlocked. After much racing around and questioning of railroad employes, who as usual knew nothing, one was found who could phone authoritatively, who promised an engine in a few minutes, and who admitted us to the cars. The few minutes grew into quite a number, and meanwhile the male contingent amused themselves, and the ladies looking on, by playing duck on davy and baseball, with oranges for balls. The latter did not survive many hits, and when they gave way it was sure to be as some one caught them in their hands, which fact furnished much amusement to all the other fellows.

Finally the promised engine arrived and made first-class time back to the station at Los Angeles without any aggravating stops. We connected with that point at 6 P. M., just in time to demolish a much longed for dinner in conjunction with the stay-at-homes who had arrived in advance of us.

That dozen who had remained behind this morning had taken the trolley cars first to South Pasadena, where they had stopped at the Ostrich Farm and viewed all its attractions over. Big birds, little birds, alive and stuffed, eggs, feathers and all the concomitants

that go to make up ostrich breeding and ostrich products, were carefully inspected. From thence they took the cars again for Pasadena proper. Looking around for carriages, from which to view the beautiful residences of the town, they struck a tally-ho owner who, for a consideration, took the entire party around on a ride which repaid them richly in the beauty and variety of residence and lovely gardens that they saw. They had previously endeavored to find some luncheon, but the restaurants would not supply any one until the luncheon hour of twelve. Charley MacNamee tried to hypnotize a red-headed waiter girl into serving the party, but without any success.

After their ride they finally secured their meal and then paid a visit to the Masonic Temple, where a delegation of ladies were in waiting to extend the courtesies of the city to all Templar visitors.



Ostriches, South Pasadena

They were performing that duty to perfection, and made things very pleasant to their callers. Upon the return of the pilgrims to Los Angeles they also called at the Masonic Temple of that city, where they found a large amount of mail, which they brought to the cars and distributed, and which made a very welcome addition to the pleasures of the day. The Knights of Los Angeles Commandery were also making all visitors welcome, as well as furnishing them with free tickets for excursions when called for.

This evening the Southern Pacific tried to outdo itself by shifting our train down into the yards in the centre of half a dozen more. With running trains on the open tracks and shifting engines dodging in and out, it looked very much as if some of us might realize upon our accident insurance policies before the night was over, but we all came safely through by exercising great care. Some of the pilgrims

who felt piously inclined to-night, found their way to church, and happened to drift into the one of which Bob Burdette is pastor. Whether their identity was known to the dominie is uncertain, but they were very much astonished to hear a sermon upon "Corrupt Philadelphia," in which he described our home city as the blackest spot on earth, politically and morally. Whether he actually believed what he said, or was only working off one of his old so-called humorous lectures could only be guessed at.

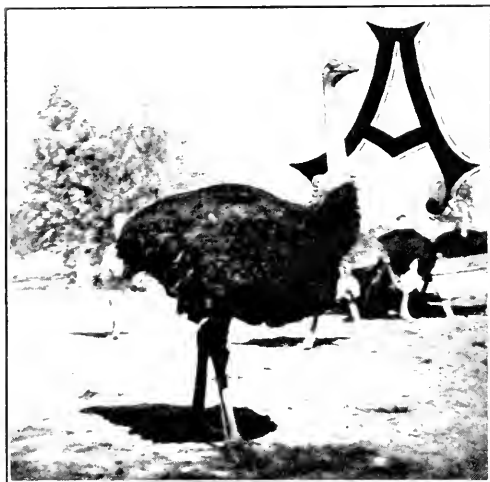
The party that was left at Avalon to-day spent a very pleasant afternoon, taking plenty of time for their observations, going out as far as the Seal Rocks and exploring the shores of the island on which



A Catalina View

they found pleasant gardens of palms and other tropical plants. Surf bathing also fell to their lot. They claimed the night ride on the steamer to be much more pleasant than that by day, and thought they were well rewarded for their enforced stay. They arrived at San Pedro about 9 P. M., but owing to some sort of a wreck on the railroad, they were delayed in getting started for home until 11 P. M. It was midnight when Los Angeles was finally reached, and they had a tiresome hunt for the displaced train. Hotels and restaurants in the neighborhood of the station were eagerly sought by the belated tourists and raided for what they could supply. They had eaten nothing since noon, and the light lunches they were able to secure tasted better than any ordinary banquet.

Monday, September 12, 1904

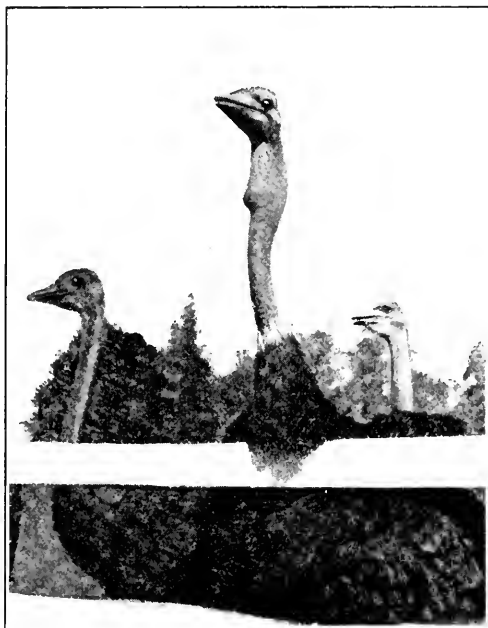


ANOTHER bright and clear morning greeted us upon awakening from sound slumbers, but it bid fair to warm us up again before the day got very old. As the day was to be a go-as-you-please affair, and to be devoted entirely to individual sight-seeing, there was little concern about the weather. The morning meal was quickly disposed of and as quickly the pilgrims dispersed in squads according to their own inclinations. An early morning run was taken

up to the Masonic Temple, where another bunch of mail was received. Los Angeles Commandery was also giving out badges, on which were hung a wooden mission bell, finely printed souvenir books of the city, as well as cooling and refreshing drinks, in addition to the free transportation tickets to near-by points.

Most of yesterday's steamer party went to Pasadena to-day, stopping off at South Pasadena to see the Cawson Ostrich Farm. There, after examining the stock in the store of plumes, eggs and stuffed birds, and purchasing some as souvenirs of the visit, they entered the farm proper. The entrance is surrounded by palm trees, cactus gardens, roses in abundance, and well laid out walks, the whole combination making a beautiful garden. The tour of the farm itself was most interesting. There are about 250 of the dilapidated looking birds in the different corrals, and they seemed glad to have visitors call upon them, as they rushed to the fences and grinned pleasantly at their callers. It was necessary for the guides to warn the visitors all the time not to get too close, as the big fellows make a practice of grabbing at anything that glistens in the sun, and would as soon swallow a diamond stud or gold badge as a bite of apple or orange.

One of the guides supplied the party with oranges, and the way a whole orange would slide down that long neck excited the admiration of all. They could be watched going down the whole length until they finally disappeared. "Such a neck for cocktails or high balls!" was the general exclamation of envy from the male visitors. Anything is legitimate diet for an ostrich, from pebbles to lighted pipes, pieces of glass, jewelry or tennis balls and one is solemnly accused of having swallowed a gimlet. When once mated the pairs of birds remain true to one another, evidently not believing in divorce laws. They take turns in sitting on their eggs, the one in the day time and the mate at night. Maneely bought an egg with



Swallowing an Orange

the declared intention of having it hatched at home. When he found that the tour of duty of the male bird came on at night he gave up the idea at once. He was persuaded by his wife not to buy one of the stuffed ostriches, but shortly made an excuse to return to the store and rejoined his party with a huge package containing the ostrich, which he intended taking home for another souvenir.

Continuing their journey, they struck Pasadena after another short ride. Although more of a winter than a summer resort, the city looked beautiful this bright day, and while the sun was warm the air was very pleasant. Immense palms and flowers innumerable surrounded the beautiful residences and fine hotels which embel-

lished the city. When we understand that this is not the flower season proper, we can only wonder what the gardens look like when the season for their fulness is at hand. Everybody was made welcome at the Temple by the Knights of Pasadena Commandery and



Palm Avenue, Los Angeles

their ladies. Some of the party made the trip up Mt. Lowe by the electric railway, and were not anxious to repeat the experience, as there are many points that look dangerous, if they are not actually so.

After luncheon, others made a trip to another Old Mission, the San Miguel, which is several miles outside of the town. This mis-

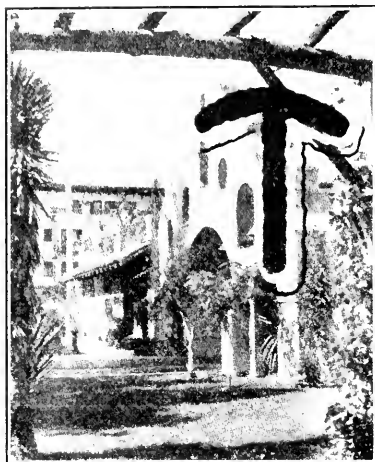
sion was founded in 1797, and is considered by many as the most interesting of its kind in California. It remains to-day as it was built, retaining the original decorations and valuable altar, all of which were the work of the Indians, who worshipped here. Not far from the mission some of the party saw what was said to be the oldest grapevine in the state, its age being estimated as one hundred and fifty years. Its trunk was like that of a tree, nearly a foot in diameter. Although it is one of the features of the place that visitors are expected to see, it is located in a beer garden, where the only other attraction was a nickel in the slot machine, which soon absorbed all the loose change possessed by the pilgrims present.

After the return to Los Angeles, the balance of the day was spent in carriage rides about the residential portion of the city and shopping in the business district. The southwestern portion of the city has the finest residences, gardens, drives and walks that it has been our pleasure to see on this pilgrimage. Chester Place looks like a collection of millionaire's palaces, and other parks and terraces are nearly equal to it in beauty and elegance. While many of the streets and avenues are private, all are open to the public. There was a private avenue a block long, lined on either side with palms of a great height. The only hindrance to the free use of this was a sign at either end calling for horses to be walked through over the cement pavement. Some of the avenues were lighted with groups of electric lights that might have formed good decorations for a ball room, and the plants were handsome enough to fill hothouses in the East.

The stores also proved a great attraction to the ladies, who always returned to the train loaded up with souvenirs. A number also took the train this afternoon for Long Beach, a seaside resort, where they had fine surf bathing and a good time generally. Our train was not scheduled to leave Los Angeles until after midnight, but notice was given that any one not on board by 10 P. M. would be obliged to meet the train at the Santa Fé depot, to which it would be shifted about that hour. In the meantime the Southern Pacific backed us again into the station and tried to choke all hands by letting the Pintsch gas, which is used on Pullman trains, escape while recharging the tanks of the cars. It was of no use to protest or ask for the removal of the train into fresh air, as the lordly stationmaster wished no instructions in regard to his business. We could only hope that he would be put in the Pintsch gas reservoir at some day in the great future.

Rather than risk missing connection with the train, nearly everybody reported on time and rode to the Santa Fé on our special. In the club car the weary pilgrims spent the remainder of the time until the train pulled at 12.30 A. M. for Riverside, our next stop. By 1 A. M. John had succeeded in clearing the last of the night owls from his domain, and found some rest for himself. This was another of the strenuous days of the pilgrimage, and the labors thereof assured a sound night's sleep.

Tuesday September 13, 1904



THE train arrived at Riverside at 4 A. M., and we awoke to find it anchored beside a large irrigating ditch, the same location which we occupied twelve years ago. A short distance in front of the train was the main street of the city, along which trolley tracks were now laid and cars running. Little time was lost in securing breakfast, as carriages had been ordered for a drive at 9 A. M., and the pilgrims were looking forward to a delightful ride through the thousands of orange groves at this place. Some of those who got through their morning meal early took a walk down town as

far as the New Glenwood, Riverside's Mission Hotel. This hostelry, now one of the attractions to Western tourists, had in its architectural design all the main features of the old missions of Southern California. With the grounds it occupies an entire block. Its exterior and interior excite the attention of the visitor and make him feel like remaining for a time. The inner court, with its mission garden, the mission arches, the tiled roofs, the clinging vines on the outside, together with the timbered ceilings and quaint windows of the inside, make a picture long to be remembered. The tiles which cover the roof of the cottage in the courtyard, had been taken from one of the old ruined mission buildings and were a century and a-half old and looked fair for another century or two at least.

Going inside we found a number of Sir Knights from Washington and Baltimore, who were just getting breakfast. They had been also booked for the Riverside drive, but had been delayed on the road until they were obliged to give it up, and just run up and down the trolley road before they started again on their way. Among them we were glad to shake hands with Frank Thomas and his wife, and Bennett Allen, of our Columbia Commandery friends. McCoy appeared to know pretty much everybody in the party, as he was for some years ticket agent at Washington, D. C.

Close by the hotel on the same avenue was a new Carnegie Library building, also looking more like an ancient mission than the

missions themselves, although much wanting in the appearance of age.

Breakfast being in an advanced state at an early hour, and the agent of the livery stable being at hand, the hour for the ride was changed to 8.45 A. M., at which time the carriages were at hand and were immediately comfortably filled. Some of the teams were at first driven through the courtyard of the new Glenwood to give the occupants an idea of the special features of the building from the outside. Then the route was taken up through some of the business streets and residence section of the town before starting on the drive proper through the orange grove. Then mile after mile of the latter was traversed, most of which were in a new section of country



Carnegie's Library

from what we had seen on our former visit to Riverside. Thousands and tens of thousands of orange and lemon trees could be seen in terraced rows, like soldiers on parade, on every side. Right up the slopes of the hills the orchards extended wherever water could be induced to run to assist in their culture. On our former visit here the orange groves all seemed to be on the level, but now that is all changed. The remarkable system of irrigation is as much a curiosity as the trees themselves. Through fifty miles of main canals and five hundred miles of lateral systems the water is distributed to the groves; 80,000,000 gallons of it are required for the daily supply. In some places on the slopes of the hills it seemed as though the water was running up.

Many fine residences, surrounded by magnificent flowers and plants of all kinds, were located among the groves, and it is a pleasure to the proprietors to have visitors drive through the finely kept grounds and enjoy with them the beauties of their places. Unfortunately for the pilgrims it was not the orange season, but many of the trees still bore their burden of fruit, to give them an idea of how the trees can be laden. The lemon trees also contained plenty of the specimens of that fruit, which is more or less in season at all times. Pomegranate trees were common among the plants surrounding the residences, while the choicest palms, century plants and all semi-tropical growths abounded. Six of the century plants, in full



Orange Grove, Riverside

bloom, with stalks from ten to fifteen feet in height, were counted in the course of our drive this morning. Our trip through the new groves extended over a period of over two hours. We were then driven on to a grand boulevard, now in course of construction, and partly finished. It is a magnificent thoroughfare, lined on both sides with hundreds of gracefully drooping pepper trees, all of which were beautiful this morning, with thousands of bunches of their red berries. Down the centre were laid out flower beds of the width of an ordinary street, with stately palms lining each side at close intervals and flowers of all kinds sandwiched between.

When we look out upon our bare gardens and snow-covered streets this winter, we will wonder if such things can be in the same

country, although we can see now in the distance the San Jacinto Mountains, with their peaks showing many patches of snow. We did not need its presence any closer, as the morning has been as fair and the air as pleasant as any one could wish for. The drive, in fact, was perfect in every way. There is no dust on any of the roads, because they are soaked with crude oil two or three times each year. This treatment does away with all need of sprinkling, and the combination of oil and dust makes the road almost like asphalt, but more yielding.

Leaving the boulevard, we turned off and visited the Sherman Institute, an Indian Training School on the plan of that at Carlisle.

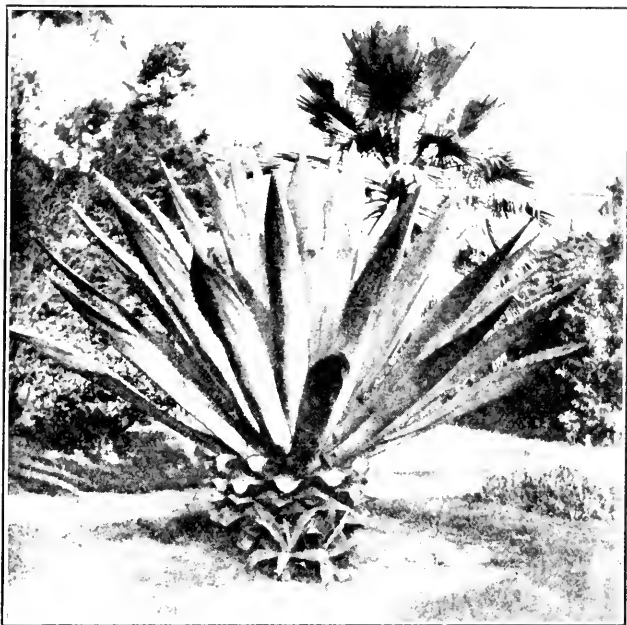


Riverside Coach

It is surrounded by spacious grounds and many fields under cultivation, in which the Indian boys were at work. Many of the young redskins were passing to and fro who looked contented and happy at the prospect of becoming good citizens at some future date. Further on we ran across a Riverside Chinatown, a rough-looking settlement of frame shanties, with laundry signs on a good many of them. Driving back through the city proper we passed White Park, in a pavilion of which a brass band was playing. The park itself contains a garden of cacti, which is said to contain a specimen of every known species of cactus in the world. Another stop was made on

the return trip at the Glenwood, when the party alighted and had a good view of the interior of the hotel. Most of them stocked themselves up with packages of Glenwood postal cards, showing the outside and inside views of the house. Stump and Widdeman had secured an independent rig for the ride in the shape of a small runabout, with which they took in all the sights with as much enjoyment as those who had other persons to drive them. They kept up with the procession all the morning.

There was little time to spare when the coaches returned to the train. Everybody was ordered aboard and the train left on time, at 12 M. At 12.20 P. M. a stop was made at San Bernardino. Across the valley from the station is Arrowhead Mountain, which shows



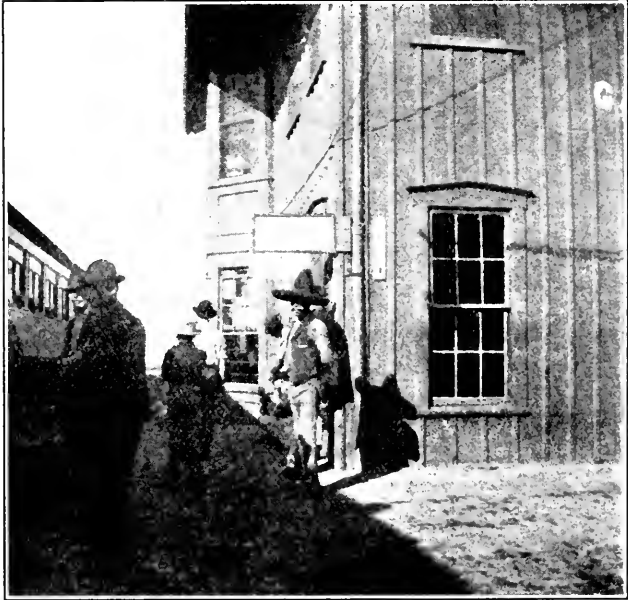
Century Plant, Riverside

near its base a large fissure like the head of an arrow. This sign was the cause of a Mormon settlement here years ago. Traveling south from Utah in search of new lands to settle, the bishop accompanying the train of travelers took this a sign that they should remain here and start anew, because the arrow pointed to the ground.

At the station, where are located large railroad shops, we came across numbers of Philadelphia machinists who were working in these shops. Three hundred and twenty-five of them had emigrated from the Baldwin shops, the Pencoyd Iron Works and the Southwark Foundry. They were very glad to meet with some one who could talk old Philly to them. Some of them had brought their fami-

lies out, but most of them would have sooner been back in Philadelphia but for the good wages they were earning here.

At 1 P. M. we were again off on our road with two engines to assist us in climbing another mountain range. The principal objects of view after leaving San Bernardino were the different species of desert vegetation. Prickly pears, greasewood and sagebrush flourished in all their glory, but did not look inviting enough for any one to wish for samples. Up in the mountains clouds had gathered in ominous blackness, and the thunder was rolling and reverberating around the hills and through the gorges at an alarming rate, and directly the rain came down on our train in torrents. At 2.15 P. M.



Mexican Sombrero

we ran into a heavy hail storm at an elevation of 7,000 feet, and, as the engineer could not see the track ahead of him, the train was halted until the hail was over. It sounded on the cartops as though we were being bombarded with Gatling guns.

We reached Victoria at 3 P. M. and stopped to take on water and oil, having oil-burning engines again towing us. All the motive power on this section of road being of that type.

At 3.30 P. M. another progressive euchre was given in the dining car by Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Bowker, at which the ladies' prizes were awarded to Mrs. Charles Reese and Miss Milligan, and the gentlemen's to Charles Reese and Charles Bair.

Gold is found in paying quantities in the hills and mountains around here, and we passed a large smelting works just before reaching Barstow at 3.55 P. M. In the few minutes that we stopped at that station, we were called to by a lady to view some underground lodgings, which she said was the only place cool enough for the railroad men to get any comfortable sleep in this climate. They were dug into the sandy soil about six feet and ran up about four feet above ground, the outside being banked up with more sand. Inside they were as neat and tidy bed-rooms as you would wish to see, looking white and cool enough to invite a nap at once. We had but a few minutes to take it in, but we certainly enjoyed the novel sight.



Navajo Belle

Since the hail storm we had been running through cool and pleasant airs, which continued all the afternoon. At one time for more than an hour the train ran in the shadow of a large cloud, which seemed to hover over us right along, while the sun shone brightly all around the shadowy spot. So the crossing of the desert had given us but little discomfort. Many beds of lava were passed this afternoon, and a number of extinct volcanoes reared their empty craters in the hills beyond. At 5.30 P. M. we stopped at Ludlow, a water station in the midst of the desert. At some points this afternoon we had been below the sea level, but no water is to be found

here except at the water stations, to which it is hauled in especially constructed cars. The only traces of vegetation were again the cactus, sagebrush and greasewood bushes.

The Santa Fé conductor for this division, while hobnobbing with the boys in the smoker, was questioned as to what could be raised in this section of country. His answer was: "You can't raise anything around here but hell; you do not even have to raise an umbrella."

At 9.15 P. M. we reached the Needles, the last station in California. It lies on the Colorado River, which is here the dividing line between California and Arizona. The town takes its name from two tall pillars of rock, just off the river bank between which the railroad runs before crossing the river on an iron bridge. The station was to-night bright with lights, and alive with people. Most of those outside were Mojave Indians, who were anxious to sell strings and ornaments of beads, clay pipes and other pottery of their own manufacture. The pilgrims were off the train at once and mingling generally with the dirty-looking Mojaves for barter like their Quaker ancestor. Two bits was the minimum figure at which most of the wares were quoted, ranging upward to one dollar. Indeed their vocabulary seemed confined to two, four and six bits and one dollar. Doc. Shriner, who is one of the most indefatigable seekers after information upon our train, asked one of the squaws as to what tribe she belonged, and received the regulation answer, "Two bits." We were informed by one of the white men near by that most of the Indian men, who stood around in stolid indifference, while the squaws made sales, were employed by the railroad company, and could talk English by the yard if necessary. But when a trainload of tourists were to be taken in and done for, their language was very limited.

Shriner had been loaded with statistics at every station on the roads over which we have passed, and if he has not forgotten them knows all the distances, elevations, temperatures and populations of the entire route. When he could not think of anything else to ask a man he would inquire what his wife's maiden name was and of what his mother-in-law died.

At one end of the station platform was a squaw with a papoose tightly wrapped in endless covering, face and all, until it was a mystery how it could breathe. A buck who stood behind and was evidently her lord and master, was asked whether she would not show its face. He replied she would for ten cents. The cash was at once produced, but the grey mare proved the better horse, and the squaw absolutely refused to comply unless the ante was raised to "two bits."

Another squaw had a papoose nearer the station doorway, whose little eyes were bright as black beads, but who was evidently afraid of the curious white strangers crowding around to see him. A strong effort was made to buy the copper-colored infant, and bids were successively offered all the way from two bits to two dollars

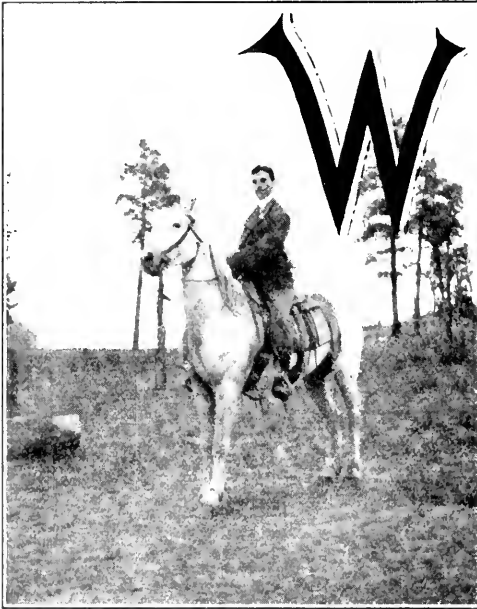
for him, but each one was received with a negative shake of the head and a tighter grip on the infant redskin. Mancely said he would buy it if it was stuffed, but did not want to take home any live stock. Many of the party had loaded up with live stock in California in the shape of fleas, especially in San Francisco, where bitter complaints were made of the ravages of that insect. But it is expressed by the native Franciscans that a flea belonging in that city will never leave the place, so much does he love his native place. This is probably true, as there were fewer inquiries after leaving that point as to "how your bites were getting along."

The usual stock of trinkets was purchased at the Needles to be added to the large amount already stored upon the train. Whenever a stop at any station is made there is always a grand rush to get off if only for a minute or two, as it serves to break the monotony of railroad riding, and you stand some chance of adding to your stock of information.

We were off again at 10 P. M. with every prospect of a warm night. Our engineer had orders to run slowly beyond the Needles, as there had been heavy showers reported ahead of us that might have caused washouts on the track. There were jolly parties on the train to-night, and it was again late before the last one retired for the night.



Wednesday, September 14, 1904



WHILE we looked for warm weather during the night, we woke up this morning with the Pullman blankets pulled up snugly around us. What had caused the change we did not know, neither were we aware of the time, but merely obeyed the natural instinct which makes you draw up the covers in your sleep when the cool air strikes you. It was still quite cool and pleasant at an early hour this morning, but we were sorry to learn that we were five hours behind time. There had been heavy rains for three weeks preceding, and numerous washouts

had taken place, so that heavy trains like ours were compelled to run slowly. In addition to this necessity there had been a strike on the road, which made good engineers and firemen scarce. This, by the way, reminds us that one of the parading union men in San Francisco gaily bore his sign around among the visiting knights with the legend thereon: "Do not patronize the Santa Fé Railroad, as it is unfair."

We gained one of the hours in time last night that we lost on our way to the West, which made an unexpectedly early rush to breakfast. Some of the second half were still at that meal when we arrived at Williams at 9 A. M. instead of 4.30 A. M., when we were scheduled to be here. There had been some wild yarns told us on the way here of the tough citizens of Williams, who would walk through the train and pick up grips or suit cases at their pleasure and decamp with them. Some of the ladies had been needlessly very much alarmed thereby, as we found about the same class of people around the station as at other points.

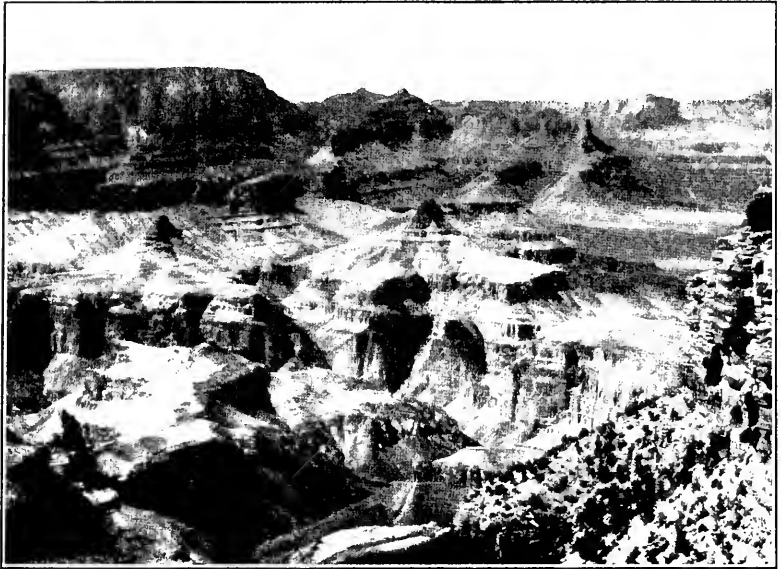
Here we were to branch off for the Grand Canon of Arizona, a sight of which we had been anticipating with much pleasure for some days. The weather had got quite warm again, and clouds were gathering around as though another thunderstorm was in prospective. A raid upon a store adjacent to the station for souvenirs was productive of little results. The scarcest article in Williams was said to be water, there being but one well in all the town. The owner thereof had a monopoly, and knew how to work it just as well as Rockefeller. There was no scarcity of saloons, however, and some of them were crowned with unique signs, such as "Life Saving Station" and "Palace Thirst Parlor."

The station platform was crowded with stranded passengers, en route for the canon, who had arrived late for the morning train, and were forced to wait for the regular train at 2 P. M. Among these were Tom Hare, a member of Mary, and his friend and fellow traveler, Doc, Mayer, who had run against us in San Francisco. We were besieged by dozens of people to take them upon our train, but had to decline. It was a not very congenial task where so many ladies were concerned, but we could not accommodate them. We offered to let the railroad authorities attach cars to the train, but they were rather dubious about taking our train in as it was, the road being built of light rails and is a ranshackle affair at best. We did finally take on a half-dozen men who could accommodate themselves to life in the smoker. They included Hare and Mayer and four Knights from Cincinnati and West Virginia, who were returning home independent of their commands.

The ladies enjoyed a grand sight during the run up the canon road in the shape of wild flowers. These grew in the greatest profusion, there being beds, half acres and whole acres in a bunch. Now a bed of purple daisies, then a solid white mass of them, and again a perfect feast of yellow blossoms. So they alternated all the way up to the canon on either side of the road, some of them even growing up between the stones of the ballast on the road bed. Prairie dogs were also numerous, and a few jack rabbits scudded before the noise of the train, disappearing as quickly almost as attention could be called to their appearance.

Luncheon was advanced to an earlier hour, so that no time need be lost after our arrival at the canon. We should have had all day there, but the lost time must come off our stay. It was about 1 P. M. when the train pulled up at the station, and all hands were off in quick time. There was a number of steps to climb to get up to the level of the Bright Angel Hotel, from in front of which the first view of the Grand Canon is to be enjoyed. A few drops of rain were falling and heavy clouds were whirling around over our heads, but they formed no hindrance to the rush for the view. The storm finally sheered off and broke on the other side of the canon, but as this was thirteen miles across it did not interfere any further with our plans.

Why the name of Bright Angel was applied to the one-storied log cabin, unpainted building which answers at present for a hotel, was a mystery to all. It also applies to the trail by which you go down from this point to the bottom of the canon. There it is more applicable as, if your horse should slip going down, you stand a very good chance of becoming the being after whom the place is called. When it is applied to the view, the first the pilgrims had of the place, the cognomen is also all right. Any other high-sounding title would answer equally as well. Although walking boldly down to the practically unprotected edge of the canon, the first impulse is to draw back, not a little, but to some distance. The sort of attraction which impels some persons to feel that they must jump down from any



Grand Canon of Arizona

high altitude seems to come over you with redoubled force at this place. A sheer precipice falls away at your feet for several thousand feet, with nothing but bare rock to stay your fall if you should go over. On every side are buttresses, forts, towers and pinnacles in all fantastic shapes imaginable, evidently worn so by the erosion of some mighty flood of water ages ago. Towers, minarets, pulpits, steeples and fortresses can be seen as though shaped by the hand of some designer. A walk of a few yards in either direction seems to change the shape of whatever you are looking at and it takes on new beauties.

And then the colors of many hues, the red predominating over all, beside blacks, whites and greys of all shades in regular lines in

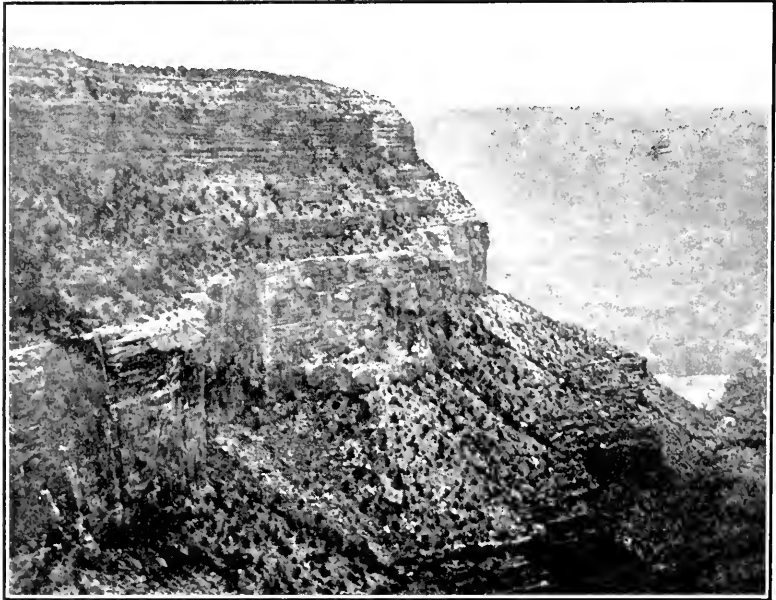
the opposite banks. Down in the depths of the canon the Colorado River ran along like a silver band apparently a few feet in width. In reality it is from four to five hundred feet across. The trail at this point, down which tourists are taken on horseback, is only a narrow footpath at the start, which soon apparently dwindles down to nothing and disappears to the eyesight altogether. In the valleys at the bottom was what had the appearance of a block of white stone, perhaps three feet by four. When the field glasses were leveled upon it, it proved to be seven wall tents side by side. Horses and men were also walking about that were invisible to the naked eye. The depth of the canon here is 4,500 feet, or about five-sixths of a mile from the bank where we stood. As the river at the bottom is 2,500 feet above sea level, our elevation was 7,000 feet altogether. On the opposite side of the canon the cliffs rose for another 1,100 feet, and it was the face of these that was colored with the grey and black strata of some kind. The width of the gorge at this point is thirteen miles, and the canon is two hundred and eighteen miles in length, carrying its beauty and ruggedness all the way. So clear was the atmosphere that the opposite bank did not appear more than a couple of miles away at the outside.

Coaches similar to those in use in the Yellowstone, were in waiting to give us views from other points of this side of the canon. These were quickly occupied and driven first to Point Rowe and Cyclorama Point. The trail, which was dignified by the name of road, and led to these points, was cut through an almost impenetrable forest, most of which was composed of gnarled and knotted cedars. There was no getting through except by the trail, as everywhere else were fallen trunks of trees and thick underbrush, together with thousands of cacti of a dozen different breeds. As to the trail itself, nobody can appreciate its fine points except one who has ridden over it in a stage coach. No description can do justice to the hills, hollows, bumps, stumps or rocks which embellished the way and gave variety to the ride. It took a nervy, cool-headed driver to guide four fresh horses over it, and through the narrow passes and extremely short turns it made at some places. As an aid to digestion, though, it was a grand success.

From Cyclorama Point the same grand features were to be seen as at Bright Angel, only there was a greater scope of the canon in sight. Everywhere you turned fresh features appeared, and were received with many exclamations of wonder and pleasure from most of the party, although many drank in the view in silence, awed by the grandeur of the whole scene. The thunder storm was still in full swing on the farther side of the canon, and the clouds would darken the sun for some minutes. Then it would break through and light up the colored pinnacles in a blaze of beauty, only to be shaded again in a little while.

After this view the coaches were driven back past the train and on to Grand View, where was another grand view indeed. Taken

altogether, the canon was the most stupendous and awe-inspiring of the works of Nature that we had yet seen on this or any other pilgrimage. It was calculated in the most striking manner to impress upon man what an insignificant atom he is upon the surface of this earth, and how little his works will bear comparison with those of Nature when she gets down to business in earnest. Some of the party expressed a preference for the canon of the Yellowstone over that of Arizona. It is hardly fair to bring the two into comparison, they being on such totally different scales. Each is grand in its own way, but the Grand Canon of Arizona is on such a stupendous basis that it is not fair to belittle it by contrast with smaller things.



A wall of the Grand Canon of Arizona

Matos, Hare and McCoy had secured horses to ride in preference to taking a coach, and tore around the trail with a guide on their own hook. At Cyclorama Point, Matos was tendered the use of a white horse called Jim, if he would go back to the stable for it. It was the horse that President Roosevelt had ridden on his visit to the canon. Of course Matos seized the opportunity to sit where the President had sat, and returned with the guide for Jim. Returning on the narrow trail with the fresh horse, they suddenly met one of the coaches on its way, and had to turn out of the road quickly. The guide slipped through all right, but Matos struck the trunk of a tree with his knee with great force. It was first feared that the

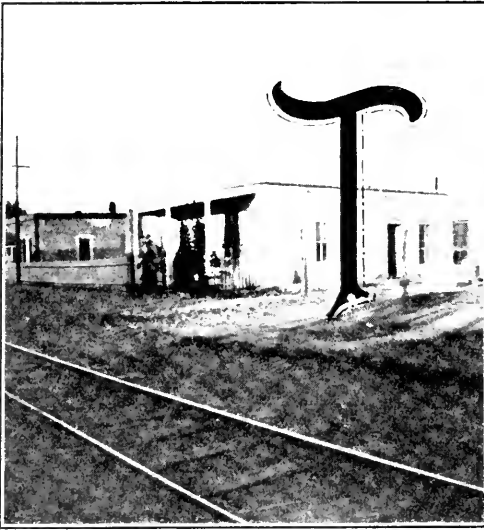
knee cap was broken, but when he found that it was not Matos continued his ride to the end. But after his return to the train he was found lying on the floor of the car unconscious, and Doc. Righter was called to administer to the patient. While the doctor was attending to the injury the patient again collapsed. He was crippled up for several days, but fully recovered before reaching home.

There is a new hotel building nearly completed upon an elevation overlooking the canon, which will be ready for the tourist of next season. It seems quite an undertaking to put up a large hotel here, for which all supplies will have to be brought for many miles, even the necessary water being hauled there. But Western enterprise is equal to all these things, and takes chances of repayment that seem prohibitive at the outset.

The usual store, with curios and souvenirs of all kinds, was found at the canon, and was thoroughly overhauled by our pilgrims. Many of them were disappointed that we had not been long enough here to make the descent into the canon on horseback or astraddle of a burro. But it is an all day journey, and our schedule of course would not permit of lying over for another day. The party that had gone down this morning at an early hour only came up a few minutes before we left this evening. They had been thoroughly drenched with rain on their trip and were in sorry plight.

There was a Boston Knights Templar train on the track adjoining ours, and as all our party were on deck, an effort was made to have our train go out ahead of them, but we got lost in the deal after being made quite sure of the game. We did not get away until 6.25 P. M., while dinner was under way. By the time the meal was over darkness had set in and shut out our view of the country on the way down. Williams was not reached again until 10 P. M. The station was shrouded in darkness and no one left the cars during our fifteen minutes' halt there before we switched out on to the main line again. After leaving Williams the last of the pilgrims began to drift berthwards, the greater number of them having retired earlier. The shaking up during the afternoon ride had tired most of them sufficiently.

Thursday, September 15, 1904



THIS was another bright and lovely morning, although the warm weather that seemed to have adhered to our progress generally since coming out of the Yellowstone, bid fair to continue to-day. On our advent this morning we were informed by the train crew now in charge that we were an hour behind time. We were following the course of the Little Colorado River, down whose bed the water was rushing in torrents from heavy rains that had fallen last night or ahead

of us this morning. The water had a familiar appearance, and might have passed for good old Schuylkill if we had not known it was far away. It was cutting away the half sandy banks in huge slices, and mixing the material with the water as it raced by. The same rain that raised the river water kept us free from any dust on the train, for which it had our thanks.

At the rate we were running our conductor informed us we would not reach Santa Fé, our next stopping place, before 4 P. M. As this would leave us but an hour in the ancient city, we made arrangements to leave there at 6 P. M., stretching our visit another hour. At 7.30 A. M. we passed the boundary line between Arizona and New Mexico. Having traversed the whole width of the former state from west to east, we now started in to cross the latter to the northeast corner.

At 8.10 A. M. we made a short stop at Gallup, a mining town, in which the principal mines on the main street seemed to be devoted to the production and refining of old rye and kindred products. The first one to greet the crowd as they got off the train was an old Philadelphian, a graduate of the House of Correction, who

recommended that institution as a fine place of residence and Tom South as a gentleman who could be depended on to give you quarters in it every time. "Have you got enough to buy a drink?" was his salutation to McIntyre. "Sure," said Mac, and rushed him across the plaza behind the slat doors of a saloon. Emerging therefrom a minute or two later with a beatific grin on his weather-beaten countenance he launched out into a history of his tramps from Philadelphia to the Pacific shore and through the Wild West. Then seeing that Ollie Price looked the personification of good nature, he struck him for another trip behind the slat doors and a couple of additional slugs. If the train had been held up a little longer the old stager would have been the happiest man in Gallup. As it started he raced after us and shouted not to forget to see Tom South on our return.

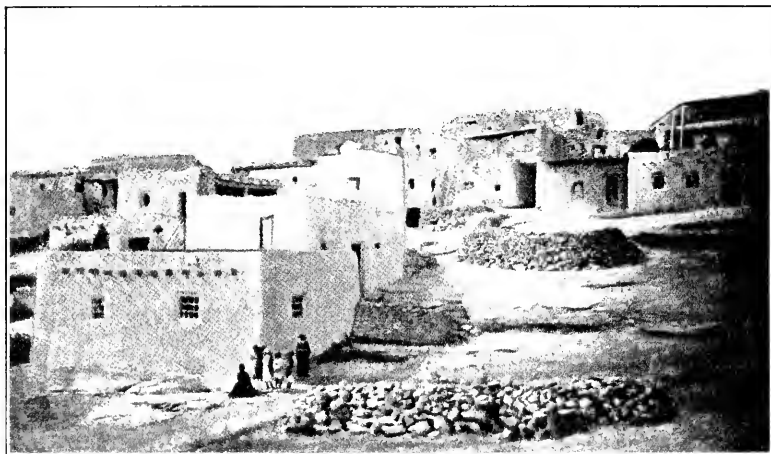
Just beyond Gallup we passed several coal mines which seemed to be worked to a great extent, judging from the number of cars on their sidings. There were plenty of Indians in sight to-day, but none very inviting as to appearance. At 9.20 A. M. we passed over another Continental Divide, a mountain top feature that seems to be quite numerous on the line of our travels. From the summit the waters found their way on one side by way of the Colorado and its tributaries to the Gulf of California, while those on the other side of the mountain ultimately found their destination in the Gulf of Mexico by way of the Arkansas, Missouri and Mississippi rivers.

Goats in immense flocks were a new product that showed up this morning. What pasture they occupied seemed to be cropped pretty close and there was no reserve of tin cans in sight for them to fall back on. Adobe houses also began to be plentiful, all of which are built but one story high and in two sections, with a wide open passageway between. The open space appears to be used as a dining hall and sleeping place in hot weather, sought for coolness as the air can blow freely through when there is any. Indian tepees and shacks were also numerous. Through these the air can circulate freely as can the rain when it comes. Curious formations abound in the red conglomerate of the foothills which line the sides of the valleys here. At some time the water has borne away the softer material between them and it requires but little stretch of the imagination to line out among them castles, chapels, forts or towers without number. As the train turns on its winding way they seem to shift and wheel and form new combinations like a kaleidoscope on a large scale.

We seem to be getting in touch with civilization again this morning when we strike a large cornfield, the property of some of the Pueblo Indians, into whose quarters we are now about to intrude. At 11 A. M. we struck Laguna, a large Indian village or pueblo, where the usual number of squaws was in waiting to dispose of their pottery wares and specimens of turquoise found in this neighborhood. The Boston train, which had been running just

ahead of us for some time, was held here for a visit to the village, while our train pulled out ahead. Another Indian village at Isleta was reached at 12.20 P. M. Little time was spent here, although the Indian traders were actively calling attention to their wares. Pottery was getting to be a drug on the market and the squaws refused to part with the silver bracelets and other ornaments which they wore.

We pulled in abreast of the fine new station at Albuquerque at 12.45 P. M. There we had a stop for twenty-five minutes and the pilgrims swarmed at once into the handsome curio store at the station. Here was every opportunity to satisfy the craving for souvenirs from a stock which embraced everything from postal cards to Navajo blankets or Mexican drawn work. In a rear room were several Indian women weaving the blankets on their peculiar



Indian Pueblo, Laguna

looms and in one corner a little Indian maiden but five years of age was serving her first apprenticeship to the business. The little one was the subject of much curious inspection on the part of our pilgrims, but rarely turned her head from her loom. Several Indian women were located on the asphalt walks outside the building with the usual stock of pottery to sell. Numerous attempts were made to engage them in conversation, while some of the kodakers got their pictures, but with only partial success. The coffers of the bazaar were considerably richer when we left Albuquerque at 1.25 P. M. and the pilgrim pockets correspondingly lighter with the number of packages on the train still on the increase.

Numerous Indian villages were encountered in the next few miles, the most prominent among them being those of San Felipe and San Domingo. All of the houses are built of adobe bricks

with a playground on the roof for the younger children, with the wall raised up all around to prevent them falling out. On the walls of nearly every one of them hung huge bunches and festoons of red material which looked like decorations. Upon inquiry we found that this was Chile con Carne drying in the sun. This is a combination of the red pepper pod and jerked beef, a red-hot combination with which the Indian is wont to tickle his palate at every meal.

Another progressive cuehre was in progress this afternoon, at which the ladies' prizes were awarded to Mrs. Bowker, Mrs. Crist and Mrs. Harry Reese, while the men with the highest scores were Charley Reese, II, Wilson Sheibley and Billy Patterson.



Salesladies, Albuquerque

Irrigation canals and ditches outlined the section through which we were passing this afternoon, the most of it being cultivated by the Pueblos. A gang of Indian laborers were cutting a large ditch, close by the train, in which some women appeared to be bearing an equal burden with the men, digging away as unconcernedly as if it was an every-day matter with them. We are now following the course of the Rio Grande River, or what would be a river if it had some water in it. The dry bed of the stream was there to indicate its location, but the only water was what was contained in a few holes here and there. Flocks of sheep were numerous and large along the river bed, most of them seeking for water in the holes.

At 2.30 P. M. we came to a halt at Los Correllos, which was highly recommended to our notice by the railroad men as the toughest town in the United States. A number of men were playing some kind of game with a large round skin ball on a square marked out on the ground. As we were not hunting for trouble we did not even inquire what the name of the game was. Any ordinary set of travelers would be satisfied with the appearance of the town and the inhabitants who stood around.

A grazing country for burro followed along which those diminutive beasts of burden were to be seen in droves. McIntyre said we had at last come into the headquarters of Democrats. They appeared to be as obstinate as of yore, as we saw a man, who was endeavoring to lead one by a rope halter, being towed the other way as fast as the burro could back.



Indian Pottery Sellers

Lamy was reached at 3.15 P. M. From here we had to back the train up a mountain spur for an eighteen-mile run to Santa Fe. As we gradually rose the scenery became very rugged and picturesque. Wild flowers also grew in abundance along the tracks as well as plenty of timber. We ran alongside the Santa Fe Station at 4.10 P. M. and immediately disembarked. Some took carriages for a tour of the old town, while others preferred to walk, stopping on their way to inspect the new County Court House, one of the very few changes in the appearance of the place since our last visit. A few minutes brought the party to the heart of the town with its

plaza and bandstand, its monument to the soldiers of the Civil War, its curio stores and museums. Our friend, J. Gold, was doing business at the old stand, but had many more competitors. In the back yard of one of the stores was a disconsolated looking American eagle confined in a wire cage. He declined to have any intercourse with his fellow-countrymen. Even when a dog's tail was introduced through the wires, within a tempting reaching distance, he only yawned and stretched out one wing.

The old Mud Palace is now in the possession of the Historical Society, but we found it tightly shut up, as it is closed to the public after 4 P. M. The majority of the party then went to visit the old San Miguel Mission, one of the main attractions of the city. This ancient building was erected in 1582, although some historians give the date as 1545. Either one is old enough, but you can take your choice. The building is of small size, being about 70 by 25 feet. The walls are from three to five feet in thickness of the adobe brick and they bid fair to stand the storms of centuries to come, as does its companion old-timer, the Mud Palace. On one of the beams supporting the gallery is cut a Spanish inscription which is translated as "The Marquis of Pennela repaired this building by the Royal Ensign Don Augustus Flores Vergara, his servant, A. D. 1710." The ages of the ancient altar and the painting above it are unknown. On either side of the altar were paintings of the Annunciation by Giovanni Cimabue of the date A. D. 1356.

A very interesting lecture by one of the fathers attached to the convent adjoining the old chapel gave these and other interesting facts to the attentive pilgrims. Just to the north of the mission is a two-storied adobe building which is the remains of an old Indian pueblo and is much older than the church. Some historians claim it to be the oldest building in the country. The Mud Palace was erected in 1598 and was the seat of government by Spanish, Indian, Mexican and American governors in succession for over three hundred years.

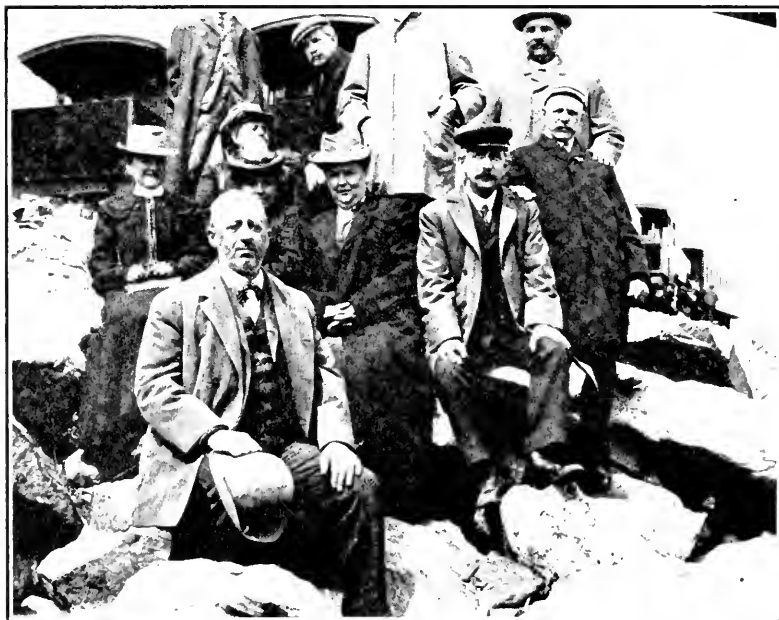
The collection of curios on board the train this afternoon rivaled all others for variety, ranging from Indian baby rattles and leather postal cards up to filigree jewelry and Mexican drawn counterpanes, and a smoking den could have been fitted out from among it in excellent style.

When the train was reached we were met by a report that Charley Stump had found a long lost brother and wanted to introduce him to us up in the baggage car. Of course the crowd all flocked there to see him. He had certainly found another stump, but it had been so long dead that no one could tell its age or its name. While the pilgrims had been sightseeing Charley had been prospecting on his own account and discovered the petrified stump of a big tree about two feet in diameter and three in length. It was a curiosity from the petrified forest of Arizona and Charley simply appropriated it. Its weight of about 350 pounds obliged him to

secure assistance with which he got it to the train, where it took a half dozen men to lift it into the car. After it had been sufficiently admired and handled to make sure it had turned to stone, Stump informed the pilgrims that as soon as he could secure the services of a cold chisel he would split it up so that every pilgrim could have a good-sized specimen to take home, a promise which he afterwards faithfully carried out.

We left Santa Fe at 6 P. M. and ran down the mountains again toward Lamy and the main line. On the way we were treated to one of the most gorgeous sunsets we have yet seen on the trip. The sun went down like a huge ball of fire and as it disappeared behind the western mountain range the effect on the skies was truly majestic. For more than an hour after its disappearance the red glow illumined the horizon as though an immense fire was in progress and only gave way gradually to the shades of night.

The evening after dinner was spent in laying plans for the morrow, where so many attractions divided the time with the ascent of Pike's Peak, which was to be the main event of the day for the majority. It was again a late hour before the party broke up for the night, the smoker and club car having many attractions after an enforced absence of even only a couple of hours.



Summit of Pike's Peak

Friday, September 16, 1904



AME through La Junta, Colorado, at 5.10 A. M., only one hour behind. We were passing through a good, wholesome section of country when we got out of our berths this morning. At 7 A. M. we passed through Pueblo, stopping only for a few minutes, during which time we got morning papers. These told us of a severe storm the previous day in Philadelphia, during which they had a tremendous rainfall. It was a perfect

morning here and those who had elected to go up Pike's Peak congratulated themselves on having made that choice. Fifty-four of the party were on the list. Some of the others had been dissuaded from the Peak trip by medical advice which made a bugbear of the rarity of the air. Several had made the ascent before and did not care to go again. Arrangements had been made for a special train at 9 A. M. and we were near enough to schedule time to make certain that we would reach the station in time for the special.

We ran into Colorado Springs at 7.30 A. M. and were there taken in charge by the Colorado Midland, who ran us down to Manitou over their road and left us side-tracked at their station, at the top of a high hill overlooking the entire city. All those for the Peak at once started for the Cog Wheel Depot. McCoy said it was only a short walk and some of the party followed his lead and found the walk a pretty stiff one in this altitude. More took the trolley at the foot of the hill and reached the depot without any other exertion except that of taking a nickel from their pockets. The station from which the trains are boarded is a pretty stone structure at the mouth of Engelman Canon, between the Manitou

and Hiawatha Peaks. Rushing down through the Canon is Ruxton Creek, a fine stream of water whose source is in the perpetual snows of the Peaks far above.

Tickets were soon procured for the party and, as the car would only accommodate fifty, a few were put on another train just starting to relieve us of the surplus. Charley McNamee had intended to go along, but was told by some one at the station that the trip had to be made through a large iron pipe which ran up the mountain from the end of the station platform. After one look at it McNamee decamped and was not to be found when the car left. Soon after 9 A. M. our special left for its trip up the Peak, passing through fine scenery. The trains consist only of a single car and its attend-



Manitou

ant locomotive which pushes the car up from behind. The car is built in such a fashion that, on the average incline, the seats are level. The road has the regulation T rail track on either side, but in the centre is a double-cogged track into which a wheel in the centre of the engine is toothed to fit and give the impetus that forces the car up or holds it in coming down. The toothed wheel has alternate teeth on either side, taking a separate hold on the centre track, thus making every provision for safety.

There were more than a few who felt some misgivings about being affected by the air on top of the mountain, but they nevertheless took chances, and none of them appeared to be worrying over

it. Fortunately none of the party was affected to any serious extent during the entire ride. Some of them complained of a shortness of breath and used but little exertion after reaching the top, while others complained of their hearing being slightly affected as long as they remained on the Peak and for some hours after reaching the bottom again. Doc Righter distributed some sugar pills when the train started, advising the recipients to take some if they felt dizziness overtaking them.

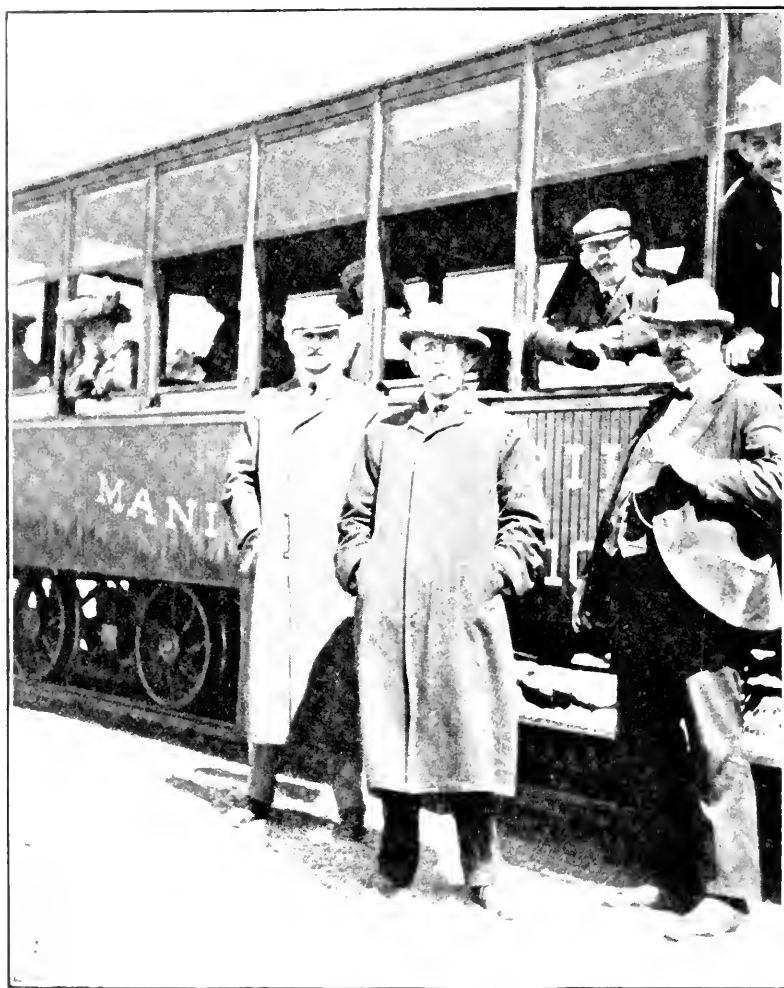
The trip up the Peak is a most fascinating one and it is hard to find words that will adequately describe it and the sensations attending it. Several stops were made on the way up. At the altitude of 10,000 feet a beautiful view of the surrounding country



Summit Pike's Peak

was to be had, including the Garden of the Gods, which seemed to be but a little distance below us, although several miles distant. Fifteen hundred feet higher we passed the timber line, after which there is nothing to be seen but rugged rocks. Little stones, big stones, bigger stones, boulders and great rocks are spread before you in endless variety. Once in a great while a little moss appeared or a handful of dirt that gave foothold to a little Alpine plant with a small blue flower. These we afterwards found were forget-me-nots.

Off on the low side, sometimes near and sometimes out of sight, was the mountain trail up which you can go on burros or shank's mare. When it got up towards the top it seemed like a precarious foothold in many places among the loose stones. Yet we passed a number of people who were footing it up, hatless, coatless and per-



Halt on Pike's Peak

spiring in great shape. They were earning all the glory that could be gotten out of it. Several times the engine stopped to take water from convenient tanks that were filled from pipe lines running up the mountain. At one of these stops Billy Brelm took a picture of

the special. The train ran with a jerky motion which was not at all pleasant. At times this was increased to such a violent extent that the engineer would slow up and regain our original form, but it was all part of the experience and only caused much laughter.

In about two hours the summit was reached and the pilgrims, feeling none the worse of the trip, left the car and mingled with the crowd of tourists of whom there were now five carloads at the top. The view from the Peak was a magnificent one or rather a series of them. Spread before us on all sides was a panorama which included 60,000 square miles of territory. Colorado Springs sixteen miles distant and Manitou nine miles down looked like gardens laid out in square beds. To the south were the Seven Lakes, the Raton mountains of New Mexico and the famous Spanish Peaks or twin breasts, the cities of Pueblo, Florence, Canon City and Altman, the latter being the highest incorporated city in the world. Cripple Creek, from whence on the average 25,000,000 dollars in gold is annually shipped, seemed to be but a short distance away. As Cripple Creek was to be our objective point to-morrow, it possessed a more than passing interest to us. To the West was the range of Sangre de Cristo mountains, topped out with snow. In the northern direction lay the city of Denver, but owing to haziness in the atmosphere, it was not visible to us to-day.

Under the lee of the stone building at the top quite a lot of snow was lying which was utilized by some of the party to make snowballs which accidentally found their way among some of the numerous groups that were posing to have their pictures taken. There was also plenty of snow in the crevices down on the side of the Peak. A couple of the Seven Lakes had every appearance of being frozen over, as the railroad employes said they actually were. We did not get close enough to them to make sure of the fact. The building at the top is occupied by the United States Observatory, a restaurant, photograph gallery, telegraph station and another souvenir shop. In the store and the restaurant highway robbery is committed in the most unblushing manner. Samples of coffee, sandwiches and pie were doled out at fifteen cents per sample with plenty of sauce from the waiters as condiments. The attendants on store and restaurant had evidently never been taught that civility costs nothing or that sugar catches more flies than vinegar. A number of telegrams were sent from the station and Petzoldt was not satisfied with less than seven to his own share.

That the world is after all but a small place was evidenced by our meeting on top of the Peak, Chief Engineer James C. Baxter, of the Philadelphia Fire Department. He had gone West with another commandery and was now on his homeward trip like ourselves. He received a cordial greeting from many of our fraters who knew him well.

Just before 1 P. M. the several trains made preparations to descend. As they pulled out to the starting platform there was a wild scramble for seats regardless of the train upon which the

ascent had been made. A regular football scrimmage ensued at each car door as it came down and the cars were filled with more than their complement, only to have the surplus weeded out by the conductor who would only allow the seats filled. They finally got off one by one, the engines backing down in front to do the holding back act. They had not proceeded far down the mountain before one of the engines was disabled by bursting a steam pipe. It had to be side-tracked on a little spur of track farther down. As the succeeding trains came down they were obliged to take on a proportion of the stranded passengers who had to stand in the aisle. Baxter was one of the unfortunates, but took the matter philosophically. At a telephone station, where we waited for orders, a little



Summit Pike's Peak

girl boarded the trains with little bunches of forget-me-nots, gathered on the mountain, which she quickly disposed of among the passengers.

Just after starting down quite a young man, who had been particularly active at the summit, darting here and there with his camera and having all sorts of fun, collapsed in one of the cars. A doctor and several of his friends had hard labor for an hour to get him into shape again, the breath seemingly having left him for good.

About half-way up is a printing office from which the Pike's Peak Daily News is issued. When we left the station at the foot a

young lady reporter distributed slips of paper to the passengers with a request to write their names thereon. When the train came down opposite the News office it was again boarded by some one with a supply of the papers on which all the names had been printed since our ascent. The number was soon exhausted, each tourist desiring one as a souvenir.

The foot of the mountain was reached a little after 2 P. M. At the station was a mob of Boston tourists which scrambled and gouged for a seat in the cars to make the ascent, equal to the crowd at the top who had desired to come down. One trip of the kind appears to satisfy most all of the party. They were glad to be able to say that they had been up Pike's Peak, but did not especially hanker after a repetition, at least just at present. Quite a number of the pilgrims secured burros for a ride back to the train, but the majority were satisfied with the trolley cars. Luncheon was still on tap for them and was quickly disposed of, as time appeared to be precious.

In the meantime those left down in Manitou had also been enjoying themselves. Some had been shopping both in Manitou and Colorado Springs, which is soon reached by trolley. Rides to North and South Cheyenne Canons, the Garden of the Gods and up the Ute Pass. The last is the route of the old Indian trail through the mountains, used for centuries back, but is now broadened and made into a fine driving road. The example of the left-overs was quickly followed by the Peakers after luncheon. Carriages were in demand as well as burros, the ladies taking to the latter form of conveyance with great gusto and all being anxious for their pictures to be taken while on one. Maneely and Simpson and their wives were photographed on burros in the shadow of the balanced rock in the Garden of the Gods and Maneely's burro has been swaybacked ever since.

Rides were also taken through Williams Canon to Williams Cavern and up the Ute Pass to the Cave of the Winds. These are decorated with stalactites and stalagmites and curious formations like the Luray Cave. Down in the cavern, Mrs. George Kessler ran into a friend, in the dim candle light, whom she had not seen for years, another evidence of the smallness of our earthly habitation.

Afternoon and evening many took the trolleys to Colorado Springs, whose fine stores had great attraction for the ladies. Some of the Knights called at the office of the Colorado Springs Gazette and were given a joyous reception by Col. George Nox MacCain, who was formerly a member of Governor Hastings' military family and well known in Philadelphia Masonic circles. He is now president of the Gazette Publishing Company. After showing the boys through his new quarters he announced that he had a telegram to the Commandery from St. Louis, which he proceeded to read, as follows:

St. Louis, Sept. 15th, 1904.

Mary Commandery, Knights Templar,
Colorado Springs, Col.

Pennsylvania State Building, ladies' reception room, at your disposal for headquarters during your stay in St. Louis.

THOMAS H. GARVIN.

This proved a welcome invitation to the ladies in the morning, as it assured them a resting place at the World's Fair, and Col. Garvin came in for a goodly meed of praise.

Arrangements had been made with the Colorado Midland for our trip to Cripple Creek to-morrow in return for their kindness in giving us trackage at this point. About 10 P. M. a party of bulldozing railroad men from the Colorado Short Line made an appearance in the smoker headquarters and tried to induce us to make a change in our arrangements. They were sent to the right-about by McIntyre who gave them his opinion in no undecided terms.

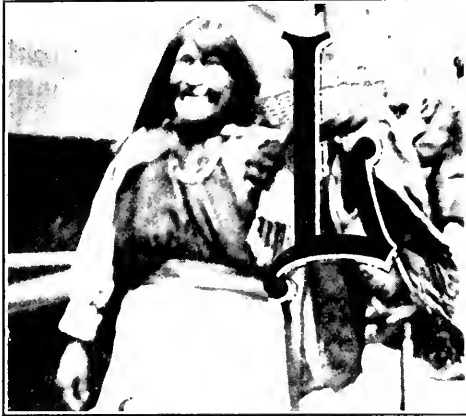
There had been a thunderstorm up on the Peak this afternoon which cleared the air considerably. Some of the Boston Commandery were seen after dinner at the Cliffe House, who said that their party had suffered very severely from the rarity of the atmosphere while up on the mountain and that more than half of them had been affected thereby.

Midnight had come and gone before the last of the pilgrims returned from their evening tramps and toiled their weary way up the steep hill to our train.



Laguna, New Mexico

Saturday, September 17, 1904



ATE to bed and early to rise was the motto of the party this morning. A special train was to call for us right at home this morning at 8.15 A. M. and two hours before that time all were astir. Anticipation of our ride to Cripple Creek was partly the cause, but many also wanted to get another ride on a burro this morning and jolly parties were on view at the station platform at an early hour.

Harry Heist made his appearance clean shaven and was hailed at once as Father Moriarity, dressed up in a raincoat backwards and mounted on a horse to have his picture taken as one of the original Mission settlers. The horse belonged to the agent of the burro stables here, who had called to bid his customers of yesterday goodbye. While he was talking the horse was utilized for rides up and down the hill. There were numerous demonstrators of the art of fancy riding, especially the boys, Frank Reese and Harry Hinckle, Jr., Billy Ray and Jim Keller also managed to ride to the bottom of the hill and back without killing the horse.

The morning had opened crisp and fresh and all were in good spirits for the ride of forty-five miles ahead of us. Meanwhile another detachment of burros was brought up the hill and short trips made on them and poses for pictures taken thereon. Mrs. Crist was beguiled into getting on one, thinking her husband was going with her on another. As her steed moved off down the hill alone she made tempting offers to one of the colored porters to lead him by the bridle, but Harry had his berths to get in order and was obliged to leave her to her fate, but the burro brought her back all right.

Promptly at 8.15 A. M. the special drew up beside us and was as promptly occupied. It consisted of two closed cars and an observation car entirely open. Seats in the latter were at a premium in short order. The price held but for a few minutes after starting

and then fell away below par. Within the first couple of miles we passed through eight tunnels, and the clouds of smoke and barrels of cinders that drove into the observation car from the two engines that were pulling us drove all but a half dozen into the other cars. It was also very cold there, but the few who stuck it out professed

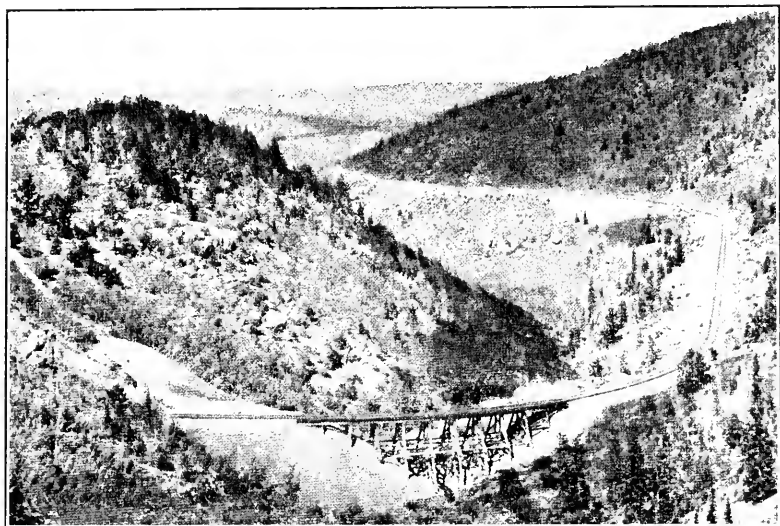


Father Moriarty

to enjoy life in the open air much better. After a short ride in the open country up the Ute Valley the road enters a mountain gorge through which it runs for miles. The tendency is upward all the time and a grade of four per cent. or over two hundred feet to a

mile is a common occurrence. The precipitous rocky walls rise a couple of thousand feet above your heads on one side of the car and on the other side, far down in the bottom of the gorge, is a sparkling stream, the Fontaine que Bouille, which dashes down over a rough, rocky bottom, making a perfect picture. The building of the road through this gorge is considered a great achievement in railroad engineering.

All through the mountainous ride to-day the sides of the hills were marked with prospect holes looking like woodpecker holes in the sides of the trees. Sometimes up near the top, again in the centre and close to the bottom you could see where dozens of miners or prospectors had dug into the hills a little way in search of the root of all evil and left their marks in the shape of little heaps of debris.



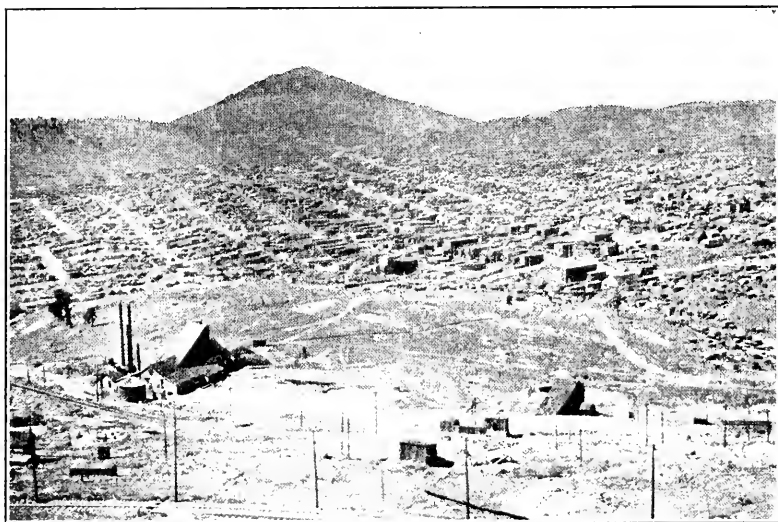
Cripple Creek Railroad

Occasionally one would dig a long trench along the face of the hill in a vain search for some evidence that would lead to a trace of the gold he was in search of. Altogether they were reminders of many a day of toil and probably privation on the part of the gold-seeker.

After getting out of the gorge the remainder of our journey was simply a succession of the wildest and most romantic scenes imaginable. The evergreen of the trees that lined most of the hills mingled well with the colors peculiar to the mountains and with the dashing little waterfalls and the numerous quiet lakes or ponds formed a series of never-to-be-forgotten pictures with the rugged rocks towering over all. As for curves there is probably no railroad in the country that can equal it. The train was continually twisting in and out like a snake, thus presenting a change of scenery all the

time. It was an easy thing at times to look out of the windows of the first car into those of the last. The entire trip was uphill and the puffing locomotives seemed to have all they wanted to do to pull our light train. At one point a signboard marked the elevation of 10,600 feet. Pike's Peak was occasionally in view, but excited little attention in the face of newer attractions.

The first town we passed was Gillette, a typical mountain mining camp. Five miles further on we began to find the paying gold mines and entered the true field. Rounding Bull Hill many mines were in full view at one time, most of them having their names painted on signs on the hoisting derricks. The names are of all varieties, such as Isabella, Pharmacist, Acacia, Vindicator, Lillie and Victor. From this point on the gold producers were as thick



City Cripple Creek

as fleas on a dog. There were also many prosperous-looking towns along the line of the railroad. Independence, Portland, Eclipse, Victor, Elkton and Anaconda were passed in quick succession. Victor was far below the grade of the road and we had to run about a mile past it and then back down a steep siding to the station. Many inquiries were made as to whether we would have a chance to go down into one of the mines, but we had been advised by the railroad men not to make the attempt on account of the big labor troubles here. Although there had been war and bloodshed between the union miners and the authorities we saw no evidences of that state of affairs.

Cripple Creek was reached at 10.40 A. M. and the pilgrims divided up in parties to do the town, and for the next hour and a

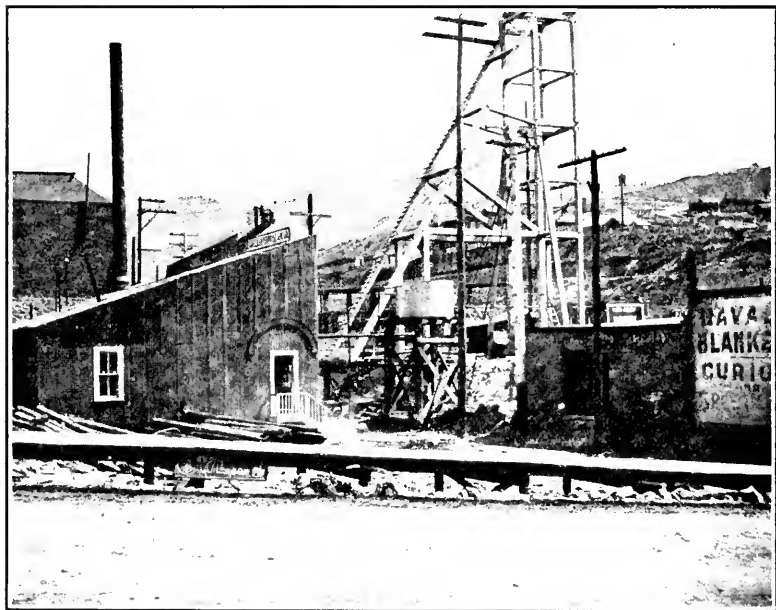
half were busily engaged in doing it. The main street had a fine lot of stores to interest the ladies, as well as numerous curio shops. We had rather expected a small town with a curious collection of temporary frame buildings and an overplus of saloons. When we were ushered through a handsome depot onto a main street lined with tall brick buildings forming a business quarter incident to a populous city of several square miles, our astonishment was genuine. When we were informed that after the city was practically destroyed by fire these same brick buildings were all rebuilt in four months we concluded that we were truly amidst a nest of hustlers. And yet if the gold gives out some day, as it is almost certain to do and has done in most mining cities, this scene of life and activity will become as barren again as it was previous to the discovery of the precious metal. The light air at this point seemed to affect more of the party to-day than that of Pike's Peak did on yesterday. Ollie Price especially suffered from dizziness, but he might have got that from walking up hill in some of the back streets of the town.

Luncheon had to be provided for here, and there were plenty of places to secure it. The National Hotel was called upon by a few, but most of the party patronized the cafes and restaurants on the main street. The Delmonico was the entertainer of about one-half the crowd, who were well supplied both in quality and quantity. One side of the restaurant was partitioned off into booths or boxes to accommodate four persons. If you ate in a booth you must eat a quarter's worth or pay that amount anyhow, as you were informed by a sign over each one. If you occupied a toadstool at the counter you simply paid for what you ordered. The chinaware was a relic of the stone era. Although spotlessly clean and of pure white, it was all a full half inch in thickness and of generous size, being probably used as ammunition in case of a riot or an attack on the restaurant. The first course of soup resulted in a generous bowl of good home-made article, the eating of which precluded taking any more lunch on the part of a good many. An order for beef-steak brought in enough meat for three men, with a full measure of potatoes to match. The dessert of rice pudding was served in individual pans, in which it was baked, about six by nine inches in size and full two inches deep. Apple dumplings resembled a small football and they had twisted doughnuts four inches by eight by actual measurement. Everything was of the best quality, however, and no one had occasion to go hungry from the Delmonico. Either breathing the rarified air above ground or working in the depths of the earth must breed excellent appetites here if we can judge from the ordinary bills of fare supplied at the restaurants.

Another constitutional around the town was necessary to settle our luncheon and then we strolled back towards the train. A deserted gold mine just back of the main street still had all its paraphernalia in good order above the ground and its picture was taken as a sample of the work necessary to carry on operations. At 12.45

P. M. we again boarded our train and resumed railroad travel. Another more than enjoyable ride ensued on the back track. Everybody agreed that there was more rugged and picturesque scenery crowded into thirty miles of this road than could be enjoyed on any other road that we knew of. Pike's Peak came in prominence again and seemed to have more snow showing on it than we had seen this morning, so they probably had a snowstorm up there. They are liable to these at most any time.

Going back through the Ute Valley tunnels we reached Manitou to find that our train had been run down to Colorado Springs Union Station, preparatory to leaving to-night for Kansas City. The special took us down to the same location after leaving off some of the party at Manitou who wished another trip around that town.



Gold Mine, Cripple Creek

There being plenty of spare time, about twenty-five of the party resolved to take another burro ride through South Cheyenne Canon. They boarded a trolley and were soon at the entrance to the Canon. Here a difficulty ensued in regard to fitting out the party with animals. One-half the burros were equipped with side saddles which were of course appropriated to the use of the female contingent, but they would have none of it. They were rough riders and would ride hairpin fashion or not at all. The consequence was that most of the men had to use the side-saddled burros and learn to hang on by one leg.

The party finally got started, but the burros evidently scented rain in the air and refused to go out of a walk in order to give the crowd a ducking. Their premonition were correct, as the rain soon came down heavily and the burros enjoyed it immensely. When the Seven Falls was reached at the head of the Canon there was a bedraggled group of riders, but none the less jolly and noisy. The pilgrims rested at that point until the heaviest of the rain was over and then, during a lull in the storm, hastened back to the entrance as fast as burros can be made to hasten. When that point was reached the rain had ceased and when the shelter of the trolley was attained the sun came out and gave them pleasant weather.



Manitou Cavalry

Meanwhile the other pilgrims, many of whom had fallen very much in love with Colorado Springs were making a farewell round of the city. A few slight showers fell, accompanied by high winds, but did not dampen their ardor in the least. The stores were the principal attraction, but the Antlers Hotel, one of the best known hostelries in the country, had many visitors and admirers. Trolley rides were taken all around the city and the crowd seemed loth to give the place up finally.

McIntyre and Keen, like many others who wanted to be fresh shaved for Sunday, drifted into a barber shop. Finding the proprietor also furnished baths, they asked if he could accommodate

them with one. "Certainly," said he, as he looked them both over from head to foot. Calling to one of his assistants he said: "John, fill up the little tub for this little gentleman and fill the big tub for the large gentleman." Mac says they were accommodated according to their size, but Keen insisted that the boss thought Mac needed the most washing.

By 6 P. M. the party began to drift into the train for dinner and all were on hand before 7 P. M., when we were scheduled to leave. We did not get off, however, until 7.30 P. M., at which time the train started out on its long trip to Kansas City. The crowd was tired out with the two days' outing around Pike's Peak and was unanimously of the opinion that a party has seldom had the experiences crowded into two days that they had just finished enjoying.

After dinner for some time all were busily engaged from the smoker to the rear of the train in relating events that had occurred. Later on in one of the cars a German picnic was held, at which Mrs. Kessler, Mrs. Eiler, Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Schuchler were hostesses. Bologna and Sweitzer sandwiches, sweet pickles, lemonade and other good things were daintily served. In another car progressive euchre again held sway by invitation of Mrs. Charles Reese and Mrs. Harry Reese. The winners of prizes were Miss Price, Mrs. Hinckle, Mrs. Crist and Messrs. Sheibley, McCoy and Bair. Thus came to an end two days of varied pleasure, interest and instruction that have seldom been equaled and naturally all were sorry to leave Manitou and Colorado Springs with their interesting environs.

Sunday, September 18, 1904



AFTER a storm comes a calm. Following the adventures and strenuous life of the past week we expected to quietly spend this day in rest, as it naturally should be. The more so as we expected the two succeeding days to be scenes of renewed activity at the World's Fair. Consequently there was not so much early rising as usual. This state of affairs was accentuated by the fact that we had again picked up an hour of our lost time in the night by advancing eastward.

At 6.30 A. M. we passed through Kingsley.

At this hour the Rovers were promptly on hand for their morning meal with the exception of Judd. At the first call for breakfast at 7 A. M. there were many vacant seats, which was an anomaly on this trip. We were now running through the great Kansas corn belt and a fine pastoral country it was. Everything looked peaceful and undisturbed on this fine Sabbath morning. The weather was also peaceful, as it was getting warm and there was little air stirring. We had got down to level ground again during the night and had no rarified air to contend with. Stopped at St. Johns at 7.40 A. M. Just beyond this station there was a flock of wild pigeons that arose from a cornfield containing thousands of the birds. This used to be one of the most common sights in the West, but the slaughter of the birds wherever they had a roost has been such that the sight is now a very uncommon occurrence.

At Hutchinson at 9 A. M. we were enabled to get out for a short walk, being obliged to wait for a train coming in the other direction. The walk was cut still shorter by the unexpected quick arrival of the train. At 10.15 A. M. we made another stop at Newton, where we

were able to secure Kansas City and Topeka morning papers. Just beyond the station, when we had started again, a couple of genuine cowboys were rounding up a herd of steers to get them into a cattle pen in front of which cars were waiting to load them up for the Eastern markets. It was now getting very warm in the sun, but a cool air was blowing in the car windows. Florence was passed through at 11.05 A. M. The ladies were again on their travels to and fro from the baggage car, disposing of souvenirs in their trunks and getting out a fresh invoice of dress goods to shine in at the Fair. The diary keepers and long letter writers also had a chance to make up for lost time and let the folks at home know where we were at. Luncheon made an agreeable break at noon in the monotony of the ride. There was little to be seen outside but cattle, cornfields and the regulation patterned country towns and villages we had been looking at all our lives in the East.

At 1.15 P. M. we passed through Osage City, where they were mining coal on both sides of the track. It was a very hot afternoon and the Commissary had ordered his shop to be closed all day, not only on account of the day, but also because we were passing through a Prohibition State. Sundry sly hints that he gave out here and there as to the consequence likely to happen if any deputy sheriffs or constables should come on board the train were swallowed in some cases hook and line and afforded Mac some of the heartiest laughs he has had on this trip.

At Emporia this afternoon during the few minutes we had on the platform Jim Keller made a speaking acquaintance with a young lady who was standing there with some friends. His fraters kindly warned the young lady by shouting from the windows and platforms "He's married" and "We'll tell your wife" with other encouraging remarks. He finally borrowed a Mary pin and presented to the lady just in time to jump for the train as it moved off. The young lady was so taken by surprise that she hardly expressed her thanks. Thinking to express them more fully she sent a letter to the Commandery containing them. We had thought to print the letter in these pages, but as she describes Jim therein as old, fat and bald-headed we refrain from doing so out of regard to his feelings.

At 4.40 P. M. we pulled into Kansas City's Union Depot and vacated the cars for an hour or two for a sight of the city. We were told that our train should be in waiting for us again at 6 P. M. in time for our dinner. With this understanding the party sought the outside of the station and took trolley cars indiscriminately as they happened along. So quickly was this done that we failed to receive notice that two special trolleys were in waiting for our use and consequently could not avail ourselves of the courtesy tendered by our Missouri fraters. One car going north ran its passengers into a Blackville suburb from which they quickly retraced their way and went eastward into a fine quarter of the city.

Many of the restaurants and light lunch wagons downtown had Chile con Carne posted up as one of the attractions of their bills of fare. The trolley cars of every branch were overcrowded and reminded us very much of the elastic trolleys of our own home. Shortly after 6 P. M. everyone gathered into the station expecting to walk into the train and partake of dinner. But a careful search of the tracks revealed no Mary train. Minute after minute passed and stretched into an hour, but there was still no sign of the missing cars.

Interviews with station agents, train dispatchers, railroad agents and anybody with brass buttons on his coat, resulted in no satisfaction. The agent of the Missouri Pacific, which was to take us in charge from here to St. Louis, was finally coralled in a second story office of the building. He pretended to talk over a 'phone to the yards where our train was side-tracked and promised to have it very shortly. Very shortly proved to mean another forty minutes and our people were meanwhile roosting around on baggage trucks, trunks or anything else that came handy. It being Sunday night, we were inclined very much to agree with David, who said in his haste that all men were liars. If David had amended his assertion by saying all railroad men he would have gotten our unanimous vote.

It was 7.40 P. M. when our train at last pulled in and allowed the pilgrims to find comfortable seats and get to work at their belated meal. At 8.30 P. M. the train pulled out again and ran a couple of miles down the track for another stop, halting beside a suburban train full of noisy Sunday excursionists. Our Commissary department had opened up after leaving the station and we were besieged by the young people on the other train with requests for a cooling draught of any kind. At another stop made a little further on a number of tramps, who tried to beat their way to the Fair, had to be chased from the trucks by the train hands several times before we got away without them.

It was an elegant moonlight night, but sharp lightning was playing around the horizon. The weather was hot, our tempers had been still hotter at the station, but a good dinner and cooling refreshments later on reduced us to our normal state. Later on we ran into a heavy rain storm. The patter of the rain on the roofs and car windows made us feel thankful that we were under shelter. A vote of thanks were formally returned to Billy Matos for his share in securing headquarters at the Pennsylvania Building at the Fair. The Night Owls were in full force in the smoker to-night and exchanged reminiscences until a late hour.

Monday, September 19, 1904



AINING fiercely when we awoke this morning. It was a bad look-out for our first day at the Fair and it had every appearance that it would keep up until after we had pulled into the Union Station at 6.30 A. M. While lying there the clouds broke away and it fortunately remained clear during the balance of the day, and evening. Breakfast had been advanced a half hour in order to give us all the time possible through the day. The second half being urgent in requests to the early birds not to dally

too long over their morning oatmeal and mush. As a result the meal was over long before we had reached the location at which we were to be sidetracked. We did not know where this was to be when we went into the station and were afraid to have anyone leave until it was known, so that all would know here to look for us to-night. It proved to be at Pastime Park, where the Terminal Railroad had a yard for the stowage of its spare cars.

To reach there we were taken over the Belt Line road and made the entire circuit of the city in so doing. Down along the muddy Mississippi, past the levee with its now infinitesimal fleet of river steamers, past all the lumber yards and sawmills in town, iron foundries and all other kinds of industrial buildings, we ran over to the butt end of nowhere. That was Pastime Park. It was not a great distance from the Fair Grounds, but some muddy streets had to be traversed before reaching the trolley cars that ran that way, unless you walked two blocks down the main line of the

Wabash Road. The one good feature the place possessed was privacy. That it was private but lonely past redemption could not be denied. We were, however, only to make use of it for one night, but one was sufficient. Application had been made to the Wabash to sidetrack us inside the grounds where they had trackage for their own trains, but coming from the Pennsylvania the answer could be foretold.

It was well on to 9 A. M. before the last of the pilgrims struck out for the Exposition, all reaching there without any greater mishaps than muddy shoes. Automobile rides and runs around the intramural railway were first in order to get the lay of the land somewhat. There was land enough to satisfy almost anybody, as the weary tramps between buildings did not rest one particularly after strolling up and down aisles for an hour or two. Taking the cars on the railway did not improve matters much, as its stations were located about midway between buildings and involved much walking.

It is not our purpose to attempt any descriptions of the Fair buildings or their contents, as they have been fully ventilated in the newspapers. We will note, however, that wherever anything was to be found on sale in the buildings you would find a hook-nosed individual in charge of the sales or overlooking the returns from the same. Any old price was asked for the souvenirs of all kinds and if you gave more than half of what was demanded you got well stuck. We were to stay all day and evening in the grounds and consequently had to lunch and dine there. There was where the legalized highway robbers got their work in again. Except at the Inside Inn, where you got a fine meal at reasonable rates, all the other large restaurants on the grounds had made up their minds to allow their owners to retire after the Fair was over and they lived up to that requirement.

The various exhibition and State buildings were fully explored. The Pennsylvania Building was a handsome one and nicely fitted up, but was given rather an obscure location on a back alley of the Inside Inn. The big policemen guarding the Liberty Bell looked very natural and homelike, especially the big Matzoth with the huge nose that guards the crossing at Juniper and Market streets. They were very tired of their job and longed for the time when they would be relieved. Everybody entered their names in the big register in the reception hall and checked their umbrellas and wraps which the hot and clear weather made unnecessary.

The buildings were the main attention until closing time, and then the Pike had full sway for the evening. There was not much new there. The same old barkers and fakirs, the same old Arabs and camels in procession, the same old hooche-kooche shows occupied the floor and drew the same old quarter or half dollar. The fire-fighters gave a good exhibition and some of the other shows had good features. The illuminations at night were on a fine scale,

but after the blaze we had seen at San Francisco did not excite much enthusiasm among our party. They were rather more enjoyed in the expectation than in the reality.

The Filipino exhibition was one that attracted a great deal of attention and gave much satisfaction. The concert that the civilized residents or Visayans gave drew fine audiences all day long. They gave exhibitions of their national dances, sang their native songs, accompanied by their own orchestra in very good time, and acted little pantomime plays. When they wound up their show by playing and singing the Star-Spangled Banner in very good English and perfect time, they aroused their audiences to an enthusiastic pitch. When you were informed that the performers knew no English six months previously their present attempts seemed really remarkable.

The Negrotos and Igorotos were, of course, of a much lower intelligence. They could ascend a lofty tree in their grounds with the agility of a monkey and slide down again as quickly as a snake. The naked little rats who shot at nickels with bow and arrow had learned to bid the people who got in the line of their shots to "stand back" and to exclaim "pretty good" when their aim at a nickel proved true. Jake Haines adopted a little wild scion of the Igorotos for a couple of days and had his picture taken as protector of the infant.

We could tell now that we had got within reaching distance of home by the numbers of friends and acquaintances we would run across in the Fair, many of whom were members of Mary. But all were too busily engaged to waste time in more than a passing greeting and inquiry as to what kind of times we had had. It was a late hour when the bulk of the pilgrims returned to the train to-night. The train hands had been amusing themselves by watching the captive balloon go up and down inside the enclosures, seeing the reflection of the illuminations and the searchlight as it was projected around the country and down into the city. Gasoline flares had been placed in a line within view of each other from the train to the trolley cars to guide the pilgrims, and Charley Stump remained for a long time at the road to point them in the right direction.

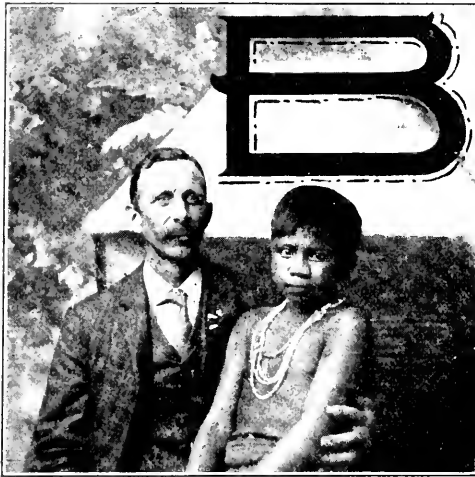
By midnight but a few remained out. One party came up the railroad and were driven off by a Wabash train, to the infinite alarm of Mrs. McIntyre who thought her last hour had come. One belated couple did not reach the train until nearly morning, having taken a wrong turn from the trolley and lost their way. There was no policeman in sight and they tramped over half the suburbs of St. Louis in a vain attempt to locate either themselves or the train. Just as they had about given up in despair they saw the banner of Mary on the side of the smoker. Tiptoeing along the train to get in without their late arrival being known, they found every vestibuled step shut in tightly. While trying to rap on Haines win-

dow they were heard by a party of night owls who were smoking on one of the platforms. When lifted on the train they found to their astonishment a party of eight or ten who greeted them with good-natured badinage, but promised to keep the hour of their arrival secret. They brought in enough clay on their feet to start a brickyard and were given away in the morning by the porter, who swore they had walked all over St. Louis to give him the job of his life.



Devil's Ink Well

Tuesday, September 20, 1904



BECAUSE it was to be our last day in St. Louis seemed to be no reason why there should be any hurry about turning out this morning. Everybody went to bed tired out last night except the party of smokers and the lost couple, and they retired early this morning. Most of the party was out bright as dollars again, although the weather was still very hot. The sun came up clear and started in im-

mediately to attend to business. Prior to leaving the train orders were issued that all the pilgrims should meet at the Pennsylvania Building at noon, as arrangements had been made to have a photograph of the entire party taken on the steps of the building.

Quite a number of the party took the trolley cars down to the heart of the city to-day before going to the Exposition. They wanted souvenirs of St. Louis in addition to those from the Fair, and had to make the rounds of some of the stores to secure them as well as to make some purchases on the Club account. It was a long ride to and from Sixty-sixth street to Fourth, and the morning was all too short for the necessary business, but some little time remained for sightseeing before the rendezvous at the Pennsylvania Building. But the crowd began to drift in to that point toward the noon hour, where they found that the official photographer, William H. Rau, of Philadelphia, had his assistants with an immense camera and tripod set up in the road in front to take a 14x17 photo, which would distinctly show all the faces of those taken on it. Some little time was taken to group the party, during which time Custodian Garvin had the building closed to visitors and the big policemen tried to keep all intruders from the steps. But with all precautions three or four ringers managed to get into focus when the shutter was snapped.

Immediately after the picture was taken Eminent Commander Stewart requested all the pilgrims to gather in the Ladies' Reception Room, which had been set aside as the Commandery's headquarters. There he announced that it would be proper for the 'Frisco Club to extend thanks to Colonel Garvin for his hospitality to them. The suggestion was immediately approved and, on motion of Past Commander Heist, a committee consisting of Heist, Eiler and Matos was appointed to draft resolutions of thanks. The committee, after a short session, returned with the following resolution, which was read and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Sir Knights of Mary Commandery and the ladies accompanying them, forming the 'Frisco Club of Mary Commandery of 1904, do hereby extend their hearty appreciation and sincere thanks to Hon. Thomas H. Garvin, Custodian of the Pennsylvania Building at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, Mo., for his courtesy and kindness in extending the use of the Ladies' Reception Room in that building to the members of the 'Frisco Club during their sojourn in the World's Fair City, September 19th and 20th, 1904.

When Colonel Garvin was called in, and Sir Stewart presented to him the resolution, he thanked him for the courtesy and said that no greater pleasure could have been afforded him than to be able to extend to the pilgrims of Mary Commandery the use of the building.

Nearly all the party took their luncheon to-day at the Inside Inn, it being the most convenient place after the meeting just held, and had the pleasure of seeing a quick response made by the World's Fair Fire Department to an alarm coming from the Inn. Sitting around on the chairs of the front porch enjoying a smoke after their lunch, the party thought the firemen were running to exercise their horses, but it was afterwards found that a genuine alarm had been turned in for a slight blaze in the kitchen. Fortunately it was easily put out without the aid of the department which had responded quickly and in goodly numbers.

The afternoon and evening were a repetition of yesterday, so far as sightseeing and search after amusement on the Pike were concerned. The Filipinos again received a large share of attention and the camera fiends took special delight in reproducing their counterfeit presentments. Nor did the islanders object, having no doubt gone through a long course of training in that respect since the opening of the show. Last night each section of pilgrims had seen something that laid over anything in the grounds. Upon exchanging experiences these were found to be far apart, and to-day they exchanged and visited each other's pet hobbies and endorsed or condemned their opinions.

It was so hot yesterday that every one who had carried wraps around all day without needing them and with manifest discomfort, resolved to leave them at home to-day, especially as the weather this morning proved a continuation of the same. About 3 P. M. to-day

the air took on a sudden change and got very perceptibly cooler, and from that time on to the departure of our train to-night the want of those wraps was sincerely lamented, as it gradually grew still colder.

There was a wide difference of opinion in regard to the Boer War exhibition. Some thought it, with its genuine Boers, real, live Englishmen and machine guns, the most realistic scene that could be put on the stage. Others claimed it was nothing like the real thing. So you paid your money and took your choice. All were pretty unanimous, though, about the fruit exhibits in Horticultural Hall. For size, quantity and beauty the grapes, apples, pears and other exhibits were unequalled. Some of the States had built fine pavilions and made grand exhibits of fruits, both fresh and canned or bottled.

Our train was to be returned during the afternoon to the Union Station, from which point we were scheduled to leave at 11 P. M., so that it was necessary to leave the Fair by 10 P. M. Some of the tired ones began to leave after getting dinner at 7 P. M. The Terminal Company had been running trains between the grounds and Union Station regularly at all hours, which had got to be called the shuttle trains from being constantly shot back and forth over the one track. The cars were built like freight cars, with a sliding door on the side for entrance and rough seats with straight backs. If you did not get a seat there was plenty of standing room. But a few minutes were necessary to reach the station where the early comers had a wonderful sight in the crowds of people who jammed the station until 10 P. M., although being sent off by train loads every few minutes.

For size, our Broad Street Station and Reading Terminal could be put inside and nearly lost. There are thirty-two tracks with platforms between, and the electric engines of the Terminal road have to bring in and take outside all trains to keep smoke and gas out of the building, which is a somewhat dark and forbidding-looking place, although the roof is lofty and covered with skylights, which leaked in great shape during our stay here yesterday morning. There was an outer space, open to everybody, which was black with people, who could scarcely move or turn on account of their number. Sliding gates admitted those whose train was shortly due to an inner space, which was still fenced off from the train shed. From this another examination of tickets allowed the fortunate holders to get to their trains when they pulled in. Two high flights of steps leading to bridges, which crossed to the upper floor of the station and led to the streets, allowed incoming passengers to get through without mingling with those who were outward bound. On each bridge was a man with a megaphone, who announced in each direction the name of the train which was coming in and the number of the track on which it was located.

For two or three hours it was a more wonderful show to watch the crowds arriving and departing from the station than it was to wander around the fair grounds. There was a Bureau of Information down stairs that was well named, as it kept all the real information

that it possessed, if any, tightly locked up in its drawers. If the same number of anxious inquirers had besieged the windows of that every night since the fair opened, they must have filled two or three insane asylums from the officials on the inside by this time. Our train was backed in at 10 P. M., and all the bees that were in at once swarmed into their hive, and were glad to get there. Mr. and Mrs. Bowker were to leave us here, intending to stay a few days longer at the fair, in company with friends they had met.

Again we had an offer to be sent out ahead of the regular train if all our party should be on hand a few minutes ahead of its starting time. Of course there had to be three or four loiterers to keep us on the anxious bench for the final quarter of an hour. But they sauntered in within three minutes of the time and we were started out promptly with a clear track ahead at 11 P. M. Notwithstanding the fact that it was a dead tired party of pilgrims, no one seemed disposed to retire early. All realized that we had but one more night to spend on the train, and it was long after midnight when the relation of experiences and funny incidents ceased to resound through the cars. John Robbins was prepared for an attack on his department when the train came in, and the commissary was never so crowded as on that night. A proof of the picture taken to-day had also arrived at the train, and that was an additional inducement to remain up and give orders for the same.

After the ladies had retired from the smoker, that car was the scene of an improvised "Night in Bohemia" for another hour. Songs and stories of the trip, good, bad and indifferent, made the time pass pleasantly until the fraters were compelled to seek their berths for a few hours' sleep. So came to an end our two days at the World's Fair, crowded to the last moment with instruction and pleasure.

Wednesday, September 21, 1904



COOL and pleasant weather greeted us this morning as a fitting climax for our last full day upon the train, which had become so much like home to us. Everybody had been tired out last night and slept well during the few hours they had to rest. We arrived at Indianapolis at 6.40 A. M. Our schedule allowed us an hour and a quarter stop here, but as the hour was too

early to see much, and there was little to be seen anyhow, it was resolved to cut the time short and take in an additional hour in Pittsburg this evening. Ervin Hope had resolved to take the back track from here to Chicago and visit a son who was living there, and left us at this point to make the trip.

After breakfast the pilgrims packed their trunks for the last time and had Stump check them for their home addresses. We passed through Richmond, Indiana, at 8.45 A. M. A short walk outside found the air crisp and cool even in the sun. Our streak of hot weather had been left behind somewhere for good. The country through which we were riding this morning made a fine showing as an agricultural district. In the orchards the trees were so laden with apples that the limbs had to be propped up. Corn was of a surprising height, and the fine fields of tobacco gave much encouragement for future pleasure to the occupants of the smoker.

Soon after leaving Richmond, we crossed the Ohio line and reached Dayton at 10.05 A. M. The next short stop was at Lima at 10.30 A. M. Much regret was expressed this morning that the pilgrimage was drawing so nearly to a close. Many wished that it was just beginning, and not a few would have liked to go right out over the same grounds again.

There was a number of pretty features connected with the morning ride. The pilgrims of car C presented Doc. Wells with a handsome travelling satchel as a token of their esteem, and in grateful remembrance of many kindnesses shown them. Charley Bair was spokesman for the donors, and the doctor, in accepting the gift, said it would be a constant reminder to him of the many pleasant hours spent on the San Francisco pilgrimage.

The ladies of car A had planned a surprise for Mrs. Allen, but before it was over, several others were sprung. While down town in St. Louis yesterday Mrs. Holt, acting as chairlady of the conspirators, led the crowd to the souvenir spoon case in a large jewelry store, ostensibly to increase her stock of spoons. Asking advice from her companions, she took one selected by Mrs. Allen, another by Mrs. McIntyre, and a third by Mrs. Stewart, as the prettiest in the case. Nothing more was thought of Mrs. Holt's collection until to-day, when the ladies were called together by Mrs. McIntyre, who had some remarks to make. Addressing the President of the Auxiliary as "Mother Allen," she referred to the pleasant associations of the trip, as well as many others, and asked her to accept from the ladies a token of the esteem and love which they all felt for her. Mrs. Allen, who was much affected by the surprise as well as the manner of the presentation, thanked the ladies for this and all other kindnesses showered upon her during the trip. She then turned to Mrs. Stewart and furnished her with another surprise by presenting a box containing a testimonial to her from the ladies of the car. Mrs. Stewart also returned her thanks for the remembrance and for the pleasant time she had, adding, "I would like to take another trip like it right now." Mrs. Allen then turned to Mrs. McIntyre and administered the third knock-out by begging her acceptance of a like testimonial from the ladies of the car in requital for the pleasure she had afforded them by her company on the trip. After Mrs. McIntyre had feelingly responded, each of the recipients fell to examining their presents, and each found the spoon of her own selection at the store yesterday. Three more surprised and grateful ladies would be hard to find.

At 11 A. M. every one was called to meet in the dining car for special business. When all had assembled, Eminent Commander Stewart administered another solar plexus blow by presenting to Sir Knight McIntyre, on behalf of the entire club, a handsome cut-glass punch bowl with ladle and cups and base, stating that the whole was a slight testimonial of the appreciation by the pilgrims, male and female, of the laborious work performed by the Commissary on this pilgrimage. Mac. was so much affected by this thoughtful remembrance of his fellow travellers that he could not respond for a few moments, but recovered himself shortly and gave vent to his thankfulness in a short speech. For a half hour afterwards he was kept busy by the individual pilgrims, who wished to also personally thank him for his many kindnesses to them. Mac. also had a little innings of his own by presenting to Dr. Wells a handsome

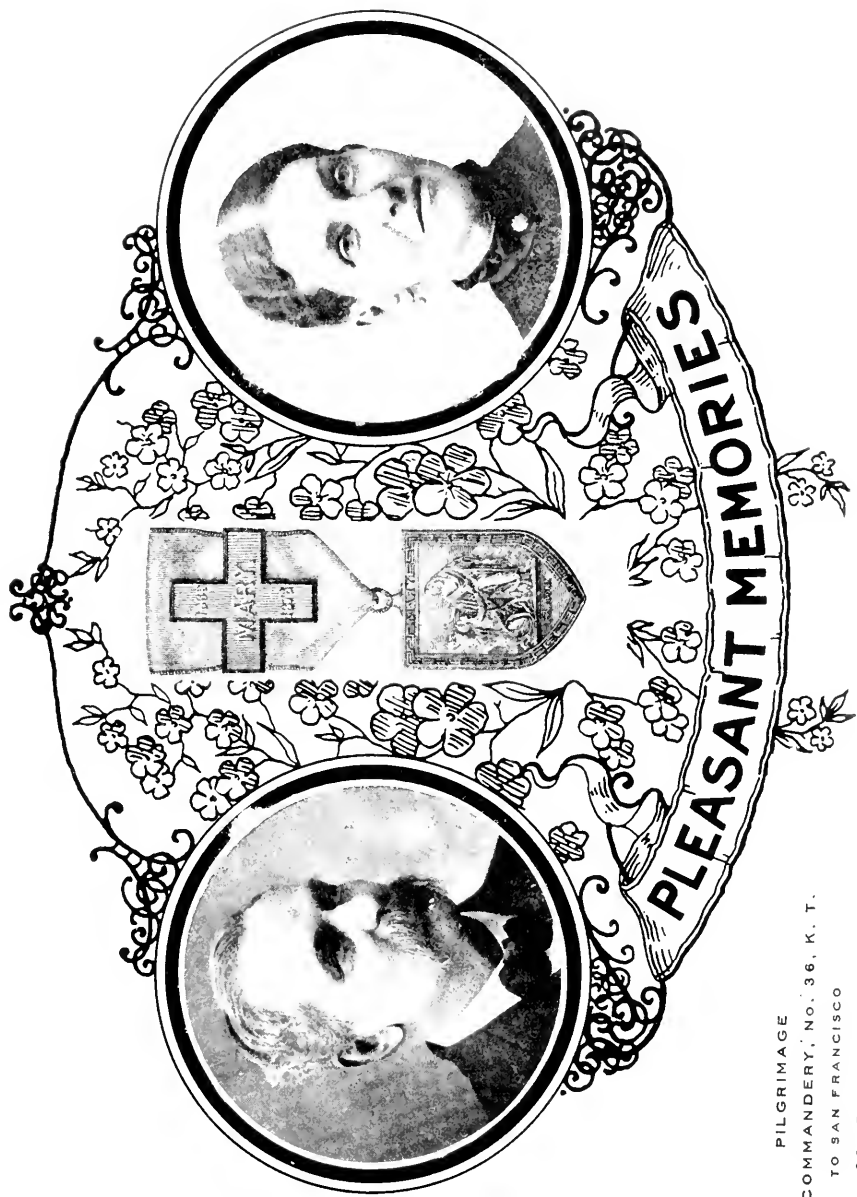
stein from the World's Fair, as an individual token of his appreciation of the doctor's kindness.

Columbus was passed through just at noon, as the luncheon was announced. After lunch the train appeared to be making such good time that Billy Henderson and some others in the smoker amused themselves by timing it from mile post to mile post with their stop-watches. For a long distance we ran more than a mile a minute, in some instances as low as fifty-three seconds. Dennison was the place of a short stop at 2.15 P. M. Ten minutes later we passed through a dry oil field. Hundreds of idle derricks dotted both hills and valleys, some of them quite new and sound, and others that had fallen into decay. A little later a succession of tunnels was encountered, so close together, that the lights were kept lit for some time.

We ran into the station at Pittsburg at 4.10 P. M. and were booked for a stop of three hours. Everybody went out for a look at Pittsburg, and most of the party took trolleys as the best medium for a sight of the city. It was after 5 P. M. now, apparently closing time for the business houses down town, and the streets were full of hurrying throngs, pushing homeward. Some of the party went for a final shot at the stores, among them being McIntyre and Allen, who sought a final plenishing for the commissary and remembrances for our Pullman conductors and Tourist Agent McCoy. **The train hands** had been taken care of by the committee during the afternoon. All tipping had been interdicted during the trip by the committee, and to-day porters, waiters, cooks and Charley Stump received their gratuities in a lump sum, which made them all feel good.

Harry Heist also left us at this point, having business to attend to in the morning. Seven o'clock found every one else back at the station ready to begin the final run for home. Here some of us were treated to another and quite a pleasant surprise by finding our old friend Brooks, who had been conductor of our dining car on our other California cruise twelve years ago. He seemed as much pleased as ourselves to meet so many of his old friends and make some new acquaintances. He was now in charge of the station dining-room, and looked pretty much as of yore, except that he had grown stouter. He had also taken our advice of twelve years ago and got married.

At 7.10 P. M. the train pulled out of the station for Philadelphia, running as first section of the regular train at that hour. At the same time the first call for the last dinner sounded. It was a fine wind-up to the meals of the trip and was, as the menu indicated, given in honor of Sir Knight C. P. Allen and Mrs. Allen, the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means and the President of Mary Auxiliary Association. Under their pictures on the obverse of the menu was the motto "Pleasant Memories" and in the lower corner the words, Pilgrimage of Mary Commandery No. 36, K. T., to San Francisco, August 22-September 22, 1904. On the reverse side was the menu, as follows:



PILGRIMAGE
MARY COMMANDERY, No. 36, K. T.
TO SAN FRANCISCO
AUGUST 22 - SEPTEMBER 22, 1904

En Route Home from Triennial Conclave at
San Francisco, Cal., 1904

DINNER TO

SIR KNIGHT C. P. ALLEN AND MRS. C. P. ALLEN

SOUPS

Consomme Stewart

Chicken Gumbo a la Brehm

FISH

Baked Flying Fish

Caught at Catalina by McIntyre

ROASTS

Mary's Lamb—Eiler Sauce

Stuffed Ostrich a la Maneely

ENTREES

Fritters a la Bair

VEGETABLES

Kessler's Schuetzen Potatoes

Hinckle's Oranges

SALAD

Harry Heist

Plain Bread

Judd's Bread

Brown Bread

DESSERT

Cake

Anna Price Ice Cream

Marmalade

Fresh Fruit

Cheese

Bent's Water Crackers

Coffee

Cocoa

Tea

Home, Sweet Home—"Gregory"

DINING CAR CORONADO
SEPTEMBER 21
1904

After dinner the sleepers were the scenes of many farewell gatherings. In Car A a full house held a thanksgiving service, under the leadership of Doc. Shriner, for the completion of our pilgrimage without accident of any kind. Gregory led the singing portion of the services and all the pilgrims joined in with a will. At 9.30 P. M. we stopped at Johnstown where the party suffered another diminution by the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Crist who resided at that place. It took them quite a long time to get around and say good-bye.

At 9.45 P. M. we passed long lines of coke ovens which lit up the sky with their red glare. It was a perfectly beautiful moonlight night and all remained up to have another good view of the Horseshoe Bend. As we drew near to the famous curve the lights in the train were turned low and the train slowed up to give us as effectual a view of the moonlit scene as possible. It was passed in practical silence, so much did the beauty of the whole view affect the feelings of the lookers-on.

At Altoona at 10.30 P. M. a short stop was made, but little time was spent outside the train, as the weather had got extremely cold. There was one of the Pennsylvania trains for the World's Fair just leaving Altoona. No sleepers were on the train, but everybody had disposed of themselves in the chair cars in efforts to sleep and many queer postures were the result.

All meetings were adjourned to the smoker for comfort and extra blankets were ordered for the berths. Many of the pilgrims bade one another good-bye before parting for the night, as some had determined to start for home as soon as we reached Broad Street Station. They promised to have a first reunion at the Auxiliary meeting on Wednesday night next and another on Field Day, October 1st, 1904. In the thirty-one days that we had spent together, we had practically become one large family with all the family wants cared for by other people, nothing but good fellowship had marked the entire Pilgrimage of the 1904 Frisco Club of Mary Commandery and it was no wonder that all regretted the ending of a memorable trip. In the Club car, as it was generally called, farewell songs were sung until a very late hour, and when the final toast was given the refrigerators were closed down and locked for the last time. The trip was then officially at an end and all hands repaired to their berths for the night.

Thursday, September 22, 1904



“COME AGAIN” was the cry that awakened a number of the pilgrims as the train ran into Broad Street Station at 4.30 this morning. It had been suggested that we have some heat turned into the cars last night, but it was thought that it would make it hot and stuffy for sleeping. This morning we were doubtful about the propriety of refusing, as the heat would have been very welcome. It was not only cool for dressing in the cars, but actually cold. Double blankets had hardly been sufficient in the night and overcoats were hastily donned this

morning. Some of the party had got off at Thirty-second street as we came in and others departed as soon as we struck the station. Others were more leisurely in their departure, getting up about 6 A. M. and taking breakfast in the station restaurant. Quite a number of friends and relatives called at an early hour to see some of the party, but were even then too late in some instances.

The baggage and commissary cars were unloaded at an early hour and their contents taken downstairs. The Committee stripped the side badges off with the aid of some of the waiters who were on deck, but had to wait until 7 A. M. for a wagon to take the Commandery property over to the Masonic Temple. Shortly after that hour not one of the pilgrims was to be found about the station. Thus came to an end a memorable tour of nearly nine thousand miles by the representatives of Mary Commandery No. 36, K. T. of Pa., which added one more star to the already lustrous crown of that body.

Roster of the Frisco Club of 1904

MR. DAVID W. STEWART, Philadelphia.
MRS. DAVID W. STEWART, Philadelphia.
MISS ELEANOR F. STEWART, Philadelphia.
MR. WILLIAM H. BREHM, Philadelphia.
MISS ELIZABETH C. BREHM, Philadelphia.
MR. CHARLES S. BAIR, Philadelphia.
MRS. CHARLES S. BAIR, Philadelphia.
MR. CLIFFORD P. ALLEN, Philadelphia.
MRS. CLIFFORD P. ALLEN, Philadelphia.
MR. WILLIAM MCINTYRE, Philadelphia.
MRS. WILLIAM MCINTYRE, Philadelphia.
MR. GEORGE KESSLER, Philadelphia.
MRS. GEORGE KESSLER, Philadelphia.
MR. HARRY H. HEIST, Philadelphia.
MISS ADA M. HEIST, Philadelphia.
MR. ALFRED K. GREGORY, Philadelphia.
MRS. ALFRED K. GREGORY, Philadelphia.
MR. GEORGE EILER, JR., Philadelphia.
MRS. GEORGE EILER, JR., Philadelphia.
MR. HENRY Q. HINCKLE, Philadelphia.
MRS. HENRY Q. HINCKLE, Philadelphia.
MASTER HARRY HINCKLE, Philadelphia.
MR. CHARLES W. MILLER, Philadelphia.
MRS. CHARLES W. MILLER, Philadelphia.
MR. JAMES W. BAIRD, Philadelphia.
MRS. JAMES W. BAIRD, Philadelphia.
MR. WILLIAM HENDERSON, Philadelphia.
MRS. WILLIAM HENDERSON, Philadelphia.
MR. LEWIS E. HERRING, Philadelphia.
MRS. LEWIS E. HERRING, Philadelphia.
MR. JOHN K. KEEN, Philadelphia.
MRS. JOHN K. KEEN, Philadelphia.
MR. J. E. M. KELLER, Philadelphia.
MRS. J. E. M. KELLER, Philadelphia.
MR. WILLIAM H. MANEELY, Philadelphia.
MRS. WILLIAM H. MANEELY, Philadelphia.
MR. LEWIS T. MATLACK, Philadelphia.
MRS. LEWIS T. MATLACK, Philadelphia.

MR. JOHN MUSSELMAN, Philadelphia.
MRS. JOHN MUSSELMAN, Philadelphia.
MISS ELIZABETH MUSSELMAN, Philadelphia.
MR. OLIVER C. PRICE, Philadelphia.
MRS. OLIVER C. PRICE, Philadelphia.
MISS ANNA PRICE, Philadelphia.
MR. WILLIAM I. RAY, Philadelphia.
MRS. WILLIAM I. RAY, Philadelphia.
MR. CHARLES P. REESE, Philadelphia.
MRS. CHARLES P. REESE, Philadelphia.
MR. HARRY D. REESE, Philadelphia.
MRS. HARRY D. REESE, Philadelphia.
MASTER FRANK REESE, Philadelphia.
MR. LEWIS C. SCHUEHLER, Philadelphia.
MRS. LEWIS C. SCHUEHLER, Philadelphia.
MR. H. WILSON SHEIBLEY, Philadelphia.
MR. H. WILSON SHEIBLEY, Philadelphia.
MR. GEORGE W. SIMPSON, Philadelphia.
MRS. GEORGE W. SIMPSON, Philadelphia.
P. FRAILEY WELLS, M. D., Philadelphia.
MRS. P. FRAILEY WELLS, Philadelphia.
THOMAS SHRINER, M. D., Philadelphia.
MISS BESSIE SHRINER, Philadelphia.
HARVEY M. RICHTER, M. D., Philadelphia.
MRS. THOMAS HOLT, Philadelphia.
MISS MARY A. McCUNE, Philadelphia.
MISS MARTHA MILLIGAN, Philadelphia.
MISS ELIZABETH PATTERSON, Philadelphia.
MISS JULIA ROBINSON, Philadelphia.
MRS. JOHN T. SCHMIDT, Philadelphia.
MRS. ELIZABETH SEARY, Philadelphia.
MR. JACOB HAINES, Philadelphia.
MR. ERVIN T. HOPE, Philadelphia.
MR. CHARLES C. JUDD, Philadelphia.
MR. GEORGE M. LAUDENSLAGER, Philadelphia.
MR. CHARLES McNAMEE, Philadelphia.
MR. WILLIAM W. MATOS, Philadelphia.
MR. WILLIAM PATTERSON, Philadelphia.
MR. LOUIS H. PETZOLDT, Philadelphia.
MR. THEODORE F. LINES, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MRS. THEODORE F. LINES, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MR. JOHN B. CASE, Flemington, N. J.
MRS. JOHN B. CASE, Flemington, N. J.
MR. WILLIAM A. CRIST, Johnstown, Pa.
MRS. WILLIAM A. CRIST, Johnstown, Pa.
MR. JOHN F. BOWKER, Conshohocken, Pa.
MRS. JOHN F. BOWKER, Conshohocken, Pa.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 092 852 9